★ Mar. 11, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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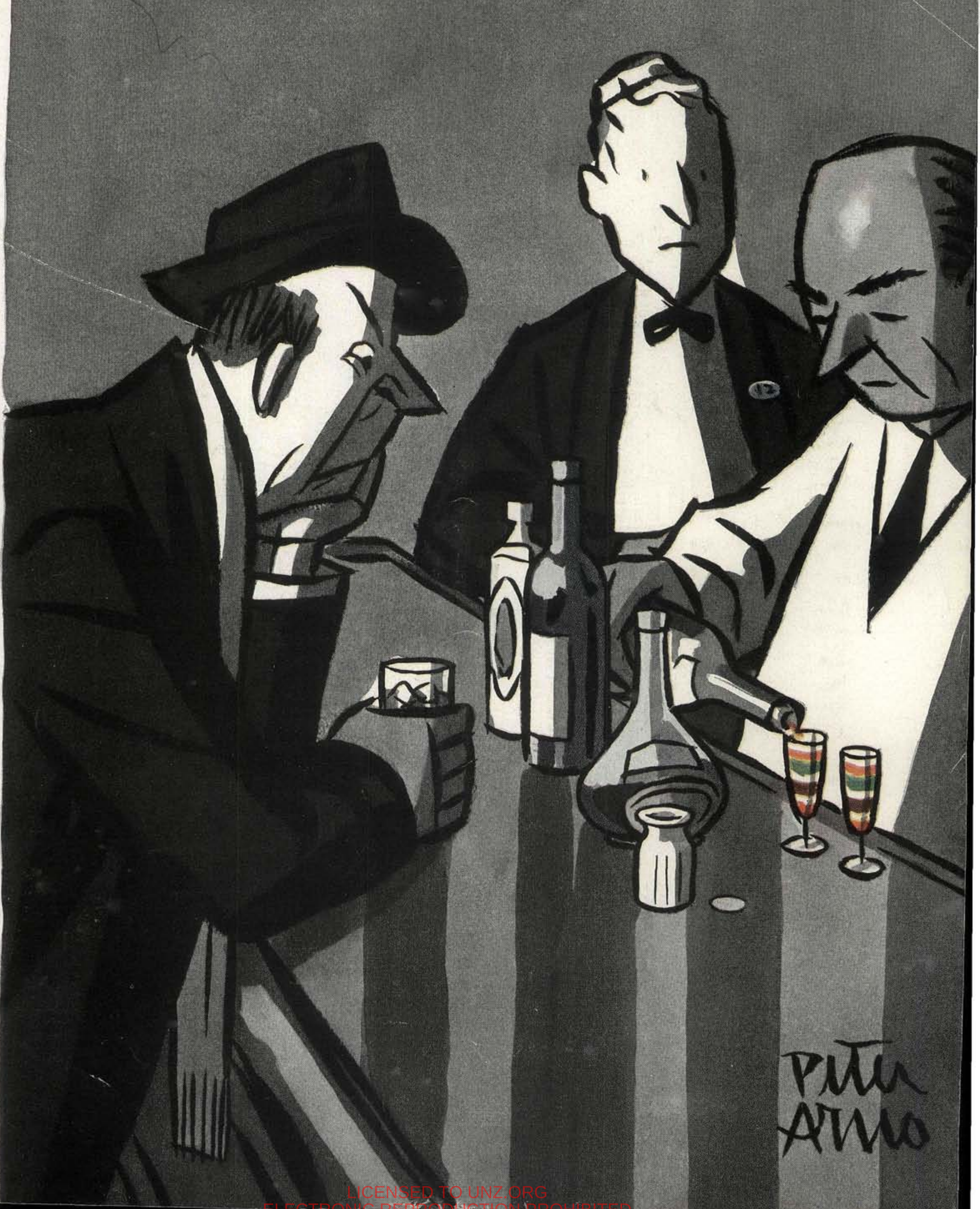

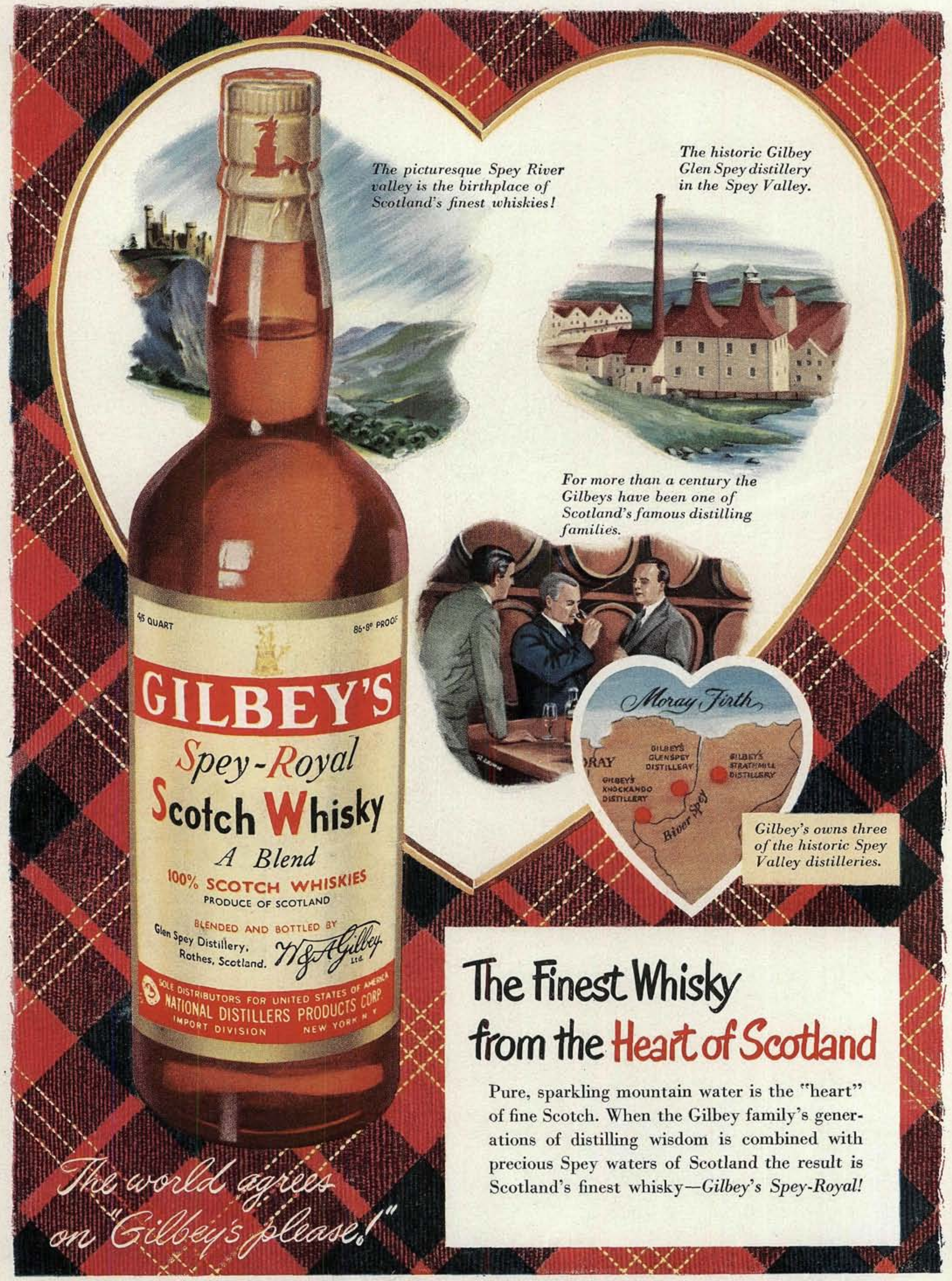
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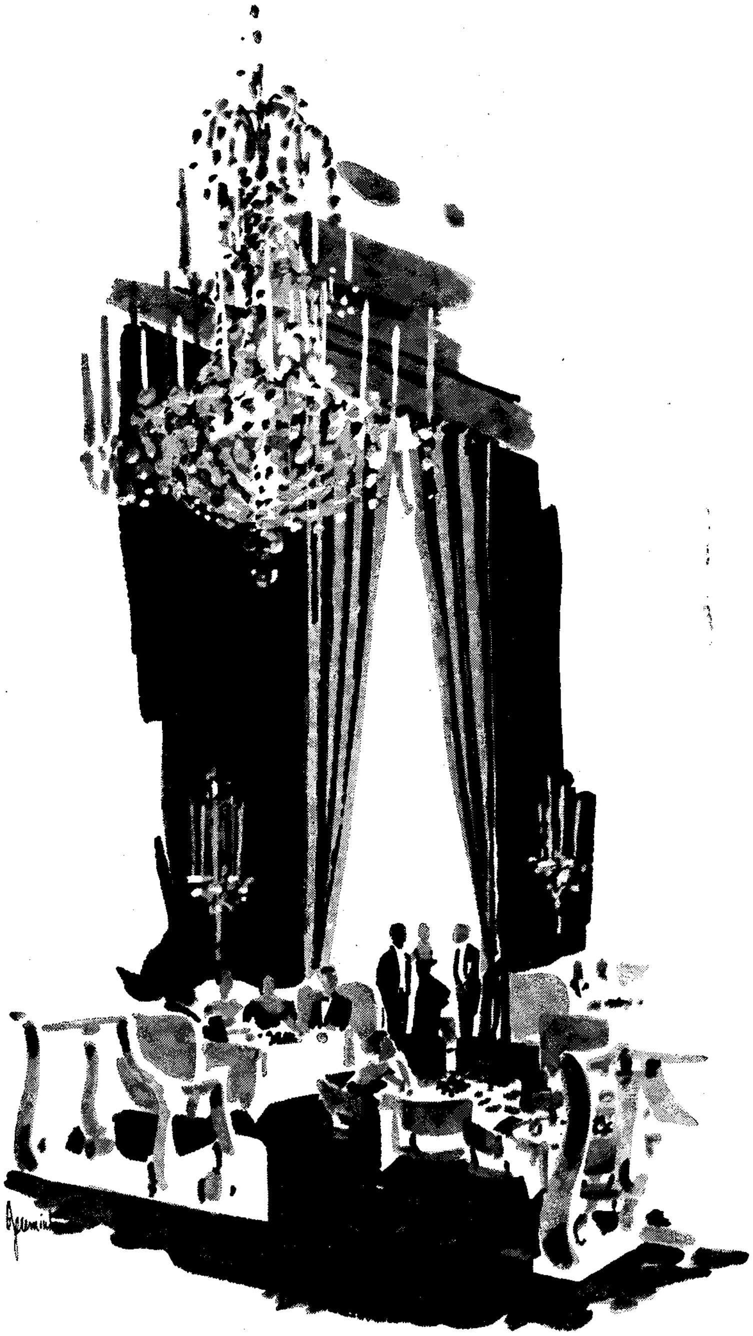

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

As You Like It—In spite of Katharine Hepburn's shapely and vivacious Rosalind and an extremely handsome Theatre Guild production, this comedy remains one of the most exasperating in the English language. Others in the cast are William Prince, Ernest Thesiger, Judy Parrish, and Bill Owen. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Bird Cage—Melvyn Douglas appears as an incredibly depraved restaurateur in this very disappointing melodrama by Arthur Laurents, who wrote a commendable play called "Home of the Brave." There are sound supporting performances by Eleanor Lynn, Maureen Stapleton, and Kate Harkin. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Caesar and Cleopatra—Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Lilli Palmer as the Roman conqueror and the Queen of the Nile in an admirable revival of Shaw's comedy. Sir Cedric has directed a cast that includes Arthur Treacher, John Buckmaster, Ralph Forbes, Nicholas Joy, and Bertha Belmore. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Clutterbuck—Arthur Margetson is superb as a simple-minded Briton in Benn W. Levy's comedy about promiscuity in the upper classes. Among the others whose love affairs are thoroughly discussed are Tom Helmore, Ruth Matteson, Ruth Ford, and Claire Carleton. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

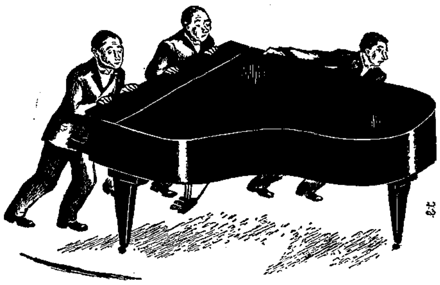
The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients is a strange and sometimes fairly disconcerting combination of high comedy and mysticism, but it is often impressive on both levels. The fine English cast includes Alec Guinness, Irene Worth, Cathleen Nesbitt, Robert Flemyng, and Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer give wonderfully effective performances in this occasionally exciting play about a man whose wife's behavior drives him to drink. Joan Lorring, Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian appear in subordinate roles. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Disciple—The encounter between Dick Dudgeon (Maurice Evans) and General Burgoyne (Dennis King) is one of the great high-comedy scenes in the theatre, but otherwise this revival of Shaw's 1897 comedy seems to show its years. With Marsha Hunt and Victor Jory. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—If you admired "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a gay and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

I Know My Love—A play, dealing with half a century of matrimony in Boston, that is an ideal vehicle for the Lunts, if not terribly interesting on any other ground. S. N. Behrman rewrote it from the French, and the cast includes Geoffrey Kerr, Betty Caulfield, and Katharine Bard. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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The Innocents—William Archibald's dramatization of Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" presents this minor classic as a simple ghost story rather than a psychological study, but it is still reasonably alarming. Beatrice Straight, Isobel Elsom, and two gifted children called Iris Mann and David Cole are the mortal members of the cast, as distinguished from the spooks, and they are all good. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Man—The basic situation in this melodrama is much like that in "Kind Lady," but the resemblance ends right there. Dorothy Gish, as the timid heroine, and Don Hanmer, as a homicidal maniac, give noteworthy performances against heavy odds. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers has made her deeply touching novel about a lonely adolescent into an almost equally compelling play. Ethel Waters is beautiful to see as a sympathetic old Negro woman, and Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde are captivating as the young heroine and her even younger playmate. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, March 12.)

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep—This adaptation of Ludwig Bemelmans' novel is, on the whole, unusually civilized, touching, and funny. The tremendous cast is headed by Fredric March and Florence Eldridge; the handsomely stylized scenery was designed by Wolfgang Roth; and Hume Cronyn handled the direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Velvet Glove—Grace George is as gentle and glowing as ever in this rather frail comedy about an ideological conflict in a Catholic college. Walter Hampden, Jean Dixon, and John Williams support her very satisfactorily. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**death of a salesman:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Now with Gene Lockhart. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **detective story:** Ralph Bellamy as a tough cop beset by a couple of heavyweight philosophical problems. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, William Harrigan, and Henry Hull. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Arms and the Girl—This rendering of that old comedy about bundling called "The Pursuit of Happiness" is cheerful and lively, though perhaps a little silly in spots. Herbert and Dorothy Fields and Rouben Mamoulian did the revised book; Morton Gould wrote the music; and the cast is headed by Nanette Fabray, Georges Guétary, John Conte, and Pearl Bailey, who is unquestionably a very great woman. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—An animated affair, more or less based on Anita Loos's quarter-century-old classic, that should please you very much if you don't feel too sentimental about the original. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne is responsible for the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley head the large and fascinating cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lost in the Stars—This musical version of Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" has a fine score by Kurt Weill but may otherwise prove somewhat unsettling to admirers of the novel. Maxwell Anderson adapted the text for the stage and wrote the lyrics, and Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks lead the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Miss Liberty—A big, fairly monotonous musical about Bartholdi's statue and a circulation war between Joseph Pulitzer and James Gordon Bennett. It is mainly the work of Irving Berlin, Robert E. Sherwood, and Moss Hart. Ethel Griffies is the most successful member of a cast that also includes Allyn McLerie and Mary McCarty. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Texas, Li'l Darlin'—The victims of this satire are *Life*, politics, and the State of Texas, none of which seems likely to be unduly embarrassed. Johnny Mercer's lyrics are often effective, but the book, the music, the costumes, and the dancing are all pretty regrettable. With Kenny Delmar, Mary Hatcher, and a lot of others. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except

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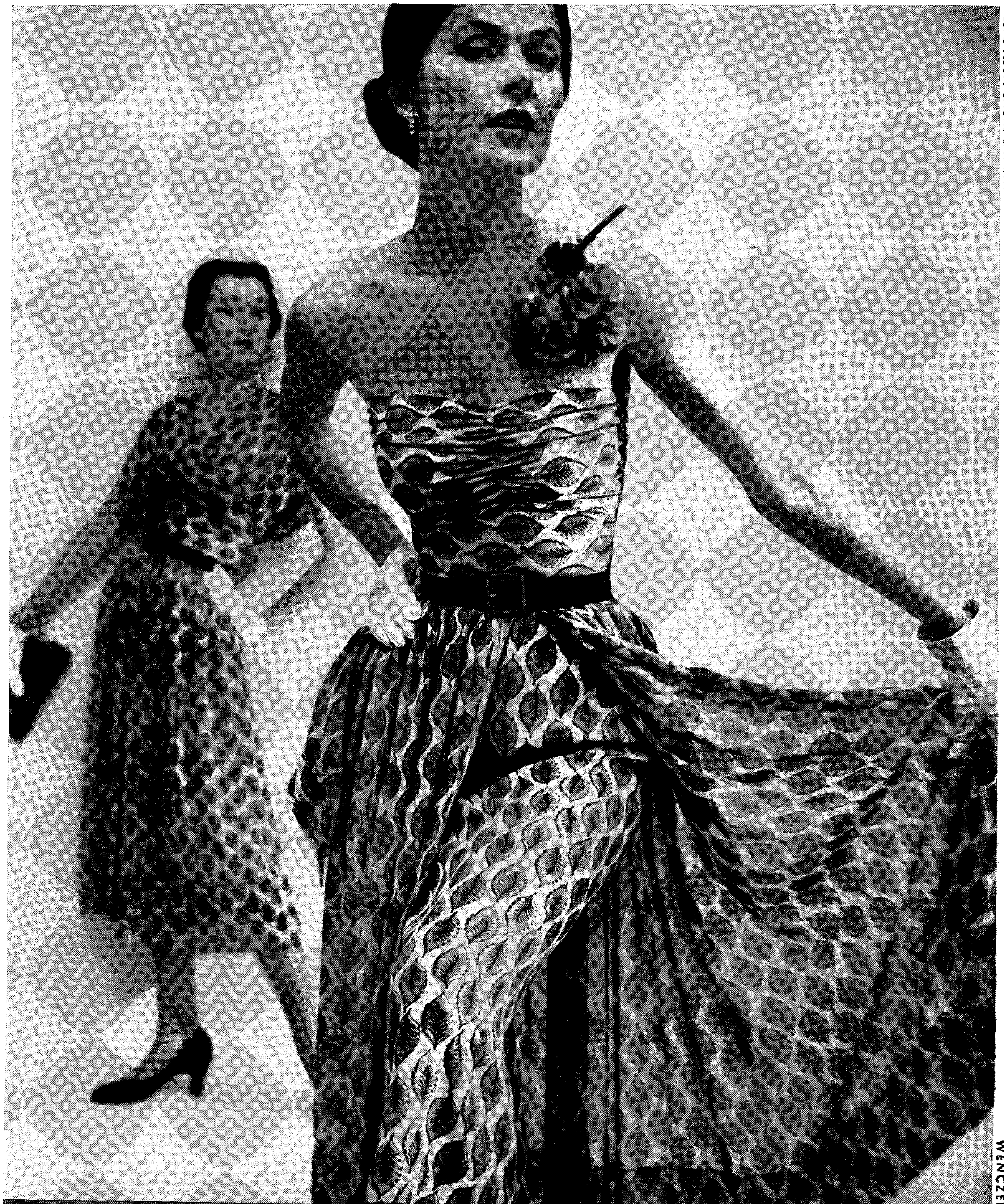

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Touch and Go—There are some unusually funny sketches and quite a bit of nice singing and dancing in this on the whole commendable revue. Jean and Walter Kerr wrote the book and lyrics, Jay Gorney composed the music, and Kyle MacDonnell, Pearl Lang, and Nancy Andrews are important in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**kiss me, kate:** Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, and Cole Porter, taming Shakespeare's shrew. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Well, it's about this French planter who falls in love with—oh, *you* know! Still with Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. With Byron Palmer and Doretta Morrow. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Consul—Marie Powers and Patricia Neway in Gian-Carlo Menotti's musical drama. Produced by Chandler Cowles and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and directed by Mr. Menotti. Opens Wednesday, March 15. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

New York City Ballet Company—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 9: "Mother Goose Suite," "Jones Beach" (première), and "Orpheus." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 10: "Age of Anxiety," "Illuminations," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 11: "Mother Goose Suite," "The Guests," "The Duel," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 12: "Symphonie Concertante," "Jinx," and "Jones Beach." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 12: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 15: "Concerto Barocco," "Divertimento," "Pas de Deux Romantique," "The Duel," and "Jones Beach." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 16: "Serenade," "Illuminations," "Pas de Deux Romantique," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 17: "The Guests," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 18: "Jinx," "Divertimento," "Orpheus," and "Bourrée Fantasque." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:45. Matinée at 2:30.)

Charles Weidman—With his company. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, March 11, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, March 12, at 3 and 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Trianon Room has dance music by Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' rumba band every evening but Sunday.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except on Sundays, Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for cocktails in the Palm Court, switches to the Madison Room for dinner, and then goes back to the Palm Court. No dancing in room or court.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—On Thursday, March 9, Thelma Carpenter will start singing and Mervyn Nelson will start his addled exposition of popular psychiatry. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist. Dancing.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose's *soup-to-nuts pageant* of New York café life through the ages. The most entertaining nuts are Walter Dere Wahl and the Rigoletto Brothers; the most heart-warming characters are the ancient W. C. Handy and Harry Armstrong. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and circumstance at its most pompous and circumstantial. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—If you miss your country-club galas, there's a good one here almost every evening. Bernie Dolen's orchestra and Paul Sparr's band provide appropriate sound effects. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room offers Jimmy Carroll's ballads and the dances of a new team called the Talbots. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band are on the stand. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lisa Kirk, a well-known Lorelei, sings at supper, Nancy Donovan sings at dinner, and Eric Victor dances at both sessions. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras for the customers' athletics. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a rapturous idealization of "Wien, Wien," has the dance music (after eight-thirty) of Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—The ducal Oval Room offers Emery Deutsch's dinner music every evening but Sunday, when Harold Sandler's orchestra plays instead. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, an eye-catching bit of bric-a-brac, sings her twentieth-century siren songs at dinner and supper in the Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands play casually for dancing. The celebrated Les Crosley is Miss Wilson's pianist. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—In the lavish Carnaval Room, you'll find Jan Brunesco's gypsy music and a scattering of Lester Lanin's musicians for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Out-of-towners intently studying the mores of Manhattan's child life. Paul Rickenbacker's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing downstairs; upstairs, on Fridays and Saturdays, Ernie Warren's band.

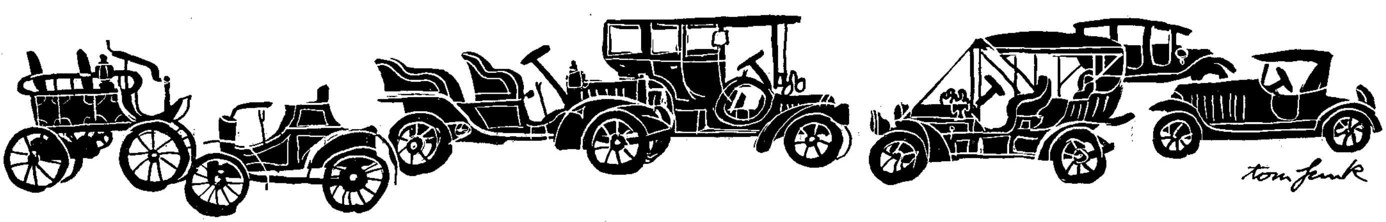
Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Kay Thompson, our foremost gym instructress, putting on her high-tumbling act twice a night at her customary trip-hammer tempo. Most of it will bear watching. Emil Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band are also on hand.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On Thursday, March 9, in the Wedgwood Room, at suppertime, Dorothy Shay will weigh in with her bundle of fashionable songs about unfashionable provincials. Eddy Duchin's orchestra plays for dinner and, aided by Mischa Borr's band, for supper. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band plays until ten o'clock. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's dinner and supper dance music in the Flamingo Room, where Dr. Sydney Ross produces a little parlor magic. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Except on Sundays, Les Crosley's complex pianoforte tone clusters from cocktails to around seven-thirty, followed by Cy Walter's equally deft piano work at supper. Graham Forbes doubles in ivory on Sundays. . . . **coq rouge,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): After eight-thirty, continuous and bubbly dance music by Eddie Davis, assisted now and then by the Phil D'Arcy Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **café trouville,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): In the bar of this venerable emporium, Mary McNally (at cocktail time) and Harry Taylor and Page Morton (after nine-thirty) provide piano undertones for the animated table talk. Closed Sundays. . . . **little club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with Joe Bushkin's exhilarating piano and trio after ten-thirty, and Harold Sandler's prowler violin music from dinnertime on. Piano music on Sundays. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays. . . . **one fifth avenue,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): A new brace of humorists, named Walling and McHugh, is the main event here. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey play double piano, and Hazel Webster plays solo piano. Old silent movies, too, on Sunday nights, but no hopscotch or rounders. Amateur nights Mondays. . . . **nino,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In this busy bit of modernist design, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **monte carlo,** 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): One of Dick Gasparre's bands and the Playa Sextet are steadily at it in an Arabian Nights boudoir. Closed Mondays. . . . **madison,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Peter Walters' cocktail piano music Mondays



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance orchestra Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **SHELBURNE LOUNGE,** Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): Through Thursday, March 16, Irwin Corey, or Reason Tottering on Its Throne, plus the sassy singing of little Jane Harvey and the stirring guitar of Carlos Montoya. Next evening, a new show, which will include Monica Boyar and Paul Villard. The bustling Cy Coleman and his trio make tempestuous music. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): In this upstairs parlor over the Show Spot bar, any night but Sunday, there is Mabel Mercer, delicately analyzing the best works of the Alec Wilder and Bart Howard school of the ballad. Sam Hamilton plays piano for her. Downstairs, Laurie Brewis glides up and down his keyboard amidst an All Hallows Eve atmosphere. . . . **PERROQUET ROOM,** 145 W. 58th St. (CI 7-7440): In the bar and restaurant of the Hotel Meurice, Jimmy Daniels, the Left Bank chanticleer, sings after ten every night but Monday to Ellis Larkin's introspective piano background. Pat Rainey, a fledgling songstress, helps out. Also, Addison Bailey's dinner and supper piano every night. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): One of those it-was-only-yesterday reconstructions, made up of melodrama, singing waiters, checked tablecloths, aged movies, and creaky puns, enlivened principally by Paul Killiam's running commentary and the activities of a young minx known as Janie Stevens. Closed Mondays. . . . **L'AIGLON,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Upstairs in the little Empress Room, at eight o'clock every evening but Monday, the agile Louis Hawkins touches off a barrage of piano music and funny sayings that continues right through dinner and supper. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Ronnie Selby plays handsome piano from nine o'clock on in this new restaurant. Graham Forbes plays, too, and Odette Athos sings some pleasant songs after ten. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Ted Lewis, that timeless tragedian of song, blossoming out (well ahead of spring) as mimic and tomfooler, too. The circus here includes the usual Copa trimmings. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, from suppertime until just before dawn, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack's spellbinding piano duets; every weekday, John Kelley, Jr., supplies dinner music. In the back room, every night, Imogene Coca, acting like one of Satan's favorite imps; also, Mae Barnes' calliope voice, Portia Nelson's fresh and lyric voice, and some reasonably witty doings by Mickey Deems. Lush background music by Stuart Ross, Garland Wilson, and the Herman Chittison Trio. Sunday nights, guest performers are interspersed among the regulars. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's newest diversified portfolio of merriment—Ronnie Graham's precocious and eerie pianologues, the Three Riffs' bantering part singing, Clara Cedrone's and Bill Meigs' horsing of songs our parents cried over, Estelle Loring's ballads, and Larry Blake's funny sayings. The Norman Paris Trio spices everything with its music of the day after tomorrow. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy, intoning her peculiar lullabies in this comfortable treetop. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Weavers, an engaging, lively, unpretentious, and knowledgeable group of ballad singers, among whom is Pete Seeger. Dance music by Clarence Williams' new trio. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Forecast for the rest of 1950: Intermittent thunder and lightning every evening but Sunday. The thunder: Wild Bill Davison and Cutty Cutshall. The lightning: Peanuts Hucko, Buzzy Drootin, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, kicking that old Mississippi River gong around. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet and his band, which includes Big Chief Russell Moore and Kansas Fields, huffing and puffing in the best medieval manner. Don Frye plays piano while they're out wiping their brows. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Through Wednesday, March 15, the long-lost Dr. Sausage's band and the Ravens, who sing. Next evening, Artie Shaw's band and the deferred arrival from Montreal of Oscar Peterson, dean of that city's jazz pianists. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Miles Davis's band, which includes Stan Getz and Tadd Dameron; Les Young's musicians; and songs by Larry Darnell and Jeri Southern. . . . **RIVIERA LOUNGE,** Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): Benny Morton, Herb Ward, and Bill Herb making it comfortably warm for the denizens of this bandbox every evening but Monday. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The home of those Friday-night hoedowns. This week, March 10, the major sound effects will be executed by Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Buster Bailey, Joe Sullivan, James P. Johnson, and Baby Dodds. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Jimmy Dorsey's band. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): In the Grill, Guy Lombardo and family are home once more. Closed Sundays. . . . **NEW YORKER,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): On Thursday, March 9, Connie Haines, and Tony Pastor's band (replaced by Charlie Peterson's on Sundays) will arrive here.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

BLACK OR WHITE—Some striking pieces by Robert Motherwell, Weldon Kees, Hans Hofmann, Picasso, and others, in a collection distinguished by the fact that most all the paintings are in either black or white. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through March 20.)

DOMENICO FETTI—A loan exhibition of floridly handsome paintings by one of the early baroque Italian artists. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through March 25.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: A colorful show of paintings in four "water media"—tempera, casein, gouache, and water color—by this gallery's group of artists; through March 11. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57th St.: French moderns, including Dufy, Chagall, and Utrillo; through March 31.

LEON KELLY—First exhibition in six years by an American Surrealist who likes to weave his pictorial dramas around insect forms. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through March 20.)

JOHN MARIN—Oils and water colors, including several painted in 1949, which show the Old Master (he is eighty) to be still as productive as he is proficient. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through March 18.)

MARINO MARINI—The first solo exhibition in this country of works, many of them adroitly stylized, by one of the foremost modern Italian sculptors. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 11.)

MODERN FRENCH—The first half of this gallery's two-part annual show of paintings by members of the Paris school. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through March 25.)

OLD AND MODERN MASTERS—A small but excellent showing that ranges from fifteenth-century Italian to modern French and is highlighted by a beautiful early Titian and a rarely seen Rousseau. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through March 18.)

FRANCIS PICABIA—Paintings, 1908 to 1920, plus a selection of 1949 works that are as irreverent as ever, by the one-time Dadaist leader. (Pinacotheca, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through April 1.)

PHILIP REISMAN—Cheerful, vigorous city paintings, somewhat in the manner of a more rococo John Sloan. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through March 11.)

KAY SAGE—Impeccably executed, frequently very evocative Surrealist oils, chiefly featuring mysterious lacy constructions on lonely plains. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through March 11.)

SAMSON SCHAMES—Mosaic reliefs, plus some gouaches, by a German artist who fled to England from Hitler. Apart from their considerable artistic value, the mosaics have a special interest in that they are made of bits of rubble, picked up while Schames was a fire warden during the London blitz. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through March 18.)

KARL SCHRAG—The first one-man show of oils, gracefully if not too insistently abstract in style, by a man known until now principally for his black-and-whites. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 11.)

CHIAO SSU-TU—Water colors and drawings, done in a combination of traditional-Chinese and modern styles and commenting movingly on his country's misery. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.; March 9.)

TROMPE L'OEIL—A small but lively show of paintings in this genre, from the early eighteenth century to the present. (Hewitt, 18 E. 69th St.; through March 18.)

TWENTIETH-CENTURY "OLD MASTERS"—Two interesting early works by Duchamp and Matisse, in a show that includes paintings by Braque, Gris, and Picasso. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through March 25.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART GALLERY,** 122 E. 55th St.: Group show; through March 25. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Umberto Romano; through March 25. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: The hundred-and-twenty-fifth annual spring show. Daily, 1 to 5; through April 9. . . . **PARSONS,** 15 E. 57th St.: Pietro Lazzari and Herbert Ferber; through March 25. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century

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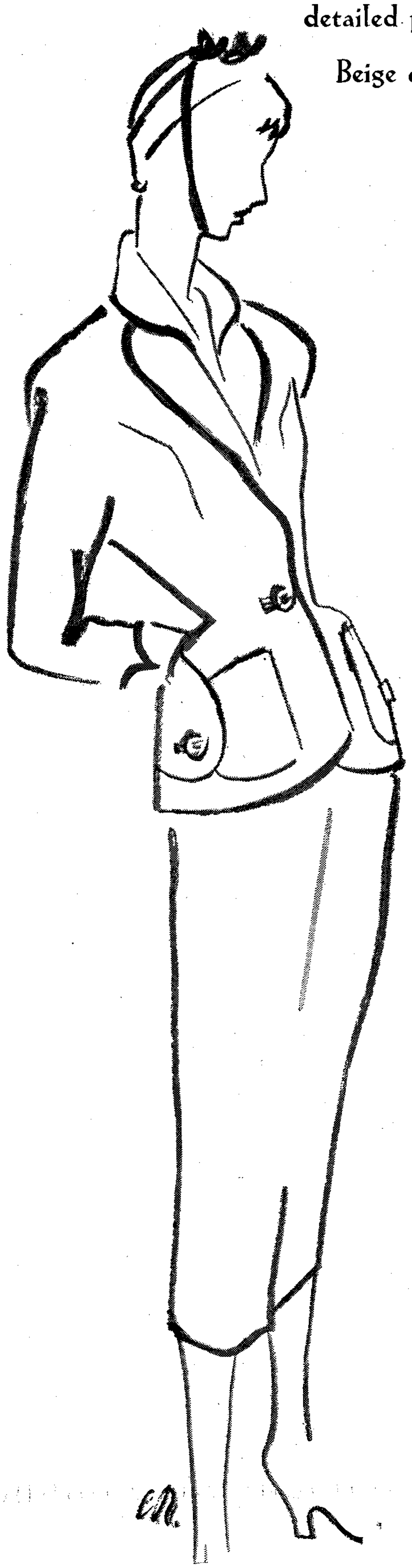

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

masters. For the benefit of Greenwich House; through April 1.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Japanese art of the period 1615-1867; through March 19. . . . ¶ An array of works, in all mediums, by a hundred and twenty-four artists living or teaching in Brooklyn; through March 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A memorial show of the paintings and pastels of Arnold Friedman, who died in 1946. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6; through March 14.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Austrian government's loan exhibition of art treasures from Vienna collections. An impressive affair, though not up to the earlier Berlin show in scope or quality. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Wednesday and Saturday evenings until 9; through May 21. An admission charge of fifty cents will be made, except on Mondays, to help meet the expenses of the exhibition.) . . . ¶ A display of men's fashions from the fourteenth century to the present, plus a lady-designer's-eye view of the future. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through April 30.) . . . ¶ An exhibition of miniature-painting, showing the course of this technique during the last five hundred years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through March 19.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An extensive showing of the works of the late Charles Henry Demuth. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through June 11.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A new group show, with paintings by Albers, Wolff, Scarlett, Bolotowsky, and others. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through April 30.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The tenth annual exhibition of the League of Present-Day Artists, comprising about a hundred paintings and eight sculptures. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5; through March 26.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A large, well-put-together retrospective of oils, water colors, and other works by Edward Hopper, the American realist. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through March 26.)

MUSIC

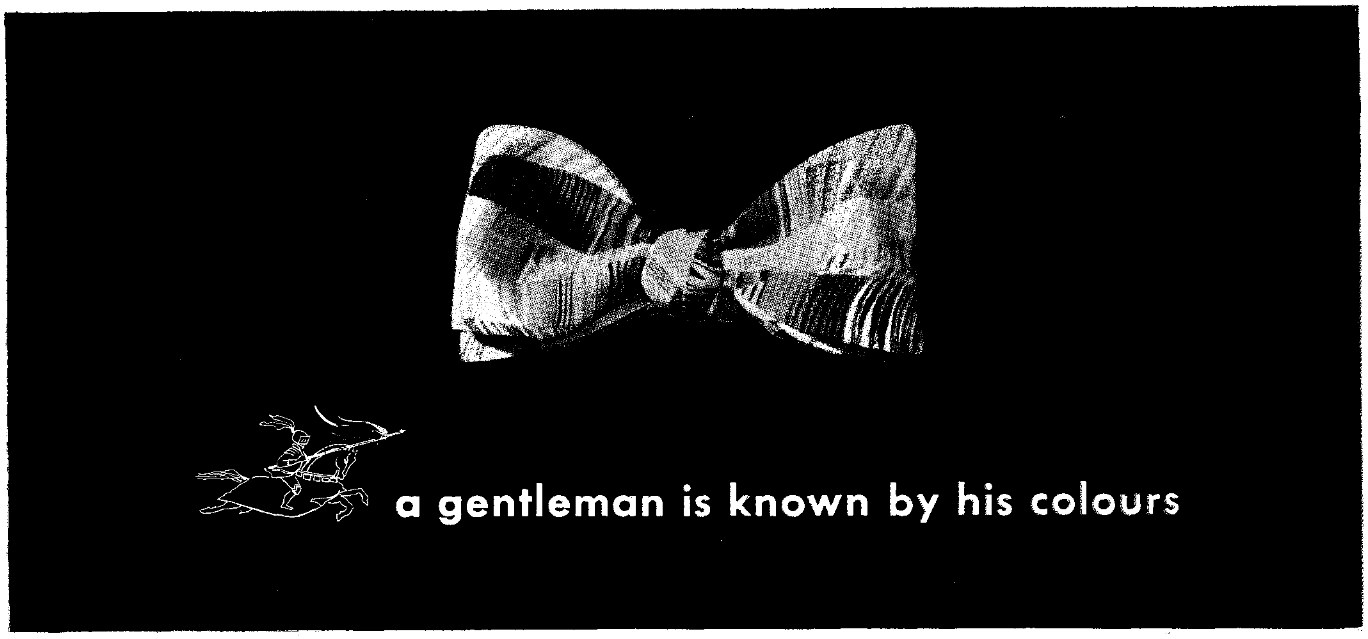
(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 9, at 8:30: "Samson and Delilah," with Blanche Thebom, Raoul Jobin, Robert Merrill, and Osie Hawkins. . . . ¶ Friday, March 10, at 8:15: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Frederick Jagel, Francesco Valentino, and Lorenzo Alvary. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 11, at 2: "Aïda," with Ljuba Welitch, Margaret Harshaw, Ramon Vinay, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 11, at 8:15: "Faust," with Nadine Conner, Charles Kullman, Nicola Moscona, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Monday, March 13, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten, Thelma Votipka, Charles Kullman, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 16, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Nadine Conner, Lois Hunt, Charles Kullman, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Friday, March 17, at 8: "Carmen," with Irra Petina, Anne Bollinger, Raoul Jobin, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 2: "Die Walküre," with Rose Bampton, Helen Traubel, Max Lorenz, and Herbert Janssen. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patrice Munsel, Inge Manski, Jan Peerce, and Giuseppe Valdengo.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Victor de Sabata conducting: Thursday, March 9, at 8:45; Friday, March 10, at 2:30;



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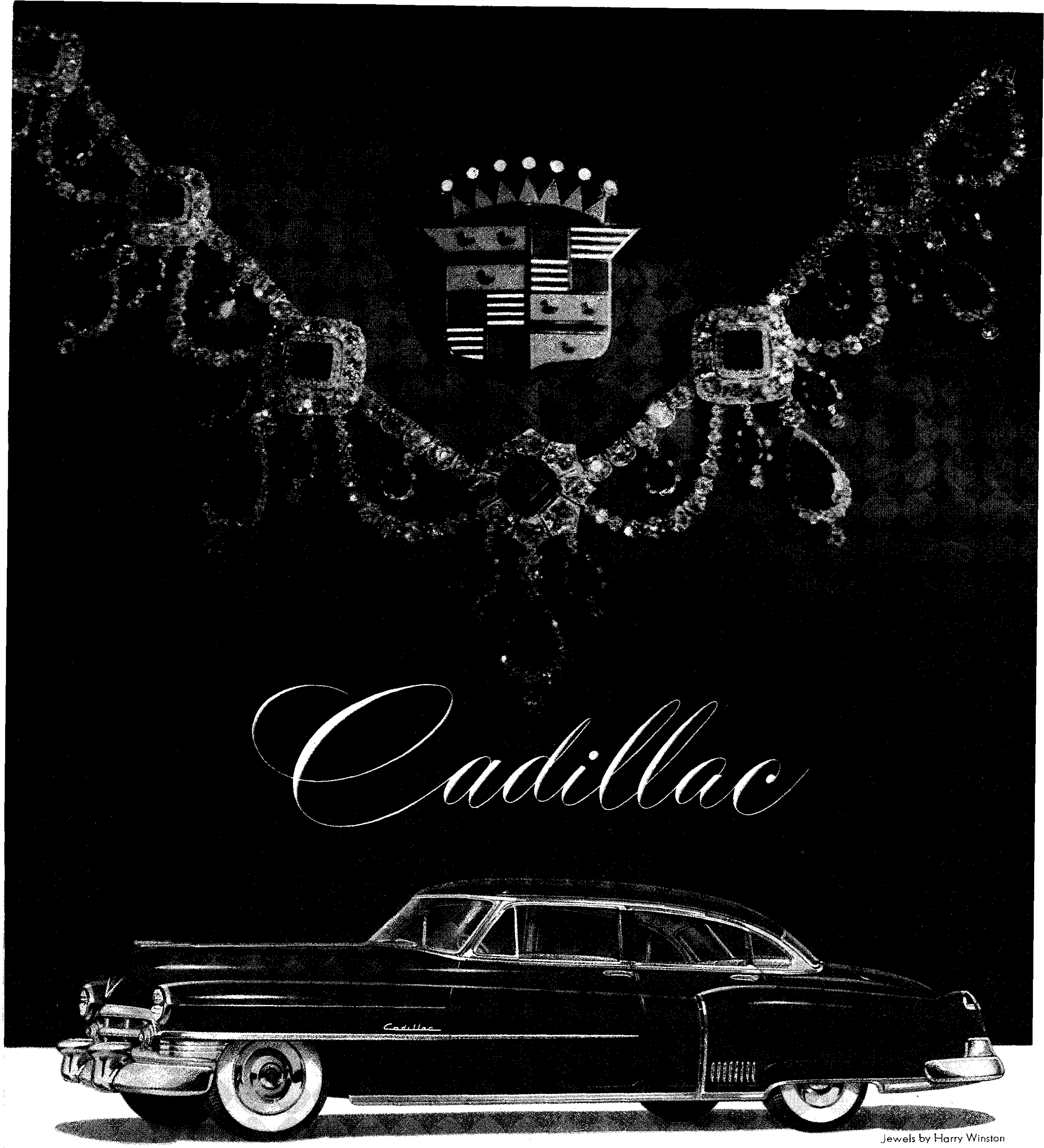

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Sunday, March 12, at 2:45 (no soloists); Thursday, March 16, at 8:45, and Friday, March 17, at 2:30 (both with Nathan Milstein, violin); and Saturday, March 18, at 8:45 (with Miriam Solovieff, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with William Kapell, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony Orchestra—Charles Münch conducting: Wednesday, March 15, at 8:45, with Isaac Stern, violin, and Saturday, March 18, at 2:30, with Nicole Henriot, piano. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, March 17, at 8:30; no soloist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 10, at 8:30. . . . Town Hall. Monday, March 13, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Thomas Scherman directing, with the Westminster Choir; Kathleen Ferrier, mezzo-soprano; and Ann Ayars and Louisa Kinlock, sopranos, in a performance of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice." (Town Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Sigmund Romberg—Conducting his own concert orchestra, with Christina Carroll and Kirsten Kenyon, sopranos; Gail Manners, mezzo-soprano; and Gene Marvey, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—Frederic Joslyn directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 10, at 8:40.)

Vinaver Chorus—Chemjo Vinaver directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Zilberts Choral Society—Sholom Secunda directing a program in memory of Zavel Zilberts. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 12, at 8:30.)

College of St. Elizabeth Glee Club—J. Vincent O'Donnell directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Jerome Rappaport—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Marian Anderson—Contralto. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Sondra Bianca—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 12, at 5:30.)

James Friskin—Piano, in an all-Bach program. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 12, at 5:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 12, at 8:40.)

London String Quartet—An all-Beethoven recital. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A.,

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Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, March 13, at 8:40.)

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 14, at 8:30.)

MANNES TRIO—Chamber music. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Thursday, March 16, at 8:30.)

SZYMON GOLDBERG—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JASCHA HEIFETZ—Violin. (Great Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 139th St. Saturday, March 18, at 8:40. For tickets, call PL 7-2963.)

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT PROGRAMS—Marie Powers, Claudia Pinza, Herva Nelli, Cloe Elmo, Giovanni Martinelli, Alexander Sved, John Corigliano, and others, for the benefit of the Boys' Republic of Italy. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, March 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call WH 3-0207.) . . . ¶ Robert Goldsand, piano, in the fifth of six all-Chopin recitals, for the benefit of the Chopin Scholarship Fund. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. Monday, March 13, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 4-2130.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Wild Bill Davison, George Wettling, Joe Sullivan, Edmond Hall, and Bobby Hackett and his trio. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Saturday, March 11, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 10: Charley Fusari vs. Jimmy Flood, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, March 17: Willie Pep vs. Ray Famechon, of France, 15 rounds for the Featherweight Championship. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—National Invitation Tournament: Saturday, March 11, at 2 and 8. Monday and Tuesday, March 13-14; Thursday, March 16; and Saturday, March 18; all at 8. (Madison Square Garden.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, March 9: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 12: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 15: Rangers vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

INDOOR POLO—Saturday, March 11: Matches for the George C. Sherman Memorial Championship and the National Twelve-Goal Championship. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 16: The semifinal matches of the National Intercollegiate Tournament. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 18: The final matches of the National Intercollegiate Tournament and the National Twelve-Goal Championship. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Indoor Championships: Women's Singles, starting Friday, March 17, at 10. . . . ¶ Men's Singles, starting Friday, March 17, at 2. (Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—The **PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**, Igor Buketoff conducting, with Claudette Sorel, piano. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 11, at 11.) . . . **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**, Thomas Scherman conducting, with the Bufano Marionettes. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 18, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 18, at 3.)

PLAYS—By the **JUNIOR THEATRE**: "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturdays at 2:15.) . . . **HANS MANN CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALE THEATRE**: "Sleeping Beauty." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, March 12, at 3.) . . . **CHILDREN'S WORLD**

THEATRE: "The Indian Captive." For the benefit of the United Parents Associations. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, March 18, at 2:30. For tickets, call GR 5-3908.)

MOVIES—Films for children, cartoons, and short subjects. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, any hard questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Avenue, at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

NATIONAL ANTIQUES SHOW—Among this year's exhibits will be a display of historical documents pertaining to the seventy-seven Americans who occupy places in the Hall of Fame, a collection of theatrical dolls, and some nineteenth-century bathing suits. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday through Saturday, March 9-11, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 12, from 1 to 7.)

1850—A cross-section of American life at the midway point of the nineteenth century. The political issues, personalities, literature, fashions, and general tenor of the day are reflected in daguerreotypes, newspapers, engravings, books, playbills, and such. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 76th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; through July 31.)

PERSIAN EXHIBITION—A display of Persian illuminated manuscripts, from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, together with photographic views of present-day Iran, taken by Burt Martinson. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St., Room 322. Weekdays, 9 to 5; through June 30.)

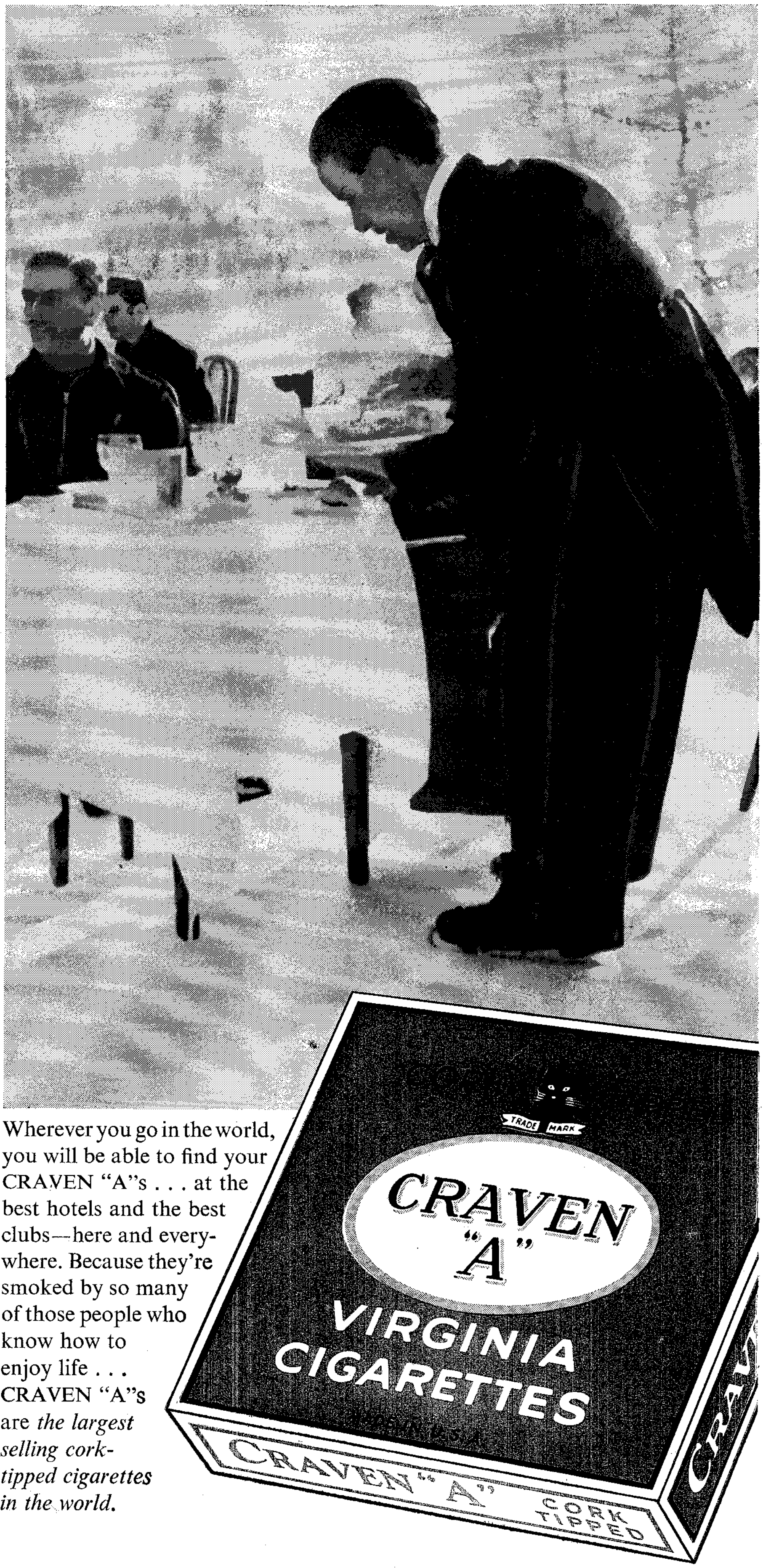
LETTERS AS AN ART—A survey of letter writing, divided into three sections: a collection of letters dating from the Babylonian period through the Middle Ages, a group of original autographs by famous Americans and Europeans, and examples of the letter as a literary form or as a document. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5; through April 22.)

HONORÉ DE BALZAC EXHIBITION—Letters, manuscripts, and rare editions of the works of the nineteenth-century French author, along with portraits of him and illustrations from his books. (Cultural Division of the French Embassy, 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5; through March 15.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—French furniture of the eighteenth century, miniatures, Meissen figurines, and other objects of art, from the estate of the late Baron Max von Goldschmidt-Rothschild. (Exhibition, Thursday, March 9, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Friday and Saturday, March 10-11, at 2.) . . . ¶ Paintings by modern artists, among them Degas, Henri Rousseau, Rouault, and Mary Cassatt, and prints by Toulouse-Lautrec, Matisse, Maillol, and others, the property of various owners, including Keith Warner. (Exhibition, Saturday, March 11, and Monday through Thursday, March 13-16, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday, March 16, at 8.) . . . ¶ Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French and English furniture, along with paintings, porcelains, and other bibelots, owned by Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, March 11, and Monday through Wednesday, March 13-15, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday through Saturday, March 16-18, all at 2.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Conquest of Earth." Starting on Wednesday, March 15, there will be a new show, an interplanetary jaunt by rocket called "Conquest of Space." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

IN ST. MORITZ—EVEN THE WAITERS SKATE!



Wherever you go in the world, you will be able to find your CRAVEN "A"s . . . at the best hotels and the best clubs—here and everywhere. Because they're smoked by so many of those people who know how to enjoy life . . . CRAVEN "A"s are *the largest selling cork-tipped cigarettes in the world.*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Adam's Rib—Fun in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. Judy Holliday and Tom Ewell help the principals enormously. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd St. BU 8-9304; March 11-14.)

All the King's Men—A galloping adaptation of the Robert Penn Warren novel about the life and times of a politician resembling the late Huey Long. Broderick Crawford plays the mock Kingfish to the life. Winner of the New York Film Critics' 1949 Award. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through March 12. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through March 14.)

The Amazing Mr. Beecham—A mild but genial satire on English politics. A. E. Matthews is its chief asset. A British film. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; March 10-11.)

The Astonished Heart—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. Good stuff when the author, who also participates as an actor in this English film, isn't being too solemn about it all. With Celia Johnson and Margaret Leighton. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

Battleground—A Hollywood view of the Battle of the Bulge. A lot like every other movie epic about warfare, but stimulating at times. Our defenders include Van Johnson, Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy, and John Hodiak. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting March 14.)

The Bicycle Thief—An Italian film that makes the search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son something of a screen masterpiece. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Cinderella—The famous fairy tale as interpreted by Walt Disney, who does much better with small mice than he does with human beings. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

Devil in the Flesh—The story of an adolescent's love affair with a married woman, presented with great skill in a French film. Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle are in the cast. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting March 14.)

The Fallen Idol—A British picture, as good as they come, about a small boy who gets involved in a highly complex adult world of policemen, a shrewish woman, and violent death. From a short story by Graham Greene, and with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier as the melancholy Dane, in a distinguished English picture, which Olivier directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through March 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 10. . . . ¶ Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through March 10. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5 P.M. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting March 15.)

The Hasty Heart—As a doomed and dour Scotsman spending his last days in a hospital in Burma, Richard Todd creates a figure at once funny and pathetic in this picture. He is supported by a competent cast that includes Ronald Reagan and Patricia Neal. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through March 11. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 12. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 11-12. . . . ¶ Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; March 11-14. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5 P.M.)

Intruder in the Dust—This melodrama, by Faulkner out of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, proves that a Negro can be just as noble as anybody else, even in Mississippi. Not much depth, but a good deal of action. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through March 10. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through March 11. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; March 13-15. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 15.)

On the Town—Nice singing and dancing by Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, and Vera-Ellen, among others, in a musical graced, in part, with a Leonard Bernstein score. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; March 11-13. . . . ¶ Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting March 15. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5 P.M.)

Pinky—The race problem as it affects a Negro girl, very fair in coloring, who ventures back to her birthplace in the South after passing for years as a white girl in Boston. Jeanne Crain, Ethel Barrymore, and Ethel Waters participate. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through March 12.)

Quartet—A translation to the screen of a group of Somerset Maugham's slickly confected short stories, two of which are pleasant entertainment. An English film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 13. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting March 14.)

Samson and Delilah—Hedy Lamarr and Victor Mature in a preposterous version of the Bible tale, kneaded into shape by the spectacular Cecil B. DeMille. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Stromboli—Ingrid Bergman playing a distraught Czech woman on a volcanic island. Directed by Rossellini, and a sore disappointment all around. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; March 14-15. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting March 15.)

The Third Man—Orson Welles, as a racketeer in postwar Vienna, being pursued all over town by Joseph Cotten and several squads of cops. Directed by Carol Reed from a Graham Greene script, the film works up some lively scenes as it goes along. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Three Came Home—The performances of Claudette Colbert and Sessue Hayakawa make this war picture, about a lady incarcerated by the Japs, better than average. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Tight Little Island—A comical British film having to do with a whiskey drought on an island in the Hebrides during the war. Basil Radford heads the estimable cast. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Twelve O'Clock High—Daylight bombing and other Army Air Forces problems of the Second World War, described in rousing style in a picture that gets in its best licks with actual combat shots. Gregory Peck is the top brass. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; through March 12. . . . ¶ 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through March 14. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; March 10-14. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting March 13.)

The Woman of Dolwyn—Some gripping moments in the Welsh village of Dolwyn, chiefly distinguished by the magnificent acting of Dame Edith Evans. Emlyn Williams wrote and directed this one, and acts in it, too. A British film, formerly known as "Dolwyn." (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; March 9.)

REVIVALS

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers on a houseparty. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 12-13.)

Back Street (1941)—Fannie Hurst's familiar old tale of love and tears. Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer. (Trans-Lux 52nd St. Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting March 15.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—The Noel Coward romp with ghosts and mediums. An English picture, with Rex Harrison. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through March 12.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 10.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers again, this time in nightgowns and at war. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 12-13.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film concerning a Scottish castle moved to America. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; March 15.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German prison in the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 10.)

Pygmalion (1938)—The G.B.S. business. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through March 12.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through March 12: "Quo Vadis?" (1912), directed by Enrico Guazzoni. . . . ¶ Starting March 13: Four Chaplin movies (all 1917), "The Adventurer," "The Immigrant," "The Cure," and "Easy Street". (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THREE CAME HOME.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through March 12: "Rossini" (in Italian), revival; and "La Traviata" (in Italian), revival.
From March 13: To be announced.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through March 10: "Malaya," Spencer Tracy, James Stewart.
From March 11: "Black Hand," Gene Kelly, J. Carrol Naish.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through March 10 (tentative): "Borderline," Fred MacMurray, Claire Trevor.
From March 11 (tentative): "Outside the Wall," Marilyn Maxwell, Richard Basehart.

Little Cinémet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Il Trovatore" (in Italian), Enzo Mascherini; and "Graduation Ball," a short film with the Ballet Russe.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
CINDERELLA.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Stage Fright," Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Michael Wilding.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Through March 14: "Captain China," John Payne, Gail Russell.
From March 15: "Francis," Donald O'Connor, Patricia Medina.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"Mafia" (in Italian).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
SAMSON AND DELILAH.

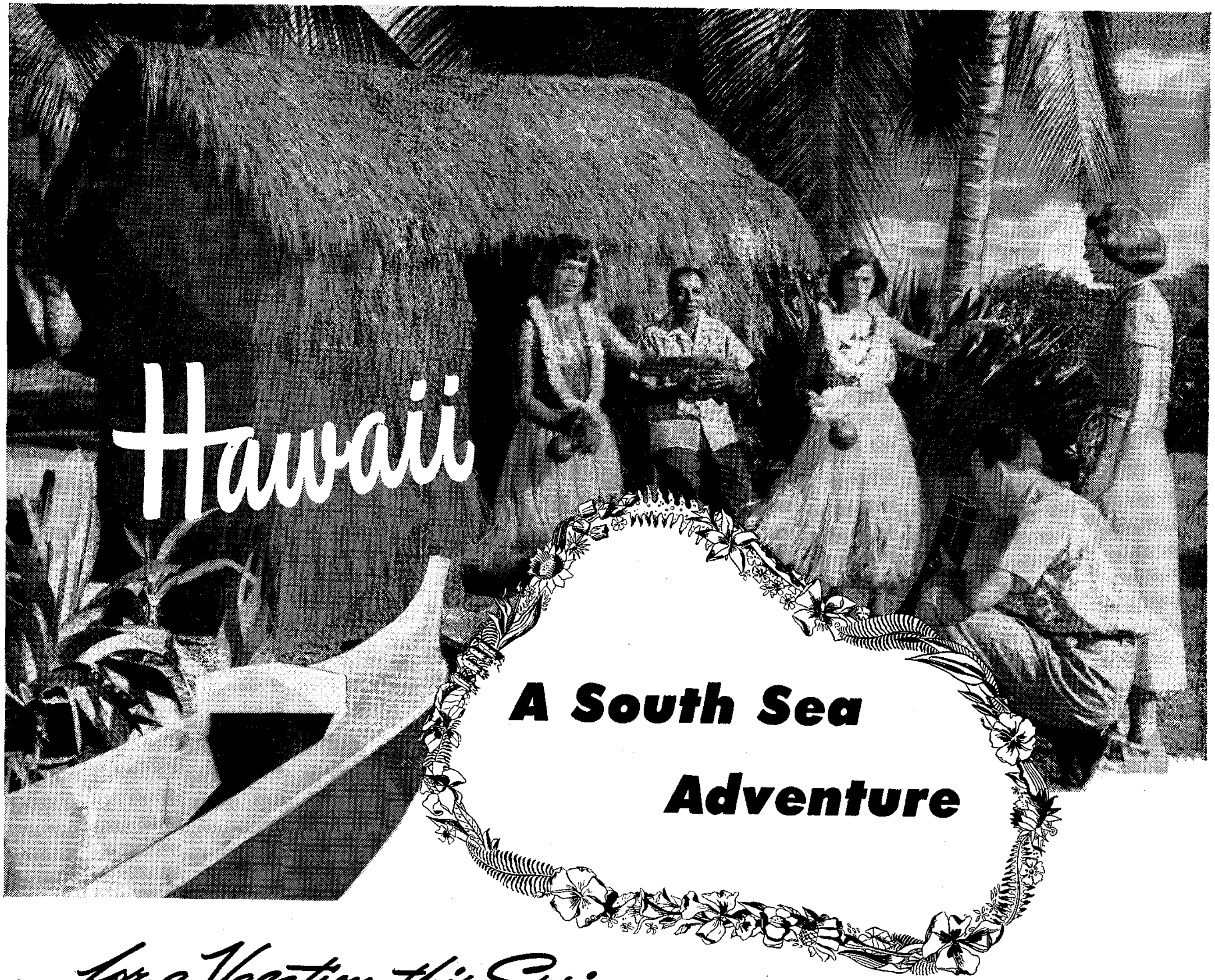
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Mother Didn't Tell Me," Dorothy McGuire, William Lundigan.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"The Outriders," Joel McCrea, Arlene Dahl.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
March 9: "Chain Lightning," Humphrey Bogart.
From March 10: "Perfect Strangers," Dennis Morgan, Ginger Rogers.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE THIRD MAN.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).



...for a Vacation this Spring

● You are an adventurer in your own land ... exploring the American mid-Pacific frontier. Roaming among tropic isles you live the romance of South Sea tales ... isles that ban all sleet and biting winds with a gentle year 'round sun and give a new glory to Spring with the radiance of their flowers. And all the time you are surrounded with the comfort, convenience and safety of the most modern travel facilities.

● Linking Hawaii and the Pacific Coast are several airlines and steamship lines. You can go one way by sea, the other by air, or round trip by either. Points of departure and return are San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle and Vancouver.

● You arrive in Honolulu on the island of Oahu. From there you can fly in an hour or less to any of the other major Hawaiian islands — Maui, Hawaii, Kauai. You have a choice of several flights daily to each one. Let your Travel Agent help you plan your trip to include all the major islands. The cost is surprisingly moderate.

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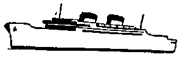
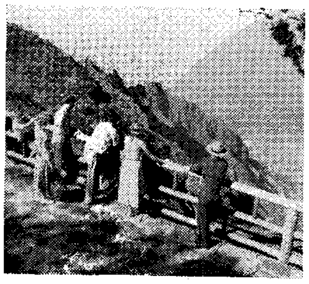
A 4½ DAY CRUISE BY LUXURY LINER



8½ HOURS BY LUXURY PLANE

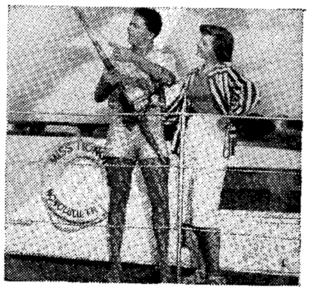


KAUAI—*Deep gorge, verdant valley and the bluest of seas ... a magnificent panorama on the island of Kauai.*

MAUI—*Ignoring modern methods, boys on the island of Maui nimbly gather coconuts in the age-old way.*

HAWAII—*You have a feeling of remote, tropic serenity as you stroll among stately palms on the island of Hawaii.*

OAHU—*Some of the world's largest and gamest deep sea fish make exciting sport all year in Hawaiian waters.*



IT'S ALWAYS DELIGHTFUL IN HAWAII. PLAN NOW FOR A TRIP THIS SPRING!

One magazine stays "on top of the heap"

ON THIS living-room table you see one magazine warmly welcomed and frequently consulted, like an old family friend. It seems to stay on top of the family reading matter; both the madam and the master keep going back until it is read through.

How attentively they read it, too—more closely even than a hobby magazine! Because every page, each editorial *and advertisement* in this all-service almanac of better living, touches on their warmest, closest interest—their home and family. Information on design and decoration, news for the family medicine cabinet and dinner table and workbench, tips on everything from auto insurance to party novelties—all of it beautifully served up in a big, handsome, colorful magazine that stirs the imagination and the "let's buy" impulse!

Better Homes & Gardens has won its invitation, on interest alone, into *more than 3,400,000** of the better homes in the country.

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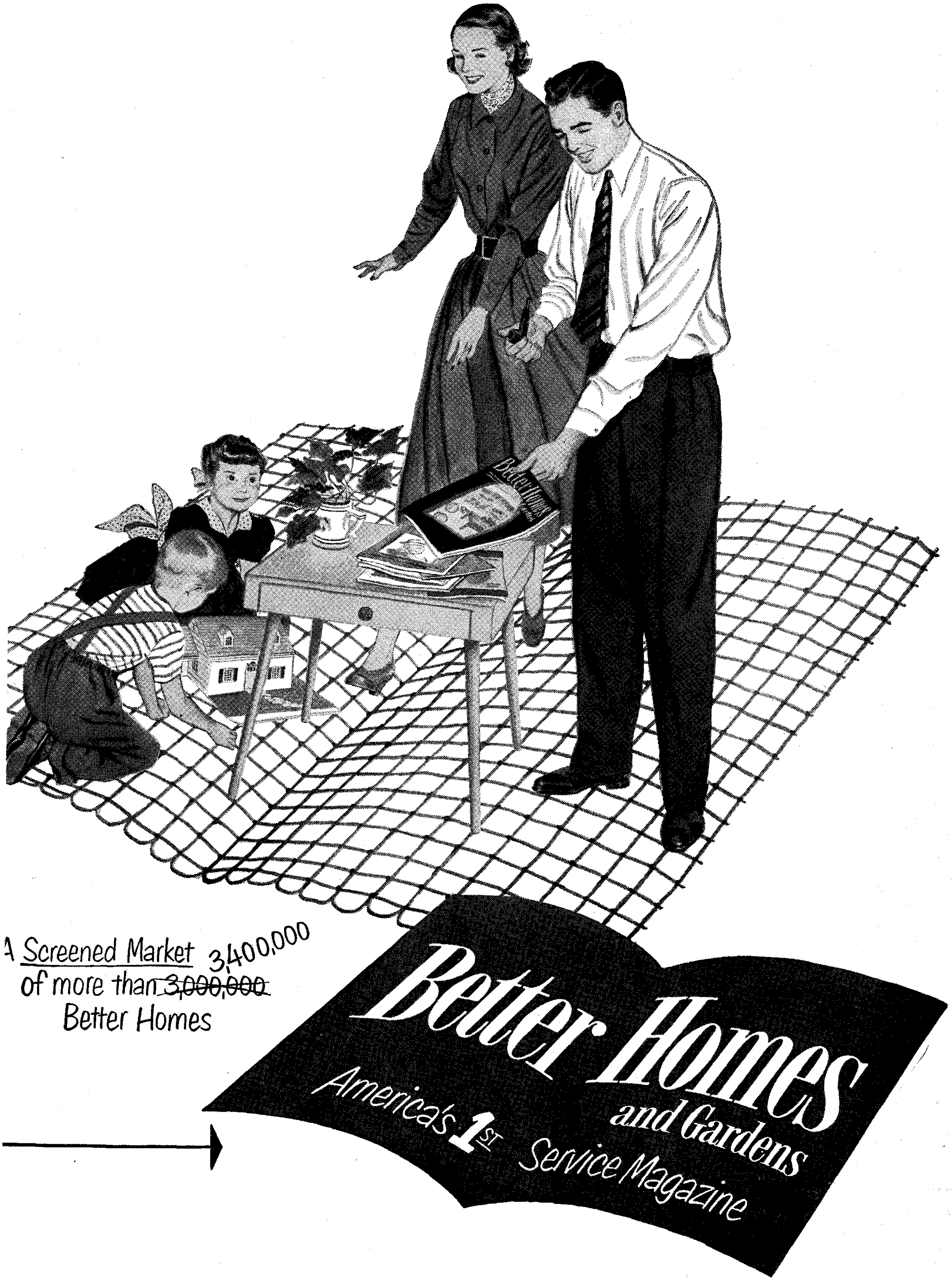
Doesn't such a magazine earn "top of the list" consideration in your advertising plans? Ask us to show what a tremendous job it can do for you.

**March issue...and going over 3,500,000 soon!*

America's 1st Point of Sale


A Screened Market 3,400,000
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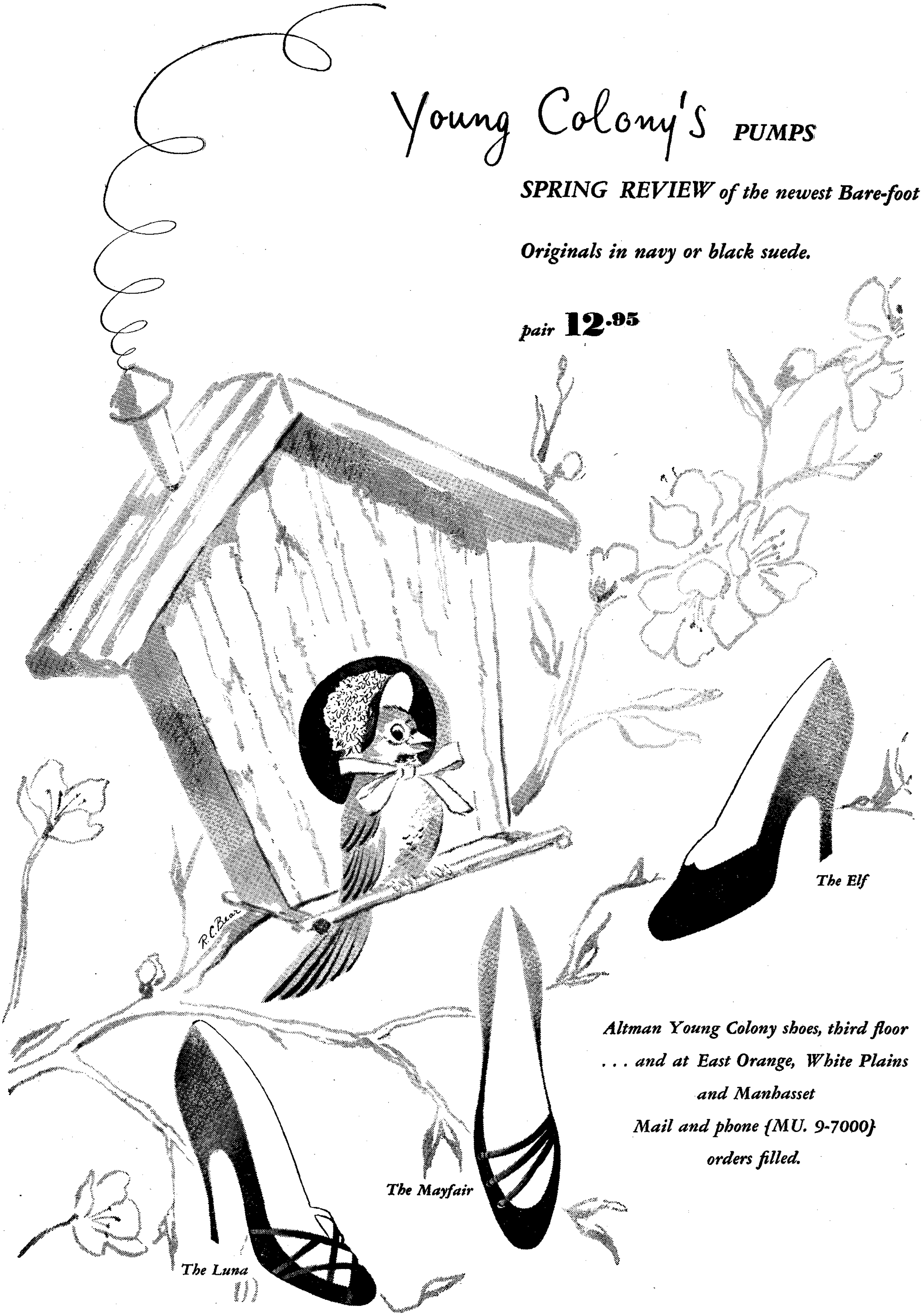
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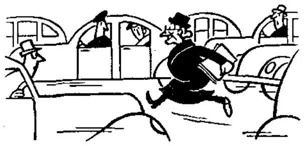
FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** *NEW YORK*

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

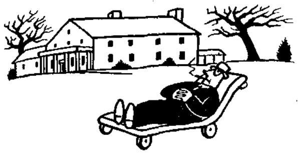
Notes and Comment

"MAY I give you a text?" an elderly lady asked us politely on the corner of Madison and Forty-third the other morning, offering one of a pile of scriptural leaflets she carried. We said no, thanks, we already had the whole book, and walked on. As we were crossing Fifth Avenue, the light changed, and we heard a screech of brakes behind us. There was the old lady skipping through the traffic, cars whizzing all around her, her blue wool stockings flashing in the sun. She avoided the last taxi by no more than two inches, made the curb, and saw us staring at her in awe. "Doing the Lord's work," she said. "Never been hit yet."



THE other day, we saw our first copy of *ETC.*, "an international quarterly of discussion, research, and theoretical inquiry in Non-Aristotelian systems and General Semantics." Among cloudier matters, it contained a list of all the members of the International Society for General Semantics, by place of residence, and we got to worrying about three of them, who are the only members in their states: Delaware, Montana, and Wyoming. What, we wonder, does the solitary semanticist in Montana do evenings? Whom does he find to talk to about linguistic confusions in sociobiology, to debate the degree of non-elementalism in a two-valued orientation with, or discuss communication as titillation among the Arapesh with? Do he and the Wyoming semanticist occasionally get together of an evening over a bottle of linguistic confusion? Does the Delaware man run over to Maryland every now and then for a couple of rubbers of Non-Aristotelian bridge? Being the only general semanticist in a whole state must be the extreme of loneliness—a flagpole-sitter with no way down.

"COMFORTABLE all year round country house in beautiful north Connecticut village," an advertisement in *Town & Country* reads. "Small enough for a couple or even one person but large enough to accommodate a growing family." It then goes on to describe the house as a three-story structure with dining room, drawing room, "powdering room," "lounge hall," five bedrooms—two of them "large double . . . each with fireplace and spacious bathroom"—and a top floor, "which can be shut off entirely if desired," consisting of maids' rooms, sewing room, and studio, "all well insulated." It also calls attention to the presence of a four-car garage. We are not sure that we understand the sales psychology behind the presentation of this flexible house. "Small enough for . . . even one person"—is that calculated to assure some well-heeled but timorous individual who might boggle, in these times of retrenchment and simulated retrenchment, at assuming sole occupancy of so commodious a home that it is really O.K. for him to take over? If so, we applaud it, for it is time the rich got bucked up a little, if only because their present tendency to go underground is a hindrance to commerce. We can remember the days when Charles M. Schwab lived over on Riverside Drive with his wife and no children, holding his head high and apologizing to no man for occupying a seventy-five-room house, no floors of which were shut off. He knew it was small enough for a couple, and no real-estate dealer had to tell him so, and, oh, boy, how commerce flourished!



Agleam

THERE'S a new business firm in town called Sidewalk Sanitation Service, and now that it's here, and doing right well, the wonder is that somebody didn't go into its line of endeavor twenty years ago. S.S.S. claims to be the first outfit ever to put the maintenance of sidewalks on a mechanized basis and has contracts with various local establishments on or near Fifth Avenue to keep their sidewalks spotless by the year—free of litter, gum, and all other urban blemishes. It's also the only large-scale private snow-removal company in town, guaranteeing its clients service at any hour of the day or night, seven days a week. Four times during the winter, up to the moment of this writing, its men have turned out with gasoline-driven snowplows for storms that discouragingly proved to be hardly worth while. The presiding genius of S.S.S. is a tall, well-groomed young man named Louis Schwartz, with whom we recently had a talk in the S.S.S. offices, at 516 Fifth Avenue. He told us that S.S.S. signed its first annual contract last summer, the client being Bergdorf Goodman, and has since signed up more than sixty other customers, among them Helena Rubinstein, Lenthéric, Van Cleef & Arpels, and the Waldorf-Astoria. "We're growing like crazy," Schwartz said. "Everybody's rooting for us, including the Fifth Avenue Association and the Department of Sanitation. People don't remember for long what a pretty thing a thoroughly clean sidewalk is. We come along, restore a sidewalk to its pristine state, and keep it that way—agleam, unlittered. You can tell at a glance where our sidewalks stop and sidewalks cleaned by hand, in the old-fashioned manner, begin. And, beauty aside, we save a customer at least twenty-five per cent of his usual costs for the job."

Schwartz reached sidewalk sanitation after a few years as a sportswear manufacturer and a few years as a navigator in a B-24, neither of which experiences prepared him for his new career. That came about accidentally. "One morning, last summer," he told us, "I happened to be driving up Fifth Avenue after a rough night—I guess it was around 6 A.M.—and I counted twenty-five or thirty men in front of the fancy stores, washing down the sidewalks with hoses and brooms. The sight shocked me; even at that hour, it shocked me. Inside, they've got air-conditioning and fluorescent lighting, and outside they're still cleaning sidewalks by hand! So I did some investigating and took the plunge." As soon as a property owner signs his year's contract, S.S.S. sends a man around with a machine that steam-cleans the sidewalk with up to three hundred pounds of pressure. The steam contains a cleansing compound, and the man works over the sidewalk until he not only has removed the normal tattletale gray of the hand-cleaned sidewalk but has dug right down into what Schwartz calls "the pores." After the initial cleaning, the sidewalk is kept clean by means of a mechanical scrubber—a three-wheeled vehicle, designed and built for S.S.S., that sucks dirt into a receptacle. It first sprays the sidewalk with a detergent, then sweeps and scrubs the surface till you can all but see your face in it. The scrubbing takes place six nights a week in the case of business establishments, seven nights a week in the case of hotels. Schwartz estimates that the scrubber does six times the work of an old-fashioned, nonmechanized man. "Our detergent removes everything but the substances that went into making the sidewalk," he said. "At the same time, it's harmless to people, animals, and underground sewer connections." During the day, clients' sidewalks are visited several times by an S.S.S. man operating what looks like an oversize carpet sweeper.

As for the snow side of the business, Schwartz is among those whom the Weather Bureau alerts whenever it predicts a storm. S.S.S. maintains a file of some five hundred willing Fordham, Columbia, and C.C.N.Y. students, with notes as to their free time. The students have standing orders to telephone S.S.S. the moment a storm starts during the day. To deal with late-at-night snows, Schwartz keeps a list of hardy volunteers for nocturnal work. In figuring rates for S.S.S., Schwartz counts on an average of eight snows a year, with four of them piling up at least five inches. The fact that this winter has been an easy one has helped along the profits of S.S.S., but Schwartz would rather have had the theoretical quota of storms, for demonstration purposes. He thinks it would have clinched deals with a lot of prospective customers. As it is, S.S.S. has devoted most of its time to getting gum out of pores. "Our employees are neatly uniformed," Schwartz said. "They are frequently mistaken for Department of Sanitation men. The city has no responsibility for sidewalks. That's why there's no ceiling to this business. We started on Fifth Avenue, and we hope to make it the first all-mechanically cleaned street in the world. I expect to be scouring Wall Street by next fall. Then other areas, other boroughs, other cities. The sportswear business was nothing like this."

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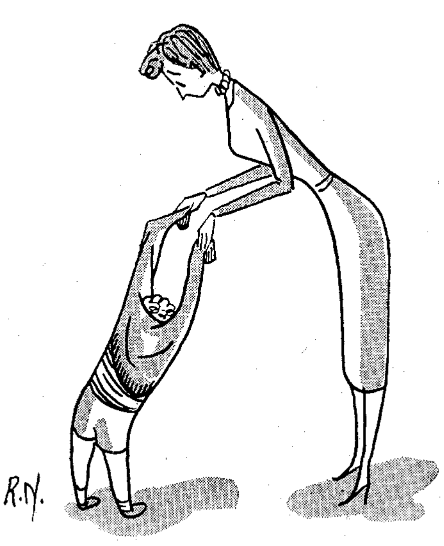
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The bookshelves in the reception room of the *Times* Book Review office contain hollow tooled-leather book covers.

The Crystal Restaurant, near Waterbury, Connecticut, is displaying a sign that reads, "We specialize in Yankee and American Foods."

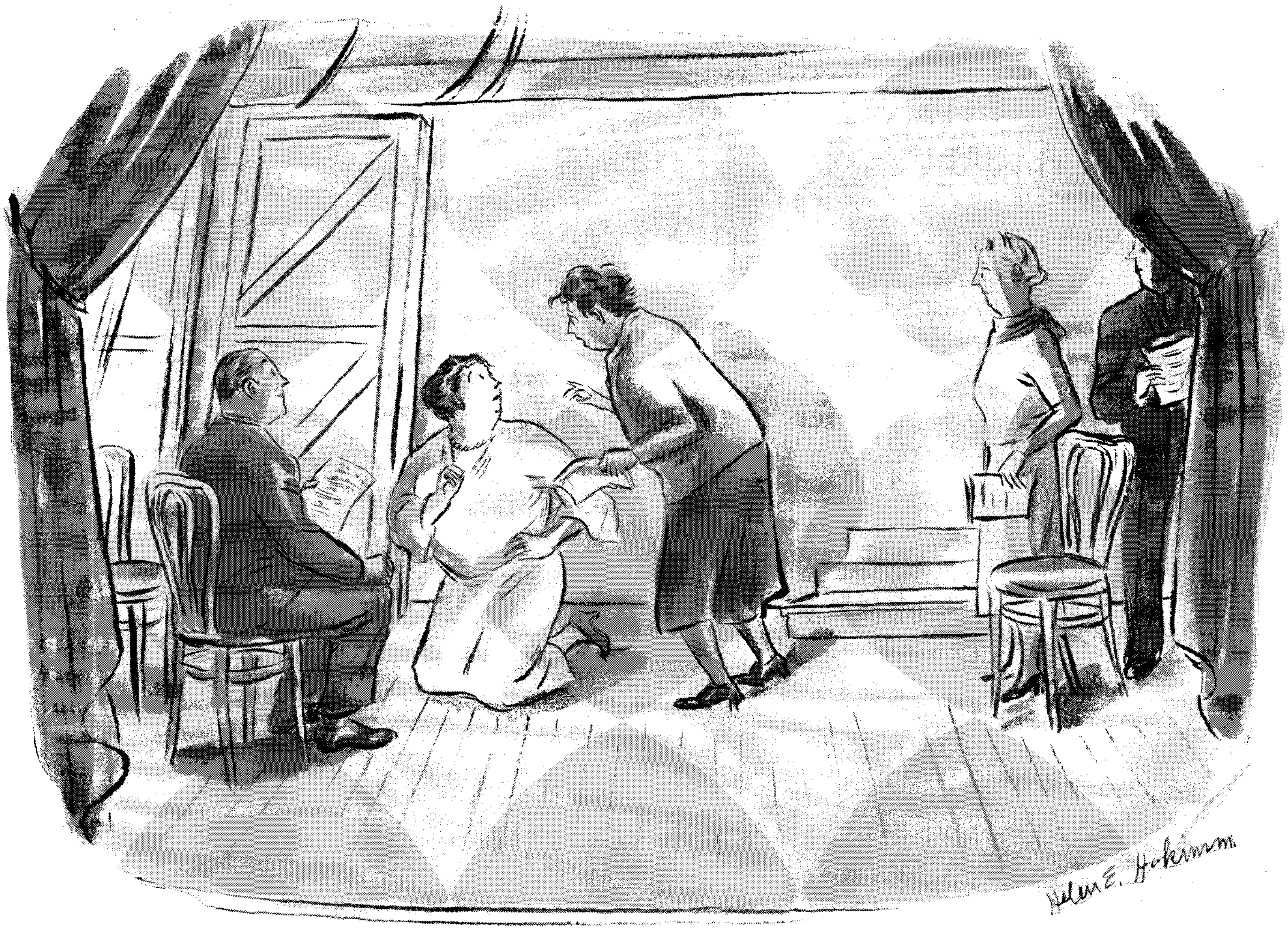
Choice

THE English electoral system—in case, as we suspect, everyone doesn't understand exactly how it operates—is a lot more supple than ours, one reason being that much of it is based on unwritten conventions, which leave room for improvising. And even a statute that flatly says one thing is apt to contain provisions that say another. For instance, it is statutory that a general election be held every five years, but a Parliament can, in wartime, extend its life beyond this period from year to year. Thus, there was no general election between 1935 and 1945. The normal procedure is for the Prime Minister to choose what strikes him as an auspicious date for his party's chances some time during the fifth, and last, statutory year of a Parliament and advise the King to dissolve Parliament at that moment. The King thereupon issues a proclamation dissolving Parliament, calling for the election of a new House of Commons, and summoning the new Parliament to meet on a certain date, usually a week or ten days after the election. By law and in theory, the King could wait three years before calling the Parliament, but since Parliamentary appropriations for the armed forces are traditionally limited to twelve months, His Majesty would soon find himself without an Army or a Navy.



By no means all Parliaments run their four-year-plus term and die a natural death. The Prime Minister may ask the King to call an election whenever the P.M. and his Cabinet want to enact important legislation for which they feel they have received no clear mandate at the previous election. Also, the Prime Minister may ask the King to call an election if he has been defeated in Commons on what he considers a vital issue. It is up to the P.M. to pick his issue. In 1924, Ramsay MacDonald announced that his government would stay in office regardless of defeats and would resign only after a specific vote of no confidence. He was defeated ten times in six months before he finally threw in the towel. Successful no-confidence motions are very rare, because Cabinets usually beat the Opposition to it by walking out. Stanley Baldwin was the last victim of a no-confidence vote. That also was in the turbulent year of 1924. If a Prime Minister should be so unsporting as to refuse either to resign or to ask for a new election after receiving a vote of no confidence—a situation that has never arisen—Commons would have grounds for impeachment.

When a Prime Minister can no longer command a majority in Commons, he doesn't *have* to ask the King to call a new election. He can just resign and leave the King to find a new P.M.—generally, in these circumstances, the leader of the Opposition. (The leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition draws a salary of two thousand pounds, whereas ordinary members of Parliament draw only one thousand.) It is, however, customary for an



"Oh, now, Mrs. Stokely, surely you can suggest centuries of oppression better than that."

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Opposition leader who has been made Prime Minister to call for a general election. If the new Prime Minister and his party are unable to command a majority in the newly elected Parliament, he cannot ask the King to proclaim still another election; instead, he must resign, and usually does so as soon as the results of the election are known and before the new Parliament convenes. Occasionally, a Prime Minister will resign and then resume office because no one else is able to form a Cabinet that will command a majority. Gladstone did that in 1873, and that's what probably would have happened if Attlee had resigned after the last election.

The right of the Prime Minister to ask the King to dissolve Parliament is a powerful means of keeping wavering adherents in line, as well as of discouraging the Opposition from pushing over the Government. Members of Parliament don't like to run for office any more than American congressmen do. A Cabinet is thought to need a working majority of fifty seats to govern effectively, inasmuch as it can't expect to have all its supporters in Commons present every time a vote is taken. The first test of strength for a new Parliament comes during the debate on the King's speech, which is written by the Prime Minister and his advisers and read by the King in the House of Lords on the opening day of Parliament. The King's speech outlines the Cabinet's legislative program, and debate is held in Commons, after it is reread there by the Speaker, on amendments to a traditional motion: "That a humble Address of Thanks be presented to His Majesty for His Majesty's Most Gracious Speech." These amendments usually express regret that the Most Gracious Speech failed to give proper assurances as to whatever problems happen to be vexing the Opposition. If the Opposition manages to get one of its amendments passed by Commons, out goes the Prime Minister.

When an election is held, nominations must be filed before the eighth day after the King's Proclamation, and polling takes place nine days later. All that one need do to stand for Parliament is file a nomination paper signed by a proposer, a seconder, and eight other voters, and post a hundred and fifty pounds, which is returned after the election unless the candidate has failed to poll at least one-eighth of the votes cast in his district. In the recent election, the Liberal Party persuaded Lloyd's to insure the deposits posted by its candidates; only nine Liberal candidates won, out of four hundred and seventy-nine who ran, and Lloyd's is said to have dropped a considerable sum on the transaction. A candidate doesn't have to live in the constituency he seeks to represent. Voting is by paper ballot, and, with the exception of persons in jail, lunatics, and peers, everyone twenty-one or over is entitled to vote. Once elected, an M.P. may not resign, but if he is appointed to a government post, other than that of Minister, or becomes a member of the armed forces, his seat is automatically vacated. In practice, a member who wishes to resign applies for a government post known as Steward or Bailiff of the Chiltern Hundreds—a sinecure held open for just such a contingency.

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LADY speaking in a Saks Fifth Avenue elevator: "I don't know why it is, but every time I get divorced, I'm so *nervous!*"

Why?

TO mark the occasion of the forty-seventh annual Toy Fair, being held here this week and next, we've had a talk with a manufacturer in the fastest-growing branch of the toy business, and we bet you can't guess what it is. No, nothing mock-atomic or electronic. It's that ancient standby, the cowboy holster and pistol belt. Five years ago, there were fewer than ten manufacturers of holsters and pistol belts in the whole country, and they were grossing something under five million dollars a year; currently, more than a hundred and fifty manufacturers are turning out holster-and-pistol-belt sets, and they're grossing around thirty million a year. Our informant, Stanley Breslow, who is president of the Carnell Manufacturing Company and a big man in holster-and-pistol-belt circles, appeared somewhat abashed by these figures when we visited him in his showroom, on lower Fifth Avenue. "Business is phenomenal," he said, in a voice that seemed to carry a note of fright. "Last year, there were enough holster sets manufactured to supply every male child in the United States three times over. I don't know where they all go. I have a plant in Brooklyn employing two hundred and fifty people, and we produce from nine to fourteen thousand sets a day. And still we can't meet the demand. I don't get it. Last year alone, the number of manufacturers in this field doubled. Not a week goes by that two or three firms don't start a holster line. How long can this go on?"

Mr. Breslow used to manufacture toy Sam Browne belts, and when the Army decided, back in 1941, to eliminate Sam Browne belts from uniforms, his firm practically went under. He frantically switched to cowboy holsters and pistol belts, and in 1944 grossed thirty thousand dollars. He has more than doubled his gross every year since; last year, his total sales reached a million and a half. Breslow thinks his success may be a result of the colossal impact of television on the juvenile mind. "City kids have been made more cowboy-conscious than ever by all those cowboy movies on television," he said. "The boom started in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, the three big television centers, and has spread all over the country. Only twenty per cent of our business is in states that have real cowboys. Sales are mostly to kids from three to twelve years old, and they know exactly what they want. Kids are always more choosy than grownups. We make special sets for girls, mostly in red-and-white leather."

Breslow puts out a completely new line twice a year and pays a designer ten thousand dollars a year to travel around out West copying holster-and-pistol-belt designs in museums and anywhere else he happens to run across them. There's apparently no limit to what the kiddies can persuade their parents to pay for holsters and pistol belts. "We used to think ten dollars was the absolute top," Breslow said. "Now dealers keep crying for more expensive sets. Let me show you our latest." He took a belt-and-holster set from a shelf and held it out to us; it shimmered and threw off flashing golden lights. "Retails for twenty dollars," he said, looking around apprehensively. "Can you imagine twenty dollars for a toy holster and gun belt? I don't get it. The guns are good copies of a Civil War model and are plated with twenty-four-carat gold. We buy them from a toy-gun manufacturer. The belt and holster are top-grain cowhide, the finest leather on the market, and I mean the *finest*. There are three hundred nailheads in the leather. All this for a kid's toy! I ask myself, 'Why?' "

FLAIR
Richter

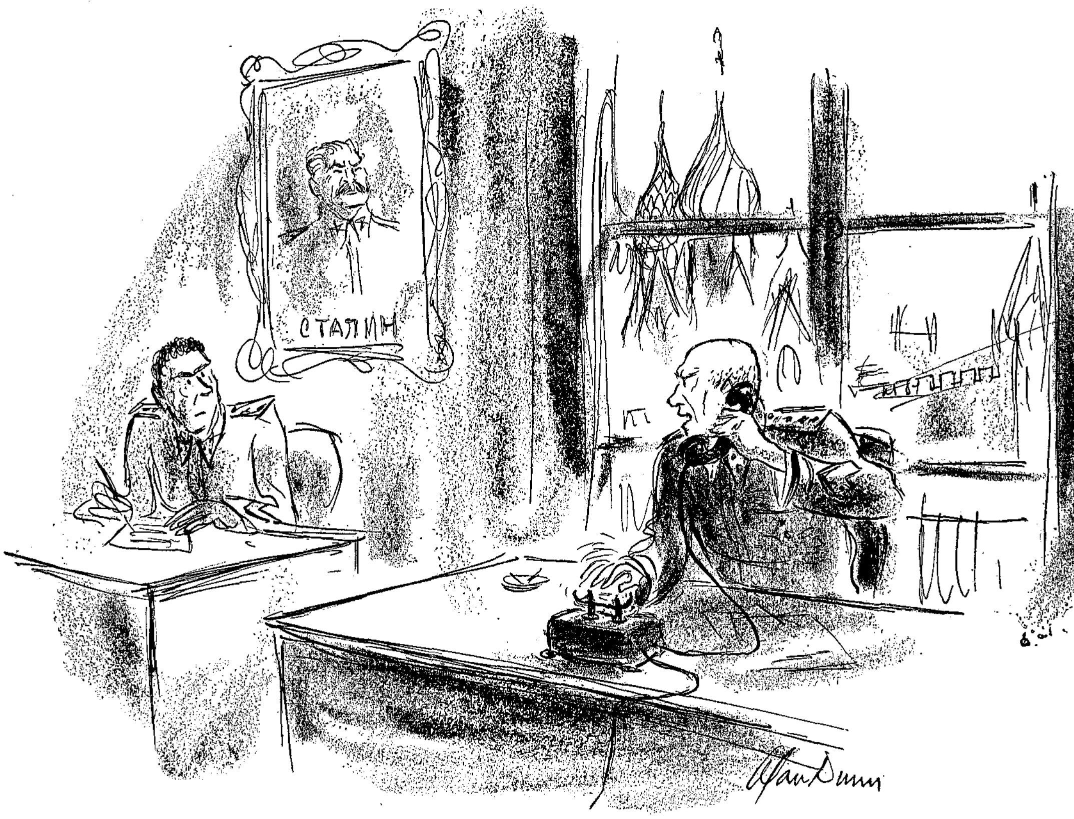
Mr. Breslow told us that holster manufacturers have learned, to their sorrow, that children want only cowboy holsters and pistol belts. "They won't look at F.B.I. sets, policeman sets, or anything military," he said. "We put out a pirate set a while back—a beautiful set. Everybody liked it, except the kids. The craze is pure cowboy. The fact is the kids don't even play cowboys and Indians any more; they play cowboys and cowboys."

Inspiration

THE habit of doing homework to radio was recently carried to an interesting length by a young student of musical composition who, so his father advises us, put the finishing touches on the third movement of a quartet for strings while tuned in on Serkin's rendition of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto at a Philharmonic concert.

Sweet Mule

WE'VE been up to a stable on West Sixty-seventh Street to see a mule called Francis, who is supposed to do a lot of talking in a movie of the same



"If we invented this damn thing, why can't we make it work?"

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name. We first encountered a Mr. Paul Kamey, who identified himself as a representative of the animal-husbandry division of Universal-International Pictures' publicity department. "Francis hasn't much time to spend with you," he said. "We're going to take the beast down to the Paramount Theatre in half an hour to have it welcomed to Manhattan by Jane Russell." He waved us into the office of the stable, where we came upon a small man in a large brown hat, a red-and-white Mackinaw, oxford-gray pants, and black-and-yellow boots. "This is Bob Fetters," said Mr. Kamey. "He brought Francis all the way from California in a trailer-truck." "Howdy," said Bob. We inquired about Francis's background. "She come from Missouri," Bob told us. "Used to be a pack mule out there, and then some senator hired her to represent the Democrats in the last campaign. I don't rightly know how Universal came by her, but there's supposed to have been some mule beauty contest that she won." "Why do you call Francis 'she'?" we asked. "Well, now, I tell you," said Bob. "She hasn't got no actual sex. A mule is like a battleship. People been calling them 'she's for so long they don't give the matter any thought." Bob went on to advise us that he is twenty-four years old, against seven for Francis, and that he spent his formative years on a California ranch. "Guess I'm the only wrangler ever took a mule this far without any argument," he said. "Francis is real sweet, for a mule. Her and me got to be real pals on the road."

Bob suggested we move into the stable proper and meet the animal. Francis turned out to be quite a good-looking mule, standing about twelve hands, close-coupled, and full of charm. "Smile for the gentleman, Francis," said Bob. Francis beamed. "Sometimes I think the son of a bitch *can* talk," Bob remarked proudly. "There was a groom down here earlier was saying that he'd heard of a mule that produced a colt. All the time he was talking, Francis was shaking her head. I figure she was trying to say she didn't believe a word of it. In the movies, you know, Chill Wills does the talking for Francis, and I will say for him that he sure sounds the way you'd expect a mule to talk." Mr. Kamey broke in upon Bob at this point to suggest putting Francis in the trailer-truck and getting downtown to meet Miss Russell. At Bob's invitation, we climbed into the cab of the thing for Francis's ride.

Bob presently pulled his vehicle up in front of the Paramount, lifted some canvas flaps at one side of the rig, and stood by while the Broadway public peered at Francis. "Make him say something," a lady demanded. "He's under Army orders not to speak today," said Bob. "He's a fake," said the lady. The mule surveyed the crowd, which quickly grew to a couple of hundred, with sad eyes. "Smile," Bob suggested. Francis continued to look morose. "He don't do nothing," a teen-age girl remarked. "He just stares, like a dope." Mr. Kamey proposed that Bob reënclose Francis and that we drive around the block to the Paramount stage entrance, where we would meet Miss Russell. This we did, and Bob removed Francis from the trailer and endeavored to lead her down a nearby alley, for warmth. Francis planted her hoofs firmly on the sidewalk and refused to go anywhere. A mailman joined the crowd that had gathered around the animal and muttered, "Keep back, keep back, everybody. They swing their feet like ball bats." Francis scowled at him and swung her rear about. "Here it comes," said the mailman, huddling against a wall. Miss Russell appeared, wearing a long pink coat and accompanied by several photographers. "Why, you're a cutie!" she said to Francis and took a pose beside him, or her. "The mule's cutting you out, Jane," a photographer said. "Ah, go on, shoot," said Miss Russell magnanimously. She touched Francis under the chin and the mule smiled. "Look, it loves me!" said Miss Russell. She chucked Francis under the chin several times and the mule's smile began to look forced. Suddenly, a brisk gentleman who had been holding Francis's halter handed it back to Bob. "That's all," he said. Bob steered her into the trailer, and headed for Broadway and, presumably, California.

Faux Pas

A NEW YORKER lately transplanted to Philadelphia took early leave of a Main Line dinner party the other evening. "Have to catch the eight-four for the city," he said in making his excuses to his hostess. All hands appeared mystified. "New York," he explained, and left the house in the kind of silence ordinarily reserved for those caught cheating at cards.

THEIR LOSSES

AT Grand Junction, the train slowed down for its last stop before getting into the outskirts of Memphis. Just as it jerked to a standstill, Miss Patty Bean came out of the drawing room. She had not slept there but had hurried into the drawing room the minute she'd waked up to see how her aunt, who was gravely ill and who occupied the room with a trained nurse, had borne the last hours of the trip. Miss Patty had been there for nearly an hour. As she came out, the nurse was whispering to her, but Miss Patty pulled the door closed with apparent indifference to what the nurse might be saying. The train had jerked to a standstill. For a moment, Miss Patty, clad in a dark dressing gown and with her graying auburn hair contained in a sort of mesh nightcap, faced the other passengers in the Pullman car with an expression of alarm.

The other passengers, several of whom, already dressed, were standing in the aisle while the porter made up their berths, glanced at Miss Patty, then returned their attention immediately to their luggage or to their morning papers, which had been brought aboard at Corinth. They were mostly businessmen, and the scattering of women appeared to be businesswomen. In the silence and stillness of the train stop, not even those who were travelling together spoke to each other. At least half the berths had already been converted into seats, but the passengers did not look out the windows. They were fifty miles from Memphis, and they knew that nothing outside the windows would interest them until the train slowed down again, for the suburban stop of Buntyn.

After a moment, Miss Patty's expression faded from one of absolute alarm to one of suspicion. Then, as though finally gathering her wits, she leaned over abruptly and peered out a window of the first section on her left. What she saw was only a deserted-looking cotton shed and, far beyond it, past winter fields of cotton stalks and dead grass, a two-story clapboard house with a sagging double gallery. The depot and the town were on the other side of the train, but Miss Patty knew this scene and she gave a sigh of relief. "Oh, uh-huh," she muttered to herself. "Grand Junction."

"Yes, sweet old Grand Junction," came a soft whisper.

For an instant, Miss Patty could not locate the speaker. Then she became aware of a very tiny lady, dressed in black, seated right beside where she stood; indeed, she was leaning almost directly across the lady's lap. Miss Patty brought herself up straight, throwing her shoulders back and her heavy, square chin into the air, and said, "I was not aware that this section was occupied."

"Why, now, of course you weren't—of course you weren't, my dear," said the tiny lady. She was such an inconspicuous little soul that her presence could not alter the impression that there were only Memphis "business people" in the car.

"I didn't know you were there," Miss Patty explained again.

"Why, of course you didn't."

"It was very rude of me," Miss Patty said solemnly, blinking her eyes.

"Oh, no," the tiny lady protested gently.

"Oh, but indeed it was," Miss Patty assured her.

"Why, it was all right."

"I didn't see you there. I beg your pardon."

The tiny lady was smiling up at Miss Patty with eyes that seemed as green as the Pullman upholstery. "I came aboard at Sweetwater during the night," she said. She nodded toward the curtains of Miss Patty's berth, across the aisle. "I guess you were as snug as a bug in a rug when I got on."

Miss Patty lowered her chin and scowled.

"You're travelling with your sick aunt, aren't you?" the lady went on. "I saw you go in there a while ago, and I inquired of the porter." The smile faded from her eyes but remained on her lips. "You see, I haven't been to bed. I'm bringing my mother to Brownsville for burial." She nodded in the direction of the baggage car ahead.

"I see," Miss Patty replied. She had now fixed this diminutive person with a stare of appraisal. She was someone from her own world. If she heard the name, she would undoubtedly know the family. Without the name, she already *knew* the life history of the lady, and she could almost have guessed the name, or made up one that would have done as well. Her impulse was to turn away, but the green eyes of Miss Ellen Watkins prevented her. They were too full of unmistakable sweetness and charity. Miss Patty remained a moment, observing the telltale paraphernalia: the black gloves and purse on the seat beside Miss Ellen; the unobtrusive hat, with its wisp of a veil turned back; the fresh powder on the wrinkled neck.

"I'm Ellen Louise Watkins," the tiny lady said. "I believe you're Miss Bean, from Thornton?"

Miss Patty gave a formal little bow—a Watkins from Brownsville, a daughter of the late Judge Davy Watkins. They were kin to the Crocketts. Davy Crockett's blood had come to this end—a whispering old maid in a Pullman car.

"How *is* your aunt this morning?" Miss Ellen whispered, leaning forward.

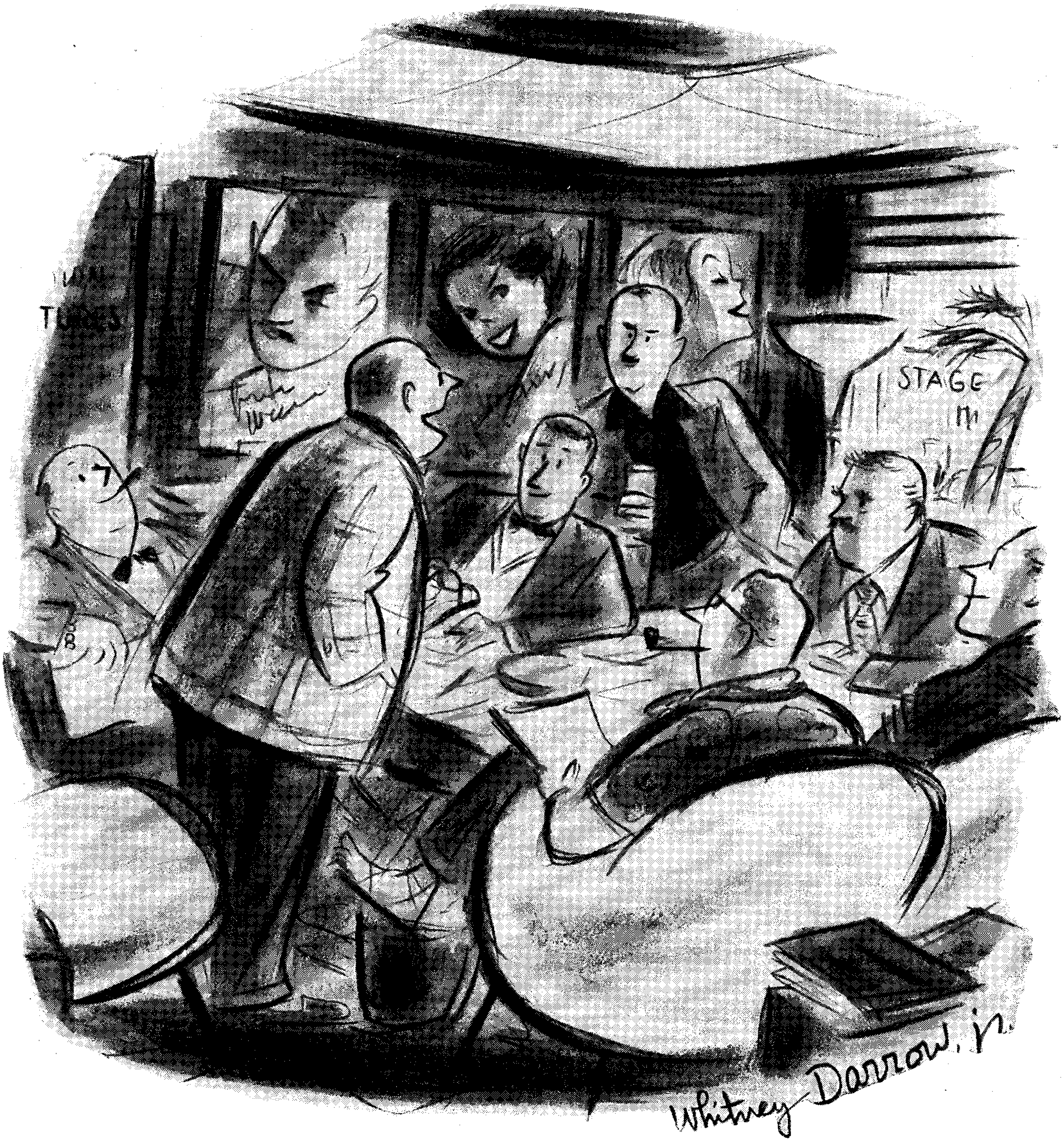
But Miss Patty had turned her back. She put her head and shoulders inside the curtains of her berth, and as Miss Ellen waited for an answer, all to be seen of Miss Patty was the dark watered silk of her dressing gown, drawn tightly about her narrow hips and falling straight to a hemline just above her very white and very thin and bony ankles.

When Miss Patty pushed herself into the aisle again and faced Miss Ellen, she held, thrown over her arms, a navy-blue dress, various white and pink particulars of underwear, and a pair of extremely long and rumpled silk stockings, and in her hands she had bunched together her black pumps, an ivory comb and brush, and other articles she would need in the dressing room. The train began to move as she spoke. "I believe," she said, as though she were taking an oath, "that there has been no change in my aunt's condition during the night."

Miss Ellen nodded. The display of clothing over Miss Patty's arms brought a smile to her lips, and she was plainly making an effort to keep her eyes off the clothing and on Miss Patty's face. This uninhibited and even unladylike display reminded her of what she had always heard about the Bean family at Thornton. They were eccentric people, and bigoted. But quickly she reproached herself for retaining such gossip in her mind. Some of the Beans used to be in politics, and unfair things are always said about people in public life. Further, Miss Ellen reminded herself, the first instant she had set eyes on Miss Patty, she had *known* the sort of person she was. Even if the porter had not been able to tell her the name, she could almost have guessed it. She knew how Miss Patty would look when she had got into those garments—as though she had dressed in the dark and were proud of it. And there would be a hat—a sort of brown fedora—that she would pull on at the last minute before she got off the train. She had known many a Miss Patty Bean in her time, and their gruffness and their mannish ways didn't frighten her. Indeed, she felt sorry for such women. "Are you going to have breakfast in the diner?" she asked.

"I am," Miss Patty replied.

"Then I'll save you a seat. I'll go



"And, of course, we don't want to offend any majority groups, either."

ahead and get a table. There's not too much time, Miss Bean."

"As you will, Miss Watkins." Miss Patty turned toward the narrow passage that led to the ladies' dressing room. Suddenly she stopped and backed into Miss Ellen's section. She was making way for the conductor and a passenger who had evidently come aboard at Grand Junction. A porter followed, carrying a large piece of airplane luggage. The Pullman conductor came first, and the passenger, a lady, was addressing him over his shoulder. "But why could not they stop the *Pullman* at the platform, instead of the *coaches*?" It was a remarkably loud voice, and it paused after every word, obviously trying for a humorous effect.

The conductor was smiling grimly. "Here you are, Ma'am," he said. "You can sit here till I find space for you—if this lady don't mind. She has the whole section." He indicated Miss Ellen's section and continued down the aisle, followed by the porter, without once looking back.

"But suppose she *does* mind?" the new passenger called after him, laughing heartily. Some of the other passengers looked up briefly and smiled. The lady turned to Miss Patty, who still stood holding her possessions. "*Do* you mind?" And then, "Why, Patty Bean! How very nice!"

"It is not my section." Miss Patty thrust herself into the aisle. "It is not my section, Cornelia."

"Then it must be— Why, will wonders never cease? Ellen Louise Watkins!"

Miss Ellen and Miss Patty exchanged

surprised glances. "Why, of course you shall sit here with me," Miss Ellen said. "How good to see you, Cornelia!"

Cornelia Weatherby Werner had already seated herself, facing Miss Ellen. She was a large woman in all her dimensions, but a good-looking woman still. She wore a smart three-cornered hat, which drew attention to her handsome profile, and a cloth coat trimmed with Persian lamb. "I declare it's like old times," she said breathlessly. "Riding the Southern from Grand Junction to Memphis and seeing everybody you know! Nowadays it's mostly *that* sort you see on the Southern." She gestured openly toward the other passengers. "I'll bet you two have been gadding off to Washington. Are you travelling together?"

Miss Ellen and Miss Patty shook their heads.

"Ellen and I are old schoolmates, too, Patty," Cornelia continued. "We were at Ward's together after I was dismissed from Belmont. By the way," she said, smiling roguishly and digging into her purse for cigarettes, "I still have that infernal habit. It's old-fashioned now, but I still call them my coffin nails. Which reminds me—" She hesitated, a package of cigarettes in one hand, a silver lighter in the other. "Oh, do either of you smoke? Well, not before breakfast anyhow. And not on a Pullman, even when the conductor isn't looking, I'll bet. I was saying it reminds me I have just been to Grand Junction to put my old mother to her last rest." As she lit her cigarette, she watched their faces, eager for the signs of shock.

Miss Ellen gave a sympathetic "Oh." Miss Patty stared.

"You mustn't look so lugubrious," Cornelia went on. "The old dear hadn't spoken to me in thirty-one years—not since I got married and went to Memphis. I married a Jew, you know. You've both met Jake? He's a bank examiner and a good husband. Let's see, Patty, when was it I came down to Thornton with Jake? During the depression sometime—but we saw Ellen only last May."

Miss Ellen leaned forward and stopped her, resting a tiny hand on her knee. "Cornelia, dear," she whispered, "we're all making sad trips these days. I'm taking Mother to Brownsville for burial. She died while we were visiting her invalid cousin at Sweetwater."

Cornelia said nothing. Presently she raised her eyes questioningly to Miss Patty.

"My aged aunt," Miss Patty said. "She is not dead. She is in the drawing room with an Irish nurse. I'm bringing her from Washington to spend her last days at Thornton, where she is greatly loved."

Miss Ellen looked up at Miss Patty and said, "I'm sure she is."

"She is," Miss Patty affirmed. There was a civility in her tone that had not been there when she had last addressed Miss Ellen, and the two exchanged a rather long glance.

Cornelia gazed out the window at the passing fields. Her features in repose looked tired. It was with obvious effort that she faced her two friends again. Miss Patty was still standing there, with her lips slightly parted, and Miss Ellen still rested a hand on Cornelia's knee. Cornelia shuddered visibly. She blushed and said, "A rabbit ran over my grave, I guess." Then she blushed again, but now she had regained her spirit. "Oh, just listen to me." She smiled. "I've never said the right thing once in my life. Is there a diner? Can we get any breakfast? You used to get the *best* breakfast on the Southern."

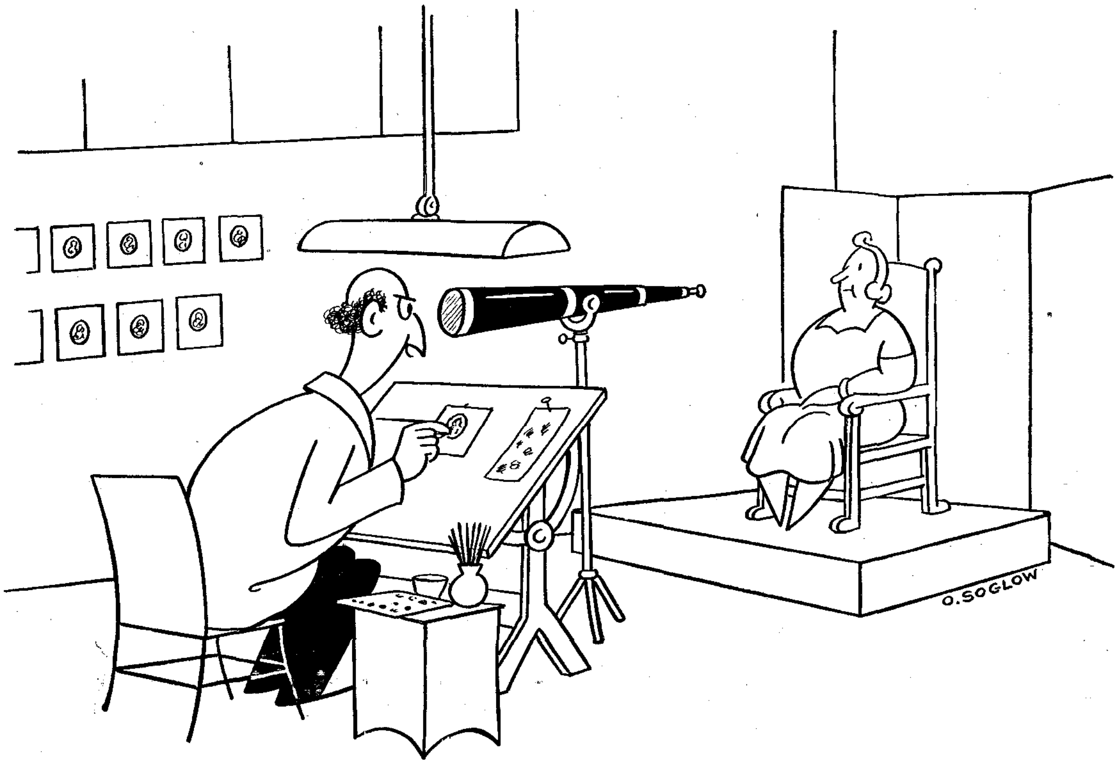
At the word "breakfast," Miss Patty did an about-face and disappeared down the passage to the ladies' room. Miss Ellen seized her purse and gloves. "Of course, my dear," she said. "Come along. We'll all have breakfast together."

THERE were no other passengers in the diner when Cornelia and Miss Ellen went in. The steward was eating at a small table at the rear of the car. Two Negro waiters were standing by the table talking to him, but he jumped to his feet and came toward the ladies. He stopped at the third table on the right, as though all the others might be reserved, and after wiping his mouth with a large white napkin, he asked if there would be anyone else in their party.

"Why, yes, as a matter of fact," Miss Ellen answered politely. "There will be one other."

"Do you think you can squeeze one more in?" Cornelia asked, narrowing her eyes and laughing. The steward did not reply. He helped them into chairs opposite each other and by the broad window, and darted away to get menus from his desk, at the front of the car. A smiling Negro waiter set three goblets upright, filled them with water, and removed a fourth goblet and a setting of silver. "Sometime during the past thirty years," Cornelia remarked when the waiter had gone, "conductors and stewards lost their sense of humor. It makes you thank God for porters and waiters, doesn't it? Next thing you know—Why, merciful heavens, here's Patty already!"

Miss Ellen glanced over her shoulder. There was Miss Patty, looking as though she had dressed in the dark and were proud of it. She was hatless, her hair pulled into a loose knot on the back of her neck but apparently without benefit of the ivory comb and brush. The steward was leading her toward



their table. Without smiling, Cornelia said, "He didn't have to ask her if she were the other member of this party." Miss Ellen raised her eyebrows slightly. "Most passengers don't eat in the diner any more," Cornelia clarified. "They feel they're too near to Memphis to bother." When Miss Patty sat down beside Miss Ellen, Cornelia said, "Gosh a'mighty, Patty, we left you only two seconds ago and here you are dressed and in your right mind. How do you do it?"

They received their menus, and when they had ordered, Miss Patty smiled airily. "I'm always in my right mind, Cornelia, and I don't reckon I've ever been 'dressed' in my life." As she said "dressed," her eyes travelled from the three-cornered hat to the brocaded bosom of Cornelia's rust-colored dress.

Cornelia looked out the window, silently vowing not to speak again during the meal, or, since speaking was for her the most irresistible of all life's temptations, at least not to let herself speak sharply to either of these crotchety old maids. She sat looking out the window, thanking her stars for the great good luck of being Mrs. Jake Werner, of Memphis, instead of an embittered old maid from Grand Junction.

Miss Ellen was also looking out the window. "Doesn't it look bleak?" she said, referring to the brown-and-gray fields under an overcast sky.

"Oh, doesn't it!" Cornelia agreed at once, revealing that Miss Ellen had guessed her very thoughts.

"It *is* bleak." Miss Patty said. "See how it's washed. This land along here didn't use to look like that." The two others nodded agreement, each remembering how it had used to look. "This used to be fine land," she continued, "but it seems to me that all West Tennessee is washing away. Look at those gullies! And not a piece of brush piled in them." Miss Ellen and Cornelia shook their heads vaguely; they were not really certain why there should be brush in the gullies. Cornelia discovered that a glass of tomato juice had been set before her and she began pouring salt into it. Miss Ellen was eating her oatmeal. Miss Patty took a sip from her first cup of coffee. She had specified that it be brought in a cup instead of a pot. It was black and a little cool, the way she liked it. She peered out the window again and pursued her discourse warmly. "And the towns! Look! We're going through Moscow. It's a shambles. Why, half the square's been torn away, and the rest ought to be. Mind you, we went through La Grange without even noticing it. They used to be good towns, fine towns."

"I feel sorry for Professor Norton. He tries so hard to make history interesting."

"Lovely towns!" responded Miss Ellen. The thought of the vanishing towns touched her.

"There was something about them," Cornelia said, groping. "An atmosphere, I think."

Miss Patty cleared her throat and defined it: "The atmosphere of a prosperous and civilized existence."

Miss Ellen looked bewildered, and Cornelia frowned thoughtfully and pursed her lips. Presently, Cornelia said profoundly, "All the business has gone to Memphis."

"Yes," Miss Patty said. "Indeed it has!"

They were being served their main course now. Cornelia looked at her trout and said to the waiter, "It looks delicious. Did you cook this, boy?"

"No, Ma'am," the waiter said cheerfully.

"Well, it looks delicious. The same old Southern Railway cooking."

Miss Patty and Miss Ellen had scrambled eggs and ham. Miss Patty eyed hers critically. "The Southern Railway didn't use to cook eggs this way," she said. "And it's no improvement."

Miss Ellen leaned forward and bent her neck in order to look directly up into Miss Patty's face. "Why, now, you probably like them country style, with some white showing," she said. "*These* are what my niece calls Toddle House style. They cook them with milk, of course. They're a little like an omelet." The subject held great interest for her, and she was happy to be able to inform Miss Patty. "And you don't break them into such a hot pan. You don't really break them in the pan, that is." Miss Patty was reaching across Miss Ellen's plate for the pepper. Miss Ellen said no more about the eggs. She busied herself with a small silver box of saccharine, prying the lid open with her fingernail. She saw Cornelia looking at the box and said, "It was my grandmother's snuffbox. For years it was just a keepsake, but now I keep my tablets in it."

The old box, which Miss Patty was now examining admiringly, somehow made Cornelia return to the subject they had left off. "In my grandmother's day, there was a lot of life in this section—entertainment and social life. My own mother used to say, 'In Mama's day, there were people in the country; in my day, there were people in town; now there's nobody.' "

Miss Patty gazed at Cornelia with astonishment. "Your mother was a very wise woman, Cornelia," she said.

"That's a moot question," Cornelia answered. Now they were on a subject that she was sure she knew something about, and she threw caution to the wind. She spoke excitedly and seemed to begin every sentence without knowing how it would end. "My mother is dead now, and I don't mean to ever say another word against her, but just because she is dead, I don't intend to start deceiving myself. The fact remains that she was opinionated and narrow and mentally cruel to her children and her husband and was tied to things that were over and done with before she was born. She's dead now, but I shall make no pretense of mourning someone I did not love. We don't mourn people we don't love. It's not honest."

"No, we don't, do we?" Miss Ellen said sympathetically.

"I beg to differ with you," Miss Patty said with the merest suggestion of a smile. She, too, felt on firm ground. She had already mourned the deaths of all her immediate family and of most of her near kin. She addressed her remarks to Miss Ellen. "Mourning is an obligation. We only mourn those with whom we have some real connection, people who have represented something important and fundamental in our lives."

Miss Ellen was determined to find agreement. "Of course, of course—you are speaking of wearing black."

"I am not speaking of the symbol. I am speaking of the mourning itself. I shall mourn the loss of my aunt when she goes, because she is my aunt, because she is the last of my aunts, and particularly because she is an aunt who has maintained a worth-while position in the world."

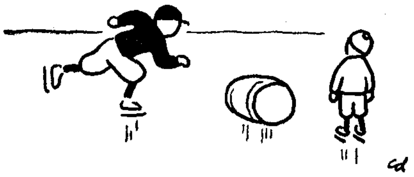
Miss Ellen gasped. "Oh, no, Miss Bean! Not because of her position in the world!"

"Don't mistake me, Miss Watkins." "I beg you to reconsider. Why, why—" She fumbled, and Miss Patty waited. "Now that Mother's gone, I've lost nearly everybody, and it has always been my part and my privilege to look after the sick in our family. My two older brothers never married; they were quiet, simple, home-loving men, who made little stir in the world, content to live there in the house with Mother and Nora and me after Father was gone. And Nora, my only sister, developed melancholia. One morning, she could just not finish lacing her high shoes, and after that she seldom left the house or saw anybody. What I want to say is that we also had a younger brother, who was a distinguished professor at Knoxville, with four beautiful children. You see, I've lost them all, one by one, and it's been no different. I can't conceive—" She stopped suddenly, in real confusion.

"Don't mistake me," Miss Patty said calmly. "I am speaking of my aunt's moral position in the world."

"Why, of course you are," said Miss Ellen, still out of breath.

"My aunt has been an indomitable character," Miss Patty continued. "Her husband died during his first term in Congress, forty years ago, and she has felt it her duty to remain in Washington ever since. With very slight means, she has maintained herself there in the right manner through all the years, returning to Thornton every summer, enduring the heat and the inconvenience, with no definite place of abode, visiting the kin, subjecting herself to the role of the indigent relation, so that she could afford to return to Washington in the fall. Her passing will be a loss to us all, for through her wit and charm she was an influence on Capitol Hill. In a sense, she represented our district in Washington as none of our elected officials have done since the days of"—bowing her head deferentially toward Miss Ellen—"of David Crockett."



"What a marvellous woman!" exclaimed Miss Ellen.

Cornelia looked at Miss Ellen to see whether she meant Miss Patty's aunt or Miss Patty. She had been marvelling privately at Miss Patty's flow of speech, and reflected that she could already see it in print in the county paper's obituary column. "If my mother had been a person of such wit and charm," she said, "I would mourn her, too."

"I never knew your mother," Miss Patty replied, "but from what you say I can easily guess the sort of woman she was. I would mourn her passing if I were in your shoes, Cornelia. She wanted to retain the standards of a past era, a

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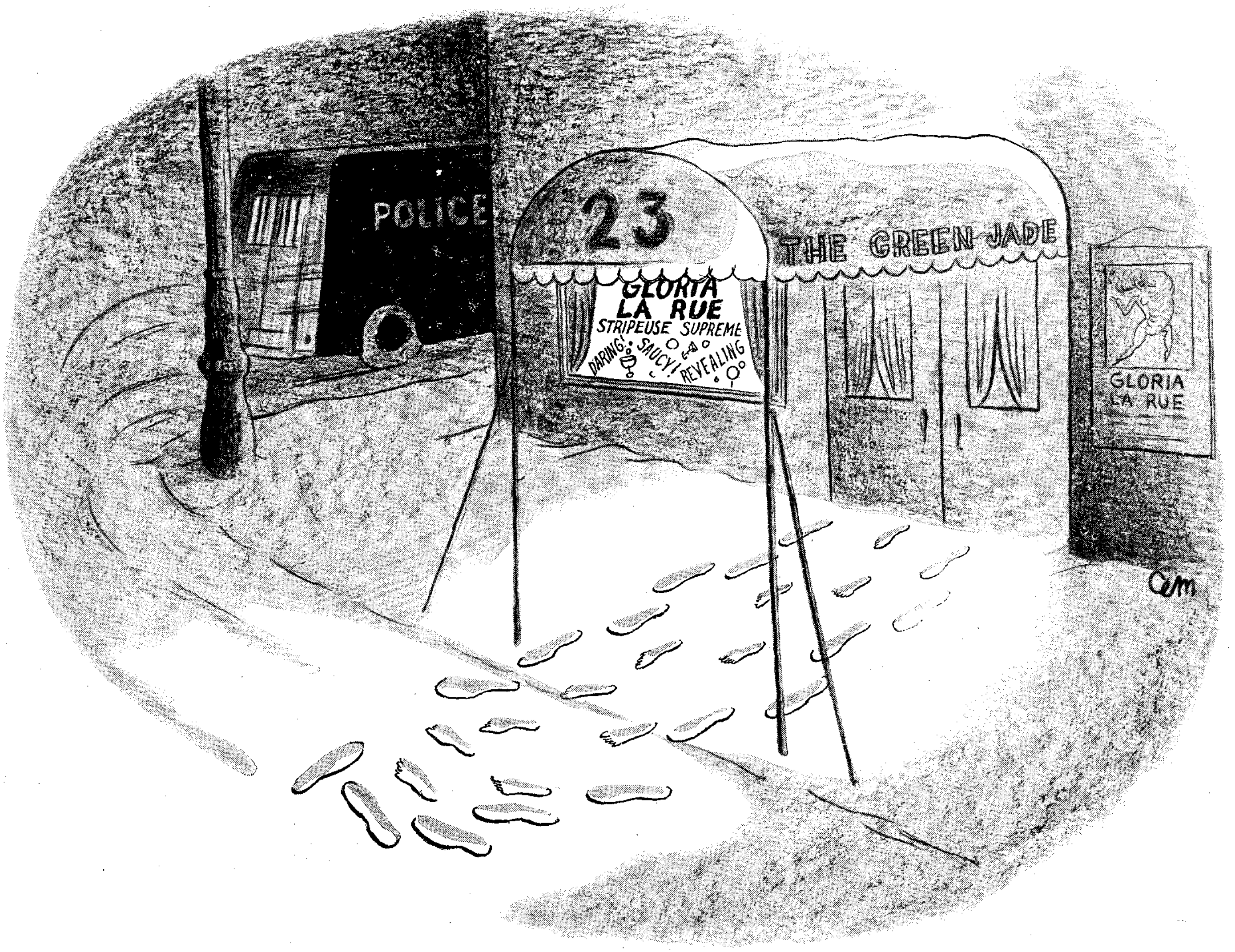
MAXIMUM OF BRICKS, MINIMUM OF STRAW

The Williamsons are people whom I like.
They live just down the street, a block or so.
Their tastes and mine are similar. I know
Their favored cigarette is Lucky Strike;
They read the New York *Times* and the *Atlantic*,
Time, *Satevepost*, the *Saturday Review*,
Books-of-the-Month. They play Canasta, too.
They're neither esoteric nor pedantic.
They shop at Altman's and the French Bazaar;
They're thinking of a Dodge for their next car.
A winter trip to Nassau is their dream.
The Williamsons drink Teacher's Highland Cream.

The Williamsons, I feel I know them well.
She uses pale-pink polish (made by Chen Yu);
Yuban's the coffee on their daily menu;
They like Guinness, and oysters in the shell.
Many the loves and interests we share,
The shows that we attend, the things we eat:
Van Gogh, Cole Porter, aspirin, Shredded Wheat,
The Lunts, Chanel, and travelling by air.
I see new facets every time I pass
Debris that shows, like bits of looking glass,
Fragments of Williamsons, whose whole I seek,
Dropped in their rubbish barrels week by week.

—LOUISE OWEN



better era for all of *us*. A person can't do that and be a pleasant, charming personality and the darling of a family."

"All I know," said Cornelia, taking the last bite of her trout, "is that my young-ladyhood was a misery under that woman's roof and in that town." She glanced dreamily out the window. The train was speeding through the same sort of country as before, perhaps a little more hilly, a little more eroded. It sped through small towns and past solitary stations where only the tiresome afternoon local stopped—Rossville, Collierville, Bailey, Forest Hill. Cornelia saw a two-story farmhouse that was painted up only to the level of the second story. "That house has been that way as long as I can remember," she said, and smiled. "Why do you suppose they don't make them a ladder, or lean out the upstairs windows?" Then, still looking out at the dismal landscape—the uncultivated land growing up in sweet gum and old field pine, with a gutted mud road crossing and recrossing the railroad track every half mile or so—Cornelia said, "I only got away by the skin of my teeth! I came back from Ward's with a scrapbook full of names, but they were nothing but 'cute Vanderbilt boys.' I would have been stuck in Grand Junction for life, nursing Mama and all the hypochondriac kin, if I hadn't met Jake. I met him in Memphis doing Christmas shopping. He was a bank teller at Union Planters." She laughed heartily for the first time since she had come into the diner. "It was an out-and-out pickup. Jake still tells everybody it was an out-and-out pickup."

"I don't like Memphis," said Miss Patty. "I never have."

"I've never felt that Memphis liked me," said Miss Ellen.

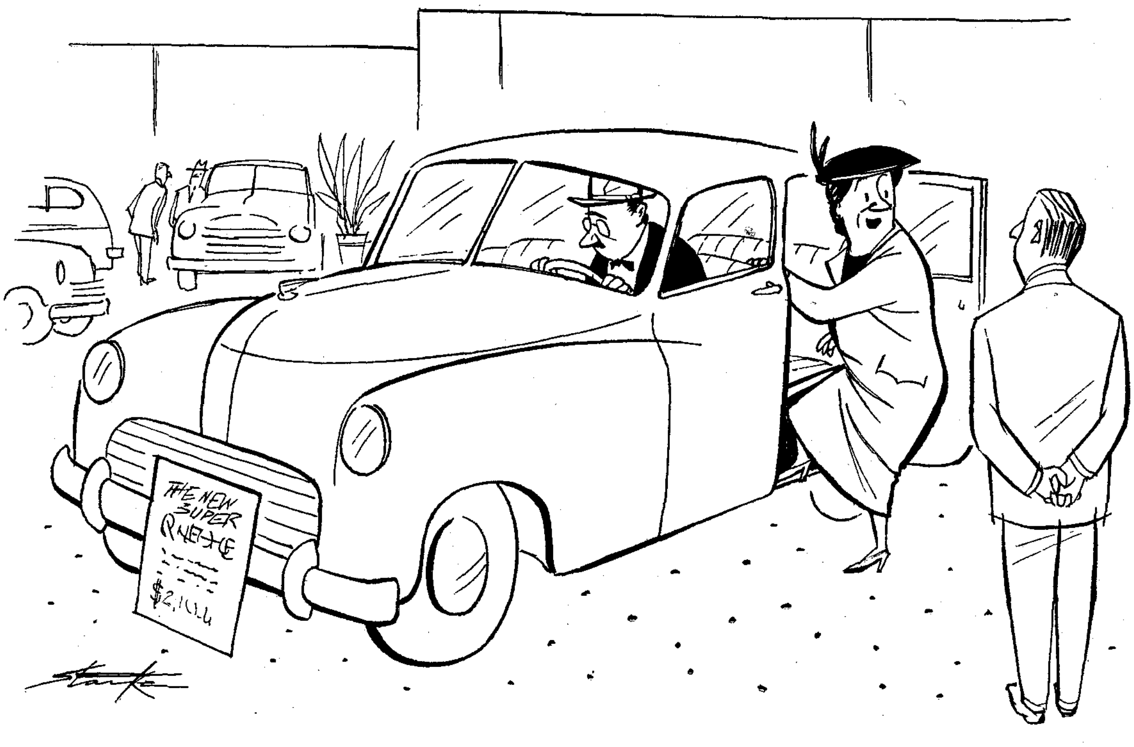
"It's a wretched place!" Cornelia said suddenly. And now she saw that she had unwittingly shocked her two friends. The train had passed through Germantown; big suburban estates and scattered subdivisions began to appear in the countryside. There was even a bulldozer at work on the horizon, grading the land for new suburban sites. "It's the most completely snobbish place in the world," she went on. "They can't forgive you for being from the country, and they can't forgive your being a Jew. If you're either one of those, it's rough going. If you're both, you're just out! I mean *socially*, of course. Oh, Jake's done *well*, and we have our friends. But as Mama would have said—and, God knows, probably did say about us many a time—*we're* nobody." Then, for no reason at all, she added, "And we don't have any children."

"What a shame," Miss Ellen said, hastening to explain, "that you have no children, I mean. I've always thought that if—"

"Oh, no, Ellen. They might have liked me about the way I liked Mama. I'm glad that when I die, there'll be no question of to mourn or not to mourn."

"In truly happy families, Cornelia, there is no question," Miss Ellen said softly. She stole a glance at Miss Patty. "I'm just certain that Miss Bean had a very congenial and happy family, and that she loved them all dearly, in addition to being naturally proud of the things they stood for."

Miss Patty had produced a wallet from somewhere on her person and was examining her check. She slammed the



"I just want to try the acoustics."

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wallet on the table, turned her head, and glared at the diminutive Miss Ellen. "How I regarded the members of my family as individuals is neither here nor there, Miss Watkins."

Miss Ellen raised her rather receding chin and gazed up at Miss Patty. "To me, it seems of the greatest consequence." Her voice trembled, yet there was a firmness in it. "I am mourning my mother today. I spent last night remembering every endearing trait she had. Some of them were faults and some were virtues, but they were nonetheless endearing. And so I feel strongly about what you say, Miss Bean. We must love people as people, not for what they are, or were, in the world."

"My people happened to be very much *of* the world, Miss Watkins," said Miss Patty. "Not of *this* world but of *a* world that we have seen disappear. In mourning my family, I mourn that world's disappearance. How could I know whether or not I really loved them, or whether or not we were really happy? There wasn't ever time for asking that. We were all like Aunt Lottie, in yonder, and there was surely never any love or happiness in the end of it. When I went to Washington last week to fetch Aunt Lottie home, I found her living in a hateful little hole at the Stoneleigh Court. All the furniture from larger apartments she had once had was jammed together in two rooms. The tables were covered with framed photographs of the wives of Presidents, Vice-Presidents, senators, inscribed to Lottie Hathcock. But there was not a friend in sight. During the five days I was there, not one person called." Miss Patty stood up and waved her check and two one-dollar bills at the waiter.

Miss Ellen sat watching the check and the two bills with a stunned expression. But Cornelia twisted about in her chair excitedly. "Your aunt was Mrs. Hathcock!" she fairly screamed. "Oh, Patty, of course! She was *famous* in her day. And don't you remember, I met her once with you at the Maxwell House, when we were at Belmont. You took me along, and after supper my true love from Vandy turned up in the lobby. You were so furious, and Mrs. Hathcock was so cute about it. She was the cleverest talker I've ever listened to, Patty. She was interested in spiritualism and offered to take us to a séance at Mr. Ben Allen's house."

Miss Patty looked at Cornelia absentmindedly. Her antagonism toward the two women seemed suddenly to have left her, and she spoke without any restraint at all. "Aunt Lottie has long since became a Roman Catholic. Her will leaves her little pittance of money and her furniture to the Catholic Church, and her religious oil paintings to me. The nurse we brought along has turned out to be an Irish Catholic." She glanced in the direction of their Pullman car and said, "The nurse has conceived the notion that Aunt Lottie is worse this morning, and she wanted to wire ahead for a Memphis priest to meet us at the Union Station. She knows there won't be any priests at Thornton."

Cornelia, carried away by incorrigible gregariousness, began, "Ah, Patty, might I see her? It would be such fun to see her again, just for old times' sake. It might even cheer her a little."

Miss Patty stared at Cornelia in silence. Finally she said, "My aunt is a mental patient. She doesn't even remember *me*, Cornelia." She snatched a piece of change from the waiter's tray and hurried past the steward and out of the car.

Miss Ellen was almost staggering as she rose from the table. She fumbled in her purse, trying to find the correct change for the waiter. She was shaking her head from side to side, and opening and closing her eyes with the same rhythm.

Cornelia made no move toward rising. "Depend upon *me*," she said. "Did you *know*?"

Miss Ellen only increased the speed of her head-shaking. When she saw Cornelia still sitting there, casually lighting a cigarette, she said, "We're approaching Buntyn. I imagine you're getting off there."

"No, that's the country-club stop. I don't get off at the country-club stop."

"There's not much time," Miss Ellen said.

Presently, Cornelia pulled a bill from her purse and summoned the waiter. "Well, Ellen," she said, still not getting up, "I guess there's no way I could be of help to you at the station, is there?"

"No, there's nothing, dear."

In her lethargy, Cornelia seemed unable to rise and even unable to tell Miss Ellen to go ahead without her. "I suppose you'll be met by a hearse," she said, "and Patty will be met by an ambulance, and—and I'll be met by Jake." For a moment, she sat behind a cloud of cigarette smoke, with a puzzled expression in her eyes and laughing quietly at what she had said. It was one of those sentences that Cornelia began without knowing how it would end.

—Peter Taylor

EASY MONEY

PEOPLE keep getting mixed up with each other, or with themselves, in the strangest fashion in the city, and sometimes it turns out to be all to the good and sometimes it doesn't. Sometimes, too, you just can't tell.

It was good, I suppose, what happened to that woman who came into town from Stamford a few months ago for dinner and a show with her husband, and perhaps a visit to a night club later. She lost a valuable diamond-and-emerald pendant, you may remember, in the taxi she took from Grand Central to the restaurant where they'd planned to meet and have dinner. But she didn't discover the loss till she was taking off her coat at the table, and the taxi had long since driven away, and although her husband immediately phoned the police to alert them, and called the taxi company to post a reward, both he and his wife thought the pendant was gone for good—until, taking a cab back down to the station, after the theatre (they'd decided, quite understandably, that that night was no time for night clubs), her hand just happened to touch something knobby and hard and familiar half buried between the side of the car and the cushion, and, of course, there it was, the pendant.

There are something like eight thousand cabs on the streets at theatre time, and, as everyone knows, they do get around. So the odds were about eight thousand to one against her picking out that same cab again the way she did—not to mention the odds against her finding the pendant still in it.

But then what's a little thing like an eight-thousand-to-one shot, in New York?

ANYWAY, it was good, it was certainly good, for the Stamford woman. But was it good for that fellow in Brooklyn—sometime early last summer, it was—when he turned in his '41 Dodge against a new Plymouth, and then a week or so later was driving out the Merrick Road, on a Sunday, toward Bellmore, when he got hit by his old car, whizzing in from an intersection? The new car was a wreck, of course, and it wasn't insured; furthermore, he was a man who had been driving for eighteen years and till then hadn't had an accident. Would it have been better if he'd stuck to the old car, and kept the new guy, the guy that was driving it, off the road?

Or was there something in the car itself, or in the man, or in both of them, that was fated, and no matter what he did he was due for trouble that day? Would the other man, maybe, have been there to meet him anyway, in some other old car, if the first man had kept his Dodge? Or would the first guy have been the one, then, to whiz through the intersection? Anyway, as it was, the other fellow got killed.

OR the man who ran the little hardware store on lower Sixth Avenue and who had been bothered by burglars, so he rigged up a neat little shotgun trap for them one night, designed to go off if anyone opened the door—and was blasted himself when, absent-mindedly, he opened the door the following morning. . . . The man who bought the old book at the second-hand bookstore and found, when he got home, that the pages were interlarded with fifty-dollar bills. The man who, forgetting his hoard, had sold the book. The city, often enough, brings them together, and the one man turns out to be the other man's son-in-law.

Somehow, it reminds me of that fellow the old-timers tell about, around the turn of the century, who used to haunt the excursion-boat landings along the lower East River—then a gay, crowded, colorful neighborhood indeed, of a Sunday—and shout direful warnings to the people who were going aboard for pleasure cruises. "Turn ye back! Go to church instead!" he would cry, while aboard the bright, white-painted vessels, with their railed tiers of decks, their sharp prows, and their ornamented paddle-wheel housings, the bands played and the stanchions were strung with bunting. "Stop and mend your vain, godless ways! Ye shall be lost else ye do!"

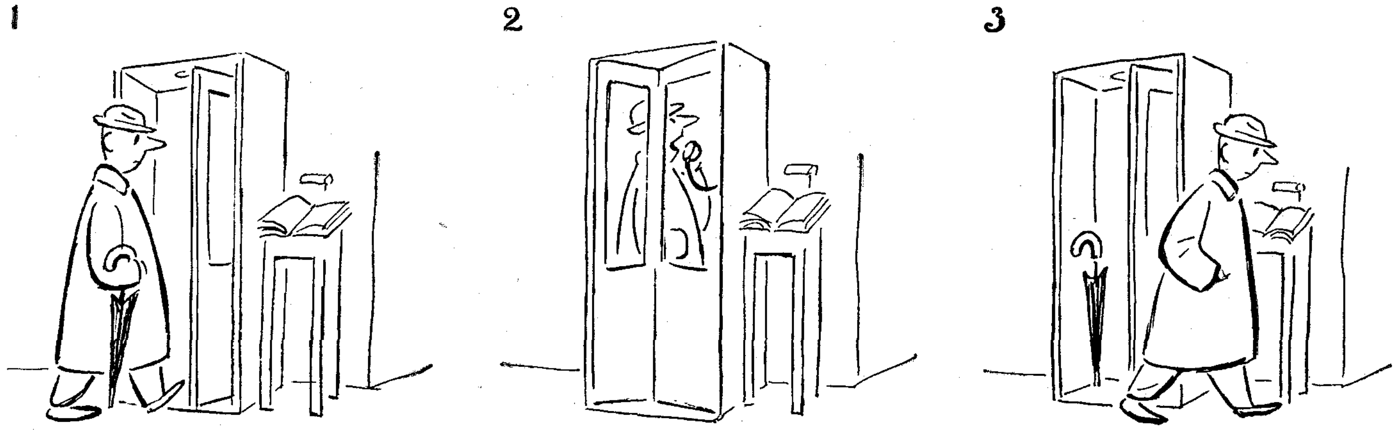
He was an old man and sort of a nut, apparently, gray-haired, gaunt, and long-visaged. But he molested no one, and—perhaps because people were gentler in those easygoing days with odd characters—he was tolerated. So he was standing there, as usual, on the morning of June 15, 1904, when the General Slocum, a big, handsome new pleasure steamer, was taking on passengers for a cruise up the Sound. "Do not go! Ye shall be lost if ye do!" he kept chanting. And people laughed, for they were used to the old codger, and excursionists to the number of eleven hundred and eighty-six went on board. But the old man was right about the General Slocum.

THE thing is, in New York, if you wait long enough, anything can happen. Like the time Eddie Shaler decided he had stumbled on a possible way to get rich. He never thought it was a sure thing, you understand, because even he realized that in New York you can't be absolutely sure of anything. But he had noticed that there were an astonishing number of cases where old people, alone and more or less lonely in the city, left considerable fortunes to people who had befriended them, and he figured it was something that was anyway worth taking a chance on.

There was that traffic cop on Madison Avenue he had read about who got left several hundred thousand dollars by some elderly lady living all by herself in a hotel, because he had always been so kind about helping her across the intersection; and there was the waitress at Childs, or some such restaurant, whose kindness to an old gent who breakfasted daily at one of her tables was rewarded in the same fashion. There were the storekeeper down in Chelsea who was kind to the supposedly penniless old crank who lived in the basement next door, and the usher or something at Roxy's who was kind to one of the aged patrons—both of whom received nice packets of dough when the old folks died. And as Eddie kept reading about such happenings in the newspapers it dawned on him suddenly that if he played his cards right, there was at least a chance that he might cash in on something, too.

The thing to do, it appeared, was to be kind to old people. Eddie was a well-set-up, good-looking young fellow, careful of his manners, with a pleasant smile and winning blue eyes, and he worked as a salesman for a stationery-and-office-supplies concern, a job that took him out around the city a good deal. For a while there—this was before the war—Eddie was about as kind to the old people he encountered as it is possible for anyone to be and survive.

He made a few mistakes, of course. He was so kind to an old lady shopper on Thirty-fourth Street, for example, offering to help her with her bundles, get a taxi for her, and so on, that she



finally turned on him and threatened to call the police. And he nearly got arrested again, in the Hotel McAlpin, this time as a confidence man, when he tried to strike up a conversation with a gray-haired old farmerish-looking fellow he found sitting alone in the lobby. But each time his air of sincerity got him off safely, and he certainly was persevering. By the time a few months had gone by he had five or six people at least that he figured to be likely prospects.

There was an old bum that lived down on Third Avenue, around the corner from the one-room-and-kitchenette apartment that Eddie had on East Twenty-ninth Street. At least he seemed like an old bum, but the rumor had somehow got started around the neighborhood that in spite of his ragged appearance he had a good deal of money stashed away somewhere, and so from then on Eddie made it a weekly duty to drop in on the old fellow and supply him with chewing tobacco.

There was another old guy, named Wilfred Wainwright Bates-Batterham, that Eddie had met in the Ninety-sixth Street station of the Seventh Avenue subway, when he'd helped him get a satchel through a turnstile. He was red-faced and plump and puffy, very much the retired British Army officer in appearance—which he claimed, in fact, to be—and he lived in a side-street hotel off upper Broadway. He was a hard man to get along with, for he was rather contentious and domineering. But his manner was certainly very impressive, and though Eddie suspected him a little of being a nut, he used to go up to spend an hour or so with him now and then, and hear him tell of the wealth that would be his when his title to the Abyssinian ruby mines—"now in process of litigation," as he said—would at last be established, and the income start pouring in.

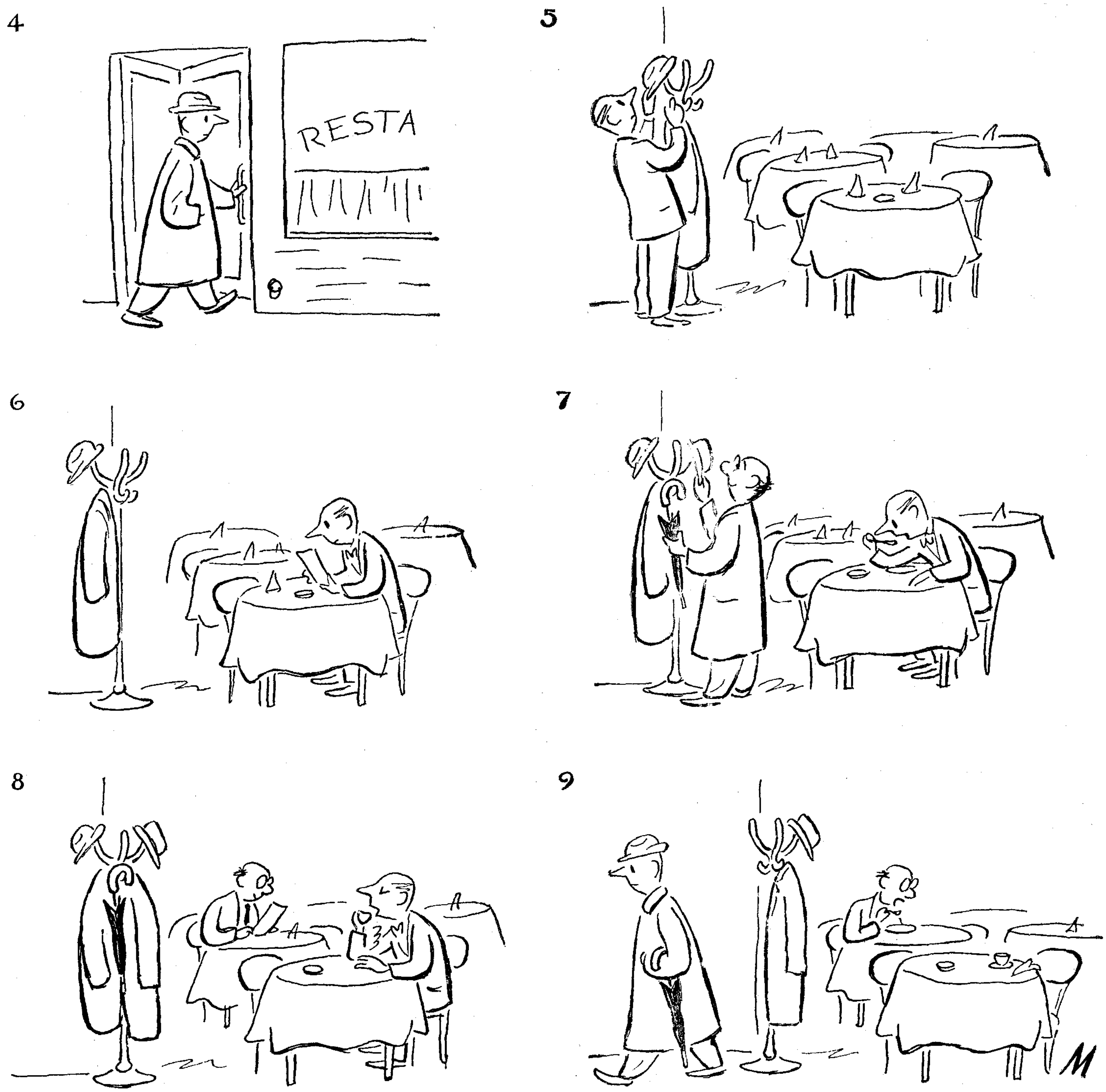
There was a couple named Warrington (the man was a Maine lumberman, retired), who seemed to be quite well-to-do and who used to take him to meetings of a spiritualist society; and there was another couple, named Mr. and Mrs. Jansen, one as thin and pale and shy as the other, who lived in a big, bare, but very neat walkup on Amsterdam Avenue, and who had papers to prove that they were among the rightful heirs of an old settler named Annetje Jans. Mrs. Jans, it seemed, had owned half of lower Manhattan, away back at the beginning of the eighteenth century, until Trinity Church, for some reason, had taken the land away from her. And it also seemed clear that if they could ever be persuaded to bring the matter to trial they would come out of it millionaires many times over—in which case, of course, Eddie had hopes of getting his share. But they were too timid, or too listless, or something, to do it.

All in all, Eddie finally decided, his best bet was an old codger he'd run across, late one night, in a lunchroom on Lexington Avenue. He was a jaunty old fellow in his way, tall and spare, with glossy black hair that was obviously dyed, and a spiked mustache, and his name was Harris Timken; with his slightly old-fashioned dress and theatrical manners he looked a little bit like a Mississippi gambler. But it turned out that he was a bridge designer, retired, who was living on an income of about a hundred a week from some investments he'd made in Montana copper, and was tinkering with, of all things, a scheme he claimed he'd worked out for beating the bank at Monte Carlo.

He was deadly serious about it, too, which was what disconcerted Eddie, for in all other respects the setup seemed ideal, and the old man had taken a liking to him from the start. In fact, he came right out once and said that when he died—and that, he figured, might well be soon, because he had a heart condition—what he had was going to be Eddie's. But he wanted one fling before then, and besides, as he said in his lordly way, what he had was only a "pittance" (Eddie, privately, figured it must be in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand dollars), and in a funny way his fondness for Eddie only made things worse, for his system, it seemed, required two people to play it, and till Eddie had come along he had never found anyone he could trust as a partner. He had charts and things, for the betting, which he said he would explain to Eddie when the time came, and he was so gone on the idea that he even had a little roulette wheel of his own, up in his apartment, that he used to spin occasionally. Eddie's heart turned to stone one night when the old man, in one of his theatrical gestures, picked up the little ivory ball off the wheel and flung it briskly through the window. There was a shattering of glass and Eddie cried out, but Mr. Timken merely stroked his mustache and smiled at him.

"We've had enough of this nonsense, m'boy," he said. "We sail next week—I'd say fly if it wasn't for this heart of mine—or week after if we can't get bookings earlier. I can't promise you a fortune, because the management at the Casino are shrewd and they find ways of discouraging you before that. And it'll be hard work, too. You'll be sick of just sitting there, hour after hour, making bets and checking your plays, long before you're through. But now's the time, m'boy, I can feel it, and I'm off tomorrow to my bankers' to draw off some capital. I'll pay your expenses, of course, and give you—well, say a quarter share. But I'd advise you to bring along what you can, too; we'll need all we can get together for this operation." He stopped suddenly and glanced at Eddie in a way that was queerly calculating. "That is, if you're coming," he said.

Eddie went, of course. After all, what else could he do—let the old man, weak heart and all, go chasing all over Eu-



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rope, gambling away his fortune? But it hurt, giving up a good job and pulling six hundred dollars out of his savings (he thought he ought to take that much along, as a token), and he had an odd, hesitant moment on the pier when the old man borrowed fifty of it from him, grandly—"to take care of tips and so on."

But he went, and came back with just under thirty-eight thousand dollars.

THE thing is, you never can tell. It reminds me of once, years ago, when I was sharing an apartment with a fellow named Gwynn in the Village. And we'd been to some party uptown and, quite late, started walking in the general direction of a subway station. But as we crossed Fifth Avenue, I remember, it struck us both that surely someone, of all the thousands who had been on the street that day, had lost something valuable. In those days, even if you were broke, you carried a cane, and I remember that we walked all the way home, laughing first and then serious, poking here and there in the gutters, furrowing the rubbish, peering everywhere, sure that certainly, eventually, we would come upon a necklace, a ring, a wallet.

We were both a bit tight at the time, as you may have gathered. But the thing is, we didn't find anything.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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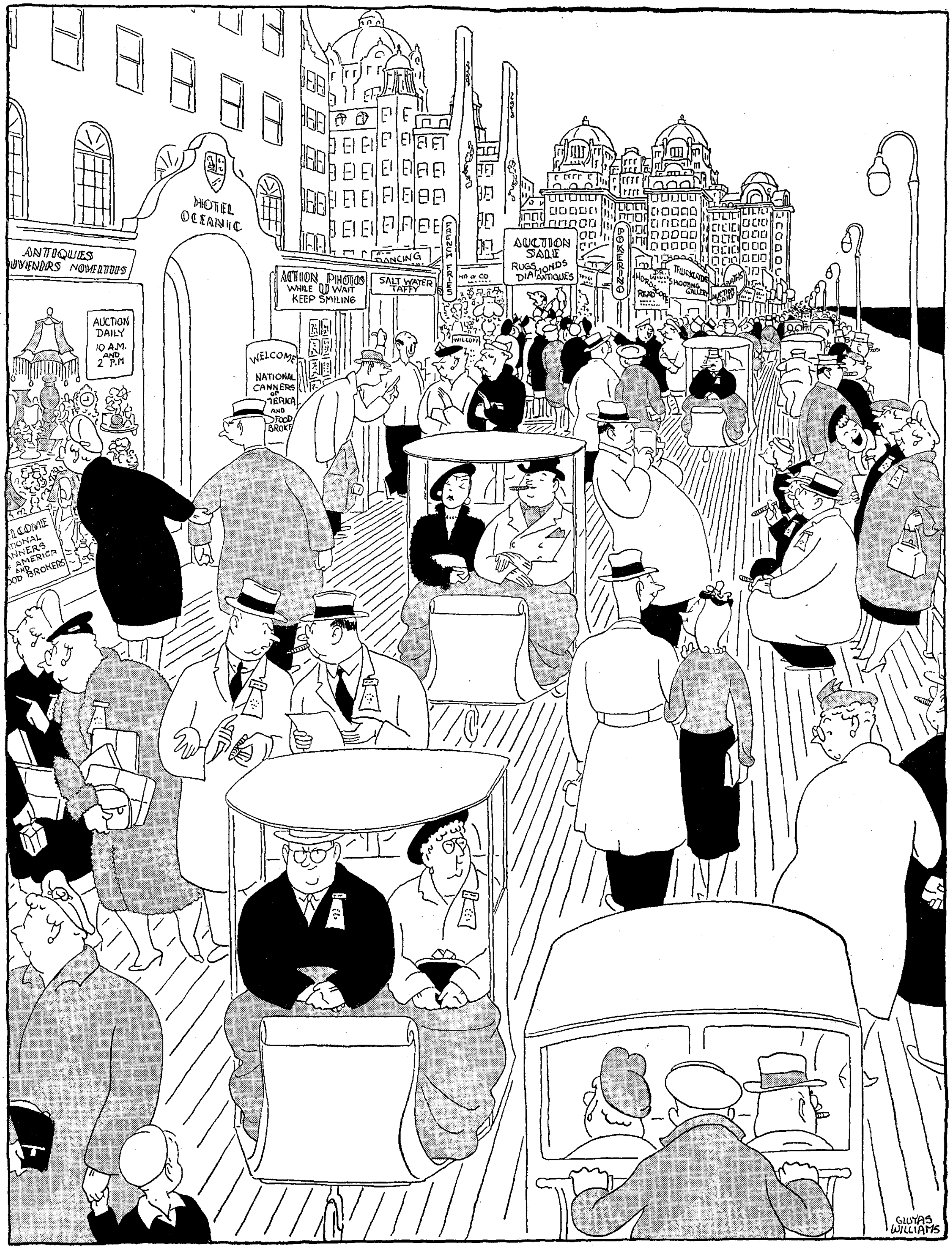
The people of St. Louis are not going to take this licking lying down. They will say, in the words made famous in World War One, "We have not yet begun to fight."—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

Made famous by that noted tank commander, John Paul Jones?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ANTIQUES
UVENIRS NOVELTIES
AUCTION DAILY 10 A.M. AND 2 P.M
WELCOME NATIONAL CANNERS OF ERICA AND FOOD BROKE
ACTION PHOTOS WHILE U WAIT KEEP SMILING
SALT WATER TAFFY
DANCING
FRENCH FRIES
AUCTION SALE RUGS DIAMONDS ANTIQUES
POKERINO
DR. HOROSCOPE READ
SHOOTING GALLERY
BATHS
AUCTION DAILY
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LCOME TIONAL NNERS F AMERICA AND OOD BROKERS
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

Atlantic City—Winter

ANNALS OF CRIME

THE PHILOLOGIST

I—A TRIP TO OLD PALOMAS

ON the afternoon of February 18, 1944, a Mexican customs inspector named Medardo Martínez, whose seat of operations was the town of Las Palomas, just across the international border from Columbus, New Mexico, and sixty miles west of El Paso, was riding in a horse-drawn wagon, accompanied by a friend, on the outskirts of Old Palomas, a tiny village three miles south of Las Palomas. At four-thirty, they noticed three men, all carrying knapsacks, who were walking south through the desert, a hundred yards or so off the road. Two of the men were wearing blue denim shirts and trousers; one of this pair was hatless, and the other had on a black fedora. The third man was wearing a khaki shirt and blue denim trousers, a rumpled American Army field jacket, and a gray felt hat, its brim turned down all around. On being confronted with something out of the ordinary, Martínez reacted with the inquisitiveness characteristic of his calling. He stopped his wagon and hailed the three men. They walked over, and it was quickly evident that none of them could—or, at any rate, would—speak Spanish. Martínez had been in the customs service for fifteen years, but the dirt road through Las Palomas wasn't used heavily by American tourists and he had never learned English. His friend, however, could speak it a little, and so, it seemed, could one of the trio, the fellow with the gray hat. He was a clean-cut-looking young chap nearly six feet tall and weighing maybe a hundred and sixty-five, with straight brown hair, hazel eyes, even white teeth, and a full lower lip, the kind that requires only a slight adjustment to produce a pout. Except for a few days' stubble, he was handsome. Martínez, through his interpreter, asked the men where they were bound. The man with the gray hat said, haltingly and in a soft, low voice, that they were looking for work in Mexico. Martínez asked to see their passports or other identification papers. They didn't produce any, so he invited them to board his wagon, ride back to Las Palomas, and have an interview with the immigration people there. The three men didn't argue, possibly because they had noticed that, like most Mexican border officials, he was armed.

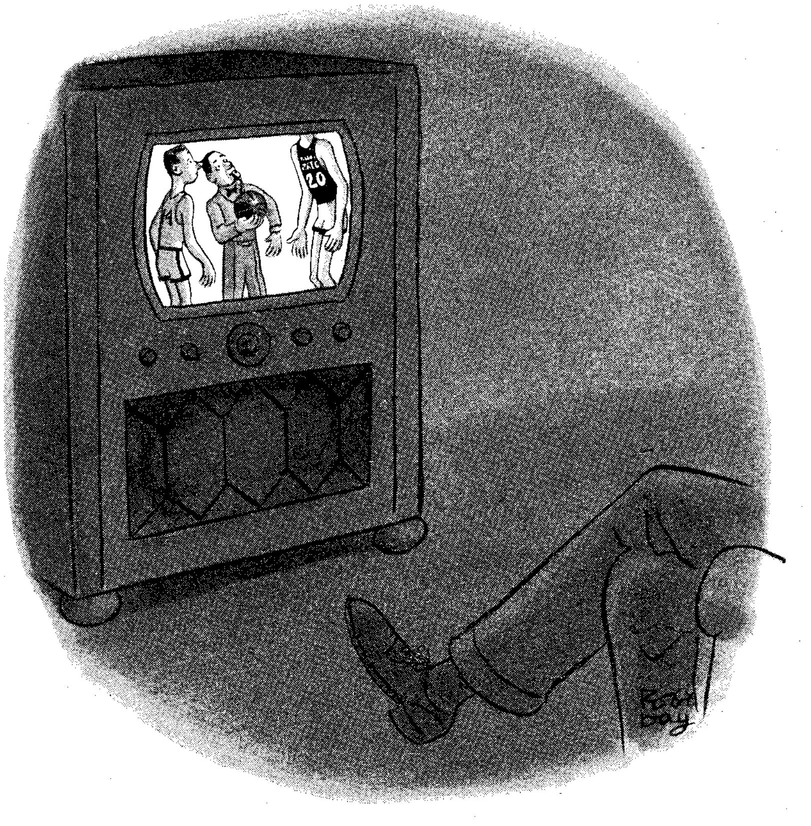
José Magnana, the chief immigration inspector in Las Palomas, couldn't speak English, either, and also had to talk with the strangers through an interpreter. The young man with the gray hat identified himself as Eduard Müller and his companions as Erhard Schwichtenberg and Heinrich Kikillus. This time he said that they were trying to work their way to Tuxtla, a seaport twelve hundred miles distant on the Gulf of Mexico, and thence to Germany. Magnana felt sure that they were German soldiers who had headed for Mexico after escaping from one of the prisoner-of-war camps in the Southwestern United States, as had happened before during the war, and he decided to turn them over to the United States, without going to the bother of holding formal deportation hearings. He telephoned his opposite number, William F. Bates, an inspector of the United States Immigration and Naturalization Service, at Columbus, a town of a couple of hundred, and asked him to step over into his country for a minute. Bates came to the Mexican customs point, a hundred yards across the border, and questioned the men. The man who called himself Müller said, in labored English with a thick German accent, that he and his friends were Jewish refugees from Europe, and Schwichtenberg and Kikillus tried, with more animation than logic, to add authority to this story by displaying some little German and Italian flags they had on them. Bates was not impressed. He knew that four German prisoners had fled not long before from a camp near Amarillo, Texas, and he thought it likely that he had three of them on his hands. He took the men to Columbus and telephoned the F.B.I. office in El Paso.

At two o'clock the following morning, four F.B.I. agents reached Columbus. They questioned the three men but didn't get anything particularly enlightening out of them. The agents then drove them ninety miles to Las Cruces, New Mexico, and deposited them in the Doña Ana County jail. The three men were stripped there and thoroughly searched. On them were found, among other things, several boxes of candy bars, a couple of pocketknives, a canteen apiece, and a compass. In Schwichtenberg's wallet was a letter, in German, that one would hardly have expected to find on the person of a Jewish refugee in the winter of 1944. "Believe me, when the hour comes, I shall without doubt gladly give my life for Germany," one passage read. "I don't want to live without Germany—but Germany alone must live, must be free and powerful, so that someday our people will live and act in freedom in a larger, more powerful, and united Reich. Every sacrifice is worthy of that time." The F.B.I. men, when they inspected the trio's knapsacks, must have been amused to note that all Müller's contained was a change of underwear, an electric razor, and a whole cured ham.

Shortly after noon, the F.B.I. force was augmented by the arrival of D. A. Bryce, the head of the El Paso office. His colleagues hadn't made any headway with Müller; in fact, they had been advised by him, helpfully, not to believe everything he said. They had, however, become convinced that the two other men actually were named Heinrich Kikillus and Erhard Schwichtenberg; that they had been, respectively, a *Stabswachtmeister* (master sergeant) and an *Unteroffizier* (corporal) in the Afrika Korps; and that they were fugitives from a prisoner-of-war camp—not the one at Amarillo but one at Camp Hale, Colorado, six hundred and fifty miles from Old Palomas. Mr. Bryce concentrated on the remaining man, who, in substantiation of his statement that he was named Eduard Müller, called attention to an official document in German that he had on him. It was an extract from the military pay record of *Unteroffizier* Eduard Müller, prisoner of war, twenty-four years old; born in Schwarzenholz, Saar; holder of the German-Italian Memorial Medal; captured at Casablanca; special identification marks, none. The man who called himself Müller amplified this terse biography by telling Bryce a good deal about the family he said he had in Germany and about the wartime experiences he said he had had in the Afrika Korps, and by adding that as a boy he had gone to school in England but that, as Bryce must have realized, his English had regrettably rusty become. Bryce interrogated him for three-quarters of an hour, at the end of which period the suspect confessed, in tears and in perfect English, without a trace of accent, that his real name was Dale Maple, that he was a private first class in the Army of the United States, and that his trip to Mexico had not been authorized by any military superior. Bryce abruptly stopped questioning him and made a couple of phone calls to nearby outposts of the Department of Justice. At five o'clock that afternoon, Dale Maple was arraigned before the Commissioner for the Federal District Court, at Las Cruces, on the charge of treason.

MAPLE's bail was set at a hundred thousand dollars, and since, understandably, he could not produce such an amount, he was taken to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and lodged in the Bernalillo County jail. There he was asked a great many questions and gave a great many answers. He told Bryce, who interviewed him on and off for most of a week, that he, too, had been stationed at Camp Hale, that he had left it shortly after noon on February 15th, with the two Germans in tow, and that they had hoped to go on from Mexico to Argentina, thence by ship to Spain, and from Spain, finally, to Germany—the place on earth where Kikillus, Schwichtenberg, and he wished most to be. He said that he was one of a group of around a hundred American soldiers sympathetic to Germany who had banded together to stop the war by such methods as sabotaging transportation and communication facilities in the United States. He also said that in July, 1941, before he had become a soldier, he had tried to go to Germany, under a false name and with a phony passport, to attend a school in Hamburg where he would have received instruction in the art of sabotage that he could put to pro-Nazi use back in the United States. He said that after Pearl Harbor he had again tried to get to Germany, this time to join its Army. When that didn't work out, he had enlisted in the American Army. He said that he had been treated very badly in the American Army, and that his fellow-conspirators had been, too. He described them as "men who were as enthusiastic in their love of Germany as I . . . men who were also as determined Nazis as I was." He said that they were interested "not in the military defeat of the United States but rather in the termination of what we considered to be an unjustified and undesirable war, and in the preservation of Germany." He added, "I had no intention of remaining in the United States after such a cessation of hostilities, but only of going to Germany as rapidly as possible."

Bryce must have been amazed when he began learning about Maple's background. The F.B.I. had, of course, had dealings before with Americans in cahoots with the enemy. For instance, there had been Max Stephan, a Detroit tavernkeeper and a naturalized citizen, who had been convicted of treason for briefly succoring and harboring a German prisoner of war who had escaped from an internment camp in Canada and was trying to make his way to Central America. But Stephan had been born in Germany, had belonged to the German-American Bund, and was on the whole a pretty miserable character; at the very moment of snarling "I am not a traitor and I am not afraid," he had become so weak in the knees that he had to sit down. Maple was something else. He hadn't a drop of German blood, had been born in the United States, had never been abroad, and had never strutted around with the Fritz Kuhn crowd. Aside from his momentary breakdown as he disclosed his identity, he was a calm and collected customer. He was a man, moreover, of considerable intellectual gifts and of many cultural accomplishments. A native of San Diego, he had been the top student of his high-school class there. He was a much better than average pianist, with many recitals to his credit. He had earned a Bachelor of Arts degree, *magna cum laude*, at Harvard in 1941. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He had planned to make a career of teaching comparative philology, the science of linguistics. He had specialized in it at college, delving into Old Danish and Assyrian and poring over Babylonian cuneiform tablets. He was the first Harvard student ever to undertake the study of Maltese, a blend of Italian and Arabic. He had done half a year's graduate work in Russian, Polish, and Hungarian. Not only did he speak fluent German (with or without an American accent, depending on his mood) but there was scarcely any other European language, ancient or modern, with which he was not familiar. His literary tastes were broad; his library contained a Hungarian translation of the New Testament, "The Psychobiology of Language," "Modern Harmony," "A Complete Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon," "Gulliver's Travels," "Das Lied von Bernadette," "Colloquial Japanese," "Das Nibelungenlied," and "Fifteen Selected Stories of O. O. McIntyre." Mr. Bryce was rather impressed by him. "I have often made the statement since interviewing Mr. Maple," the F.B.I. man later declared, "that he was one of the most



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The F.B.I. does not often get its teeth into a nice, juicy treason case, and the Maple affair was beginning to look like a real feast. Before Maple could be brought to trial, however, he was handed over, at the direction of the Attorney General, to the Army—specifically, to the Seventh Service Command, which had administrative jurisdiction over most of the military establishments in several Middle Western states. This transfer was in accordance with procedure. In wartime, the Army has priority in meting out justice to soldiers accused of civil offenses. The Army doesn't always insist on exercising this priority; for example, it hadn't interfered, the previous summer, when Maple had been arrested for unlawfully tampering with somebody else's automobile in Deadwood, South Dakota, a crime for which he was tried in a civil court and given thirty days in the county jail. Now, though, the Army was eager to get hold of him, obviously because, once it had custody of him, it could—as it did—clamp down on the story of his escapade, and avoid the annoyance of having to explain publicly a few embarrassing matters, such as how it was that the absence of Kikillus and Schwichtenberg from the stockade at Camp Hale had not been reported for more than twenty-four hours after they had taken off, at noon on February 15th, for points south. Maple's departure had been noted earlier, but an alarm linking him and the Germans didn't go out until the evening of February 16th. The F.B.I. got into the case the following morning and, from Washington, promptly notified its operatives in San Diego and Newport, Rhode Island, where Maple's father and mother, divorced and both remarried, were, respectively, living, to make inquiries. Nobody, however, seems to have alerted Mr. Bryce, in El Paso, or Mr. Bates, in Columbus, to be on the lookout, even though fleeing prisoners of war frequently made for the Mexican border. When the San Diego F.B.I. men called on Maple's father, an executive of an ironworks, he was quite upset. He told them that he had two loaded pistols, and that if his son should by any chance turn up in San Diego with the prisoners of war, he would shoot the Germans, one with each weapon. He subsequently told a San Diego newspaper reporter that he felt certain his son had been kidnapped by them. "A man will do strange things with a knife at his back," he said. Then he provided an alternative hypothesis. "The Army made a Nazi out of my boy," he said. Mr. Maple's homicidal attitude toward the Germans was comprehensible, but it was hardly justified by the established rules of war. It is the internationally recognized privilege, if not duty, of all prisoners of war to try to escape whenever possible, and it is the duty of any soldier in the army of the detaining power to try to prevent such escape. From a strictly legalistic point of view, therefore, if the three fugitives had shown up in San Diego, the senior Maple should have complimented the Germans on having got as far as they had and notified the police to pick up his derelict son.

BEFORE Pearl Harbor, the United States had not had much experience in interning alien prisoners of war. During the Second World War, the country put up nearly half a million of them, three hundred and ninety thousand of whom were Germans. The Provost Marshal General's Office, the military agency in charge of them, didn't guard them too closely, on the theory that it would take less manpower to catch them if they escaped than it would to keep them under rigorous surveillance. The ordinary prisoner of war, with little or no money and little or no command of English, wasn't apt to get far. Most of the big prisoner-of-war camps in the United States were at a considerable distance from large cities and from the coast, and most prisoners, as soon as they became aware how much more spacious the North American continent is than the continent of Europe or the islands of the Pacific, realized that their chances of reaching a potential point of embarkation—not to mention getting transportation there—were negligible. An American officer in charge of a prison camp in Kansas posted a map of the country on a bulletin board, drew a circle to indicate the location of the camp, and tacked up a note alongside. "This is where you are," it read. "What are you going to do about it?" During

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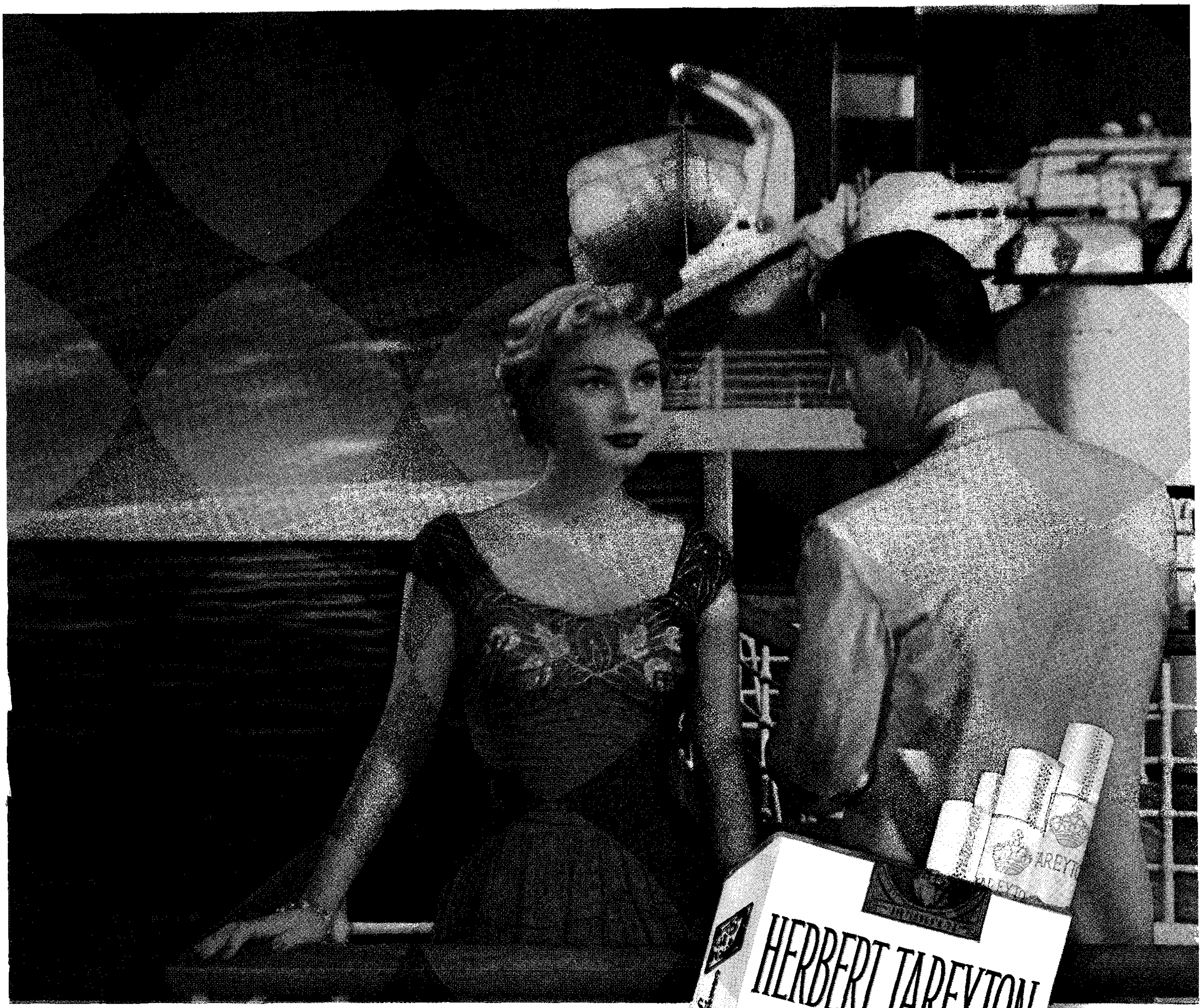

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the entire war, there were only 2,671 escapes—2,109 by Germans, the rest by Italians or Japanese. All but thirteen of the prisoners who got loose were recaptured, mostly within a few hours, and of the thirteen who weren't—all Germans—the Provost Marshal General's Office doubts whether any managed to get back home before V-J Day. The majority of those who escaped headed south. The usual immediate objective was Mexico, where, as most German soldiers knew, there were hundreds of Nazi Party members, who would be delighted to assist an itinerant trooper of *der Führer*. The next objective was ordinarily Argentina, which was regarded by Nazi prisoners as a haven almost as homey as the Kurfürstendamm in Berlin. As it happened, February 15th, the day Maple and his boys took off from Camp Hale in the general direction of the Argentine, was the day Colonel Juan Perón and *his* boys, disturbed by a rumor that their government was toying with the intolerable notion of declaring war on Germany, moved in on its Foreign Ministry.

There were only a couple of hundred prisoners of war at Camp Hale. These were Germans, mostly veterans of the Afrika Korps. They had been confined in a camp at Trinidad, Colorado, in the southeastern part of the state, and moved to Camp Hale because the Army had some work for them to do up there. (Under international law, captive officers may not be compelled to work; enlisted men may not be compelled to do anything that would be a direct contribution to the enemy war effort, but they may be assigned to housekeeping, farming, and the like.) Camp Hale was in the Rocky Mountains, a hundred and twenty miles west of Denver. It had been set up primarily as a training center for mountain and ski troops; the 10th Mountain Division, an outfit that was later to fight in the North Apennines and that contained some vigorously anti-Nazi Austrians who had been ski instructors in the Tyrol in the pre-Hitler era, was stationed there in 1943.

On December 5th, a new and equally distinctive group of soldiers arrived. These men were all in the American Army, but many of them felt much more fraternally inclined toward the pro-Nazi German prisoners, who were technically their enemies, than toward the anti-Nazi Austrian soldiers, who were technically their comrades. The newcomers, around two hundred strong, made up the 620th Engineer General

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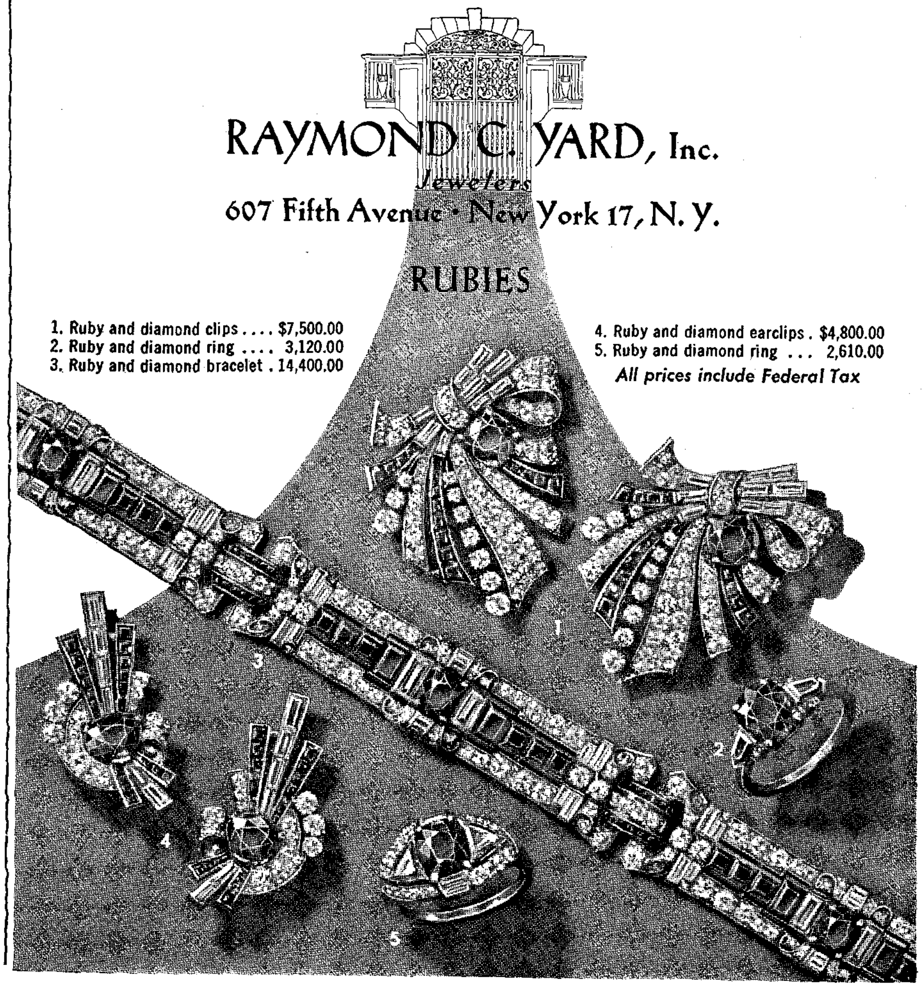
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Service Company. Aside from its officers, its principal noncommissioned officers, and perhaps an agent or two from the Army's Counter Intelligence Corps, the 620th, like a few other American Army units, was composed largely of soldiers who knew little or nothing about engineering but had been placed in the outfit because the Army suspected them of being unsympathetic, if not downright opposed, to the war aims of the Allies, and thus unsuitable for assignment to any jobs of—as the military puts it—a sensitive nature. The 620th's general services consisted of making camouflage nets, digging ditches, sawing wood, and performing other tasks of a more or less menial, and insensitive, nature. In the company were native-born Americans, including Maple; naturalized Americans; and aliens, including enemy aliens. A substantial majority were German or of German extraction. A tiny minority were extreme Left Wingers; the rest adhered, or were thought by the Army to adhere, to the extreme Right. Maple had established his eligibility for this exclusive organization by, for one thing, making a declaration, in 1940, while an undergraduate at Harvard, that he considered dictatorship infinitely preferable to democracy. This declaration had come to the attention of the F.B.I. and had been conscientiously noted by that organization and, in turn, by Military Intelligence.

At Camp Hale, as at all other military installations where prisoners of war were confined, fraternization between prisoners and soldiers was forbidden, except in the line of duty, but within a few hours after the 620th got there, some of its personnel and the prisoners were exchanging tender salutations. The newcomers had a few obstacles to hurdle. The prisoners, resentful at seeing the Austrians, some of whom were Jewish, frisk about unrestrained in a hateful uniform, became even more indignant on finding *echt* Aryan Germans similarly costumed. But they were soon persuaded that the Germans in the 620th were victims of circumstance and, clothes notwithstanding, were on their side. The engineers pressed upon the prisoners all manner of illegal gifts—candy, cigarettes, cookies, wine, and whiskey. When the prisoners marched back and forth, singing German songs and sometimes wearing snappy Afrika Korps uniforms, members of the 620th rushed to the steps of their barracks to watch and listen, the eyes of some of them brimming with tears. Their commanding officer considered this an unmilitary way for them to be carrying on, and forbade them to stand on the steps when the Germans paraded by. This restriction infuriated them, but since they already felt that the Army was denying them their constitutional rights and otherwise persecuting them, they regarded losing the right to weep out-of-doors as merely one more consequence of tyranny, and were surer than ever that whatever obligations they might once have had to this country had ceased to exist. Back in the fall of 1943, when they had been stationed in South Dakota, they had been exploring, largely in conversation, courses of action they might take to demonstrate their disaffection—espionage, desertion, mutiny, sabotage, guerrilla warfare against the United States, and so on. When they got to Camp Hale, all their schemes were still very much in the planning stage. Finding the prisoners conveniently in residence there, some of the men in the 620th decided to give a few of them a helping hand toward freedom.

Maple took charge of the plans. Unlike many of the other members of the 620th, he had no ties of heredity or early environment with the prisoners, but he was probably better acquainted with their national music, literature, and philosophy than most of them were. If the Nazi prisoners entertained any doubts about his sincerity or reliability, these must surely have been dispelled one weekend late in January, 1944, when Maple, who had talked to some of them while working near them in a warehouse, set an example of fraternization probably unmatched by anyone in the 620th or, for that matter, by any American soldier anywhere. He was granted a three-day pass, but instead of spending his time in, say, Denver, where most of the men in the company usually went, he hid in a truck that was going inside the prisoner-of-war compound and, in a borrowed Afrika Korps uniform, stayed with the prisoners while the glories of *das Vaterland* were nostalgically discussed and some tasty schnapps was consumed. The prisoners got a ration of one bottle of beer every week and, being a resourceful as well as a thirsty lot, had taken advantage of a somewhat lax camp administration to supplement this meagre allowance by building a still inside their stockade. Using sugar, raisins, peaches, and apricots filched from their mess hall, they manufactured a passable schnapps, and they turned it out in sufficient quantity to give some to the men in the 620th and sell some to soldiers of less chummy units, while keeping them-

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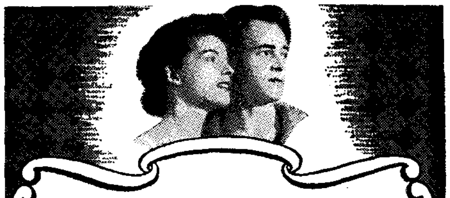
selves adequately supplied. Maple did not waste the whole three days in frivolous tippling and sentimental chatter, however. While inside the stockade, he interviewed prisoners who wished to accompany him on the escape he had planned.

MAPLE's original scheme seems to have called for ten prisoners of war, two soldiers from the 620th, and two automobiles. Maple expected to buy one of the automobiles himself. The other one he hoped to use belonged to a soldier in the 620th named Friedrich Wilhelm Siering, a not too bright alien who had been a seaman before the war and whose greatest social asset, it was generally conceded, was his car. Siering didn't like the idea of other people's driving it, and he wasn't anxious to join the expedition. He finally backed out, on behalf of both himself and his automobile, so Maple, during his visit to the compound, picked only four or five prisoners—that is, one carload—to go with him. Maple must have been glad to have Afrika Korpsmen to choose from while conducting his Tap Day, for they were experienced in coping with the kind of terrain he assumed he'd run into. He selected prisoners who knew English, Spanish, or Portuguese, or who were able to drive a car or sail a boat. Among them were Kikillus and Schwichtenberg. Maple himself provided most of the money for the safari, but the prisoners gave him a little help. Although they weren't supposed to have any money, they did have some dollars on hand, revenue from the furtive sales of schnapps, and batches of francs, probably souvenirs of war service in Europe. Part of this money was turned over to Maple. He had several thousand francs with him when he was captured; his idea had been to exchange them for pesos in Mexico. After being caught, he somehow managed to keep some of the francs, and he had a relative convert them into dollars for him. Maple raised his share of the funds by phoning his father, in San Diego, and his mother, in Newport. He said that he had to make a payment on a loan Harvard had granted him a few years before. They knew about the loan, and, being trusting parents, sent him, between them, a few hundred dollars.

Maple also had accomplices who were by no means unwitting ones. He was not the type of chap to take many people into his confidence, but his proposed journey and its general nature were known to a number of men in the 620th, and at least four of them helped



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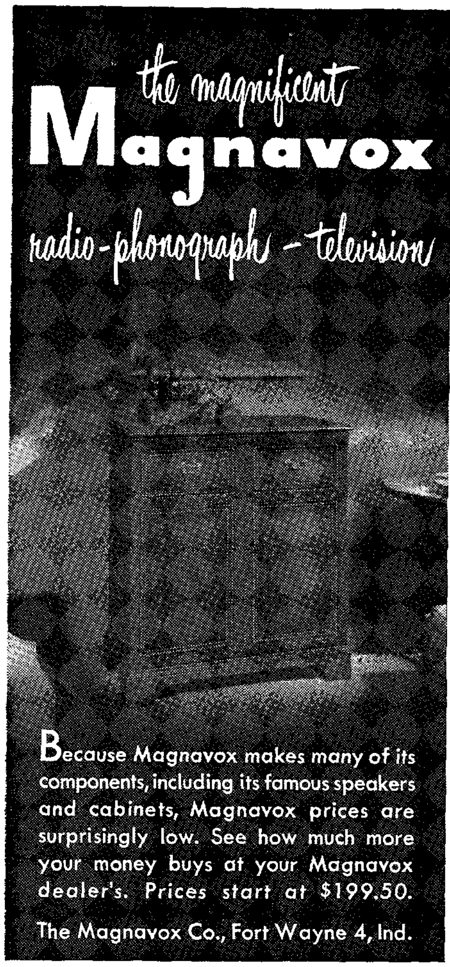
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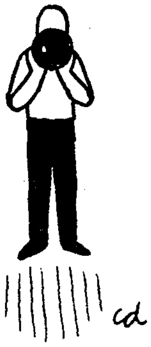
him out with money or in other ways. His two closest friends in the company, Paul Kissman and Theophil Leonhard, did the most. Kissman was a native American of German heritage and German outlook, from Pennsylvania; Leonhard was a native of Alsace who had lived in Texas since boyhood, had become an instructor at the University of Texas, and had occasionally ended letters with "Heil Hitler." He was Maple's chief source of information on Mexico, but the information was largely second-hand. Aside from a Sunday-school outing that had taken him barely across the border, he had never set foot in the country, but he had read up on it, and in prewar conversations with various German diplomatic emissaries to the United States he had obtained the names of several Nazis in Mexico and in other Latin-American countries who would presumably welcome Maple's party. Maple questioned Leonhard about the topography, the climate, and other features of Mexico, and Leonhard suggested items that he thought anyone contemplating a junket to that country ought to equip himself with—compass, hunting knife, rifle, sun helmet, mosquito netting, binoculars, matches, and fishing tackle. Toward the end of January, Kissman went to Denver on a pass. Maple gave him fifty dollars and a shopping list. On it were some of the items Leonhard had suggested. Maple had decided that one of the prisoners would travel as a male civilian and one as a female civilian—the other prisoners were to travel as American soldiers—and he asked Kissman to pick up some mufti, too. Kissman was no great shakes as a purchasing agent. He brought back a couple of men's shirts, a couple of compasses, and a .38-calibre revolver with fifty rounds of ammunition; the gun and shells were bought for him by another member of the 620th who was in Denver at the time.

A few days after Maple's unconventional holiday inside the stockade, he asked Siering to drive him to a trash dump on the post. There he dug up a buried box. It contained three loaded knapsacks, belonging to some prisoners of war and presumably hidden by them or by Maple. Maple asked Siering if he'd keep the knapsacks in the back of his car for a while, and Siering consented. On Saturday, February 12th, Maple and Kissman took a bus to Salida, a town sixty miles south of the camp and little frequented by the soldiers. There he bought a man's black hat; a woman's scarf, sweater, and handbag; a fishing line, and hooks and sinkers; and some .22-calibre cartridges, although, as far as is known, he never had a weapon capable of firing them. The next day, Maple went to a garage in Salida and bought a four-door 1934 Reo sedan, for which he paid two hundred and fifty-five dollars. The man who ran the garage said he'd get license plates and a gas-ration book. Maple said he would stop by for them in a day or two, and he and Kissman drove off in the car, which still bore the plates assigned to its last owner, who had recently died. They drove to Redcliff, a village eight miles north of Camp Hale, where Siering was living with his wife. Siering had a two-car garage, and Maple left his car in it and returned to camp that night. The following day, February 14th, among some company notices posted on the bulletin board in the 620th's orderly room was one saying that the sergeant in charge of the work detail to which Maple and Kissman were assigned had a dentist's appointment early the next morning. Kissman normally took over the detail when the sergeant was absent, and that meant that if Maple deserted on the fifteenth, Kissman could cover up for him at least for so long as the sergeant was occupied with his teeth. After supper on the fourteenth, Maple, Kissman, and a couple of other soldiers took a bus to Redcliff. Maple transferred the knapsacks from Siering's car to his own and bought a few more provisions for the trip—matches, malted-milk tablets, two loaves of bread—as well as some beer and cheese, which he took to Siering's place, where a small farewell party was held. Siering had a piano, and Maple played for a while. They all sang German drinking songs.



ON February 15th, after breakfast, Maple said goodbye to Leonhard and handed him a silver identification bracelet with Maple's name and serial number on it, which would have ill suited the wrist of Eduard Müller. Maple would probably have been happy if Leonhard, the expert on Mexico, had agreed to go with him, but Leonhard wouldn't. He said afterward that he didn't think the expedition would get far. Just in case the party actually did reach Germany, Leonhard, not wanting word to get around there that he had declined an opportunity to report for duty in the homeland, gave Schwichtenberg, with whom he was well acquainted, a letter to be displayed to whomever among the Nazis it might concern. It was this letter that the F.B.I. found on Schwichtenberg. In it, Leonhard not only proclaimed his love for and loyalty to the Reich but explained that he was staying behind to act as Germany's liaison man with the 620th Engineer General Service Company and declared that he stood ready to carry out any instructions that might be transmitted to him by the Gestapo or any other appropriate agency. At ten o'clock that morning, Maple, wearing two uniforms—fatigues underneath and olive drab on top—took a bus to Redcliff and picked up his car at Siering's garage. He had a rendezvous with the selected prisoners at noon, at a certain spot just outside the camp limits. He parked his car there and pretended to be working on a tire. Kikillus and Schwichtenberg showed up, a few minutes apart, a bit after twelve. There was no fence around the military reservation; each man probably just slipped away from his work detail when the guard wasn't paying attention, and strolled off the post. What happened to the other prisoners who were supposed to go along is not clear; perhaps their guards were too watchful. Neither of the men Maple got could speak English, and thus could hardly assume the guise of American soldiers. Schwichtenberg, though, could drive a car. He was twenty-four, single, and a native of West Prussia, where before the war he had been a laboratory worker in a milk plant. He was a gentle fellow who wanted to please everybody; it was he who had got hold of the identification papers of a fellow-prisoner named Eduard Müller and given them to Maple. Kikillus was a heavyset, scowling, taciturn East Prussian, thirty-three, married, and a farmer. His face and manner would have charmed any Hollywood casting director looking for a villainous Nazi. Kikillus could even have handled the dialogue; he spoke, when he spoke, in short, gruff sentences. Both prisoners were wearing blue denim shirts and trousers, their prescribed work uniform. They had managed, however, to obtain shirts that didn't have the customary telltale "PW" stencilled in white on the back. They had brought along some provisions, including the whole ham, which had probably been included in a food parcel from the German Red Cross. They also had the little flags, which they apparently figured would, if they were apprehended, help identify them as bona-fide prisoners of war,

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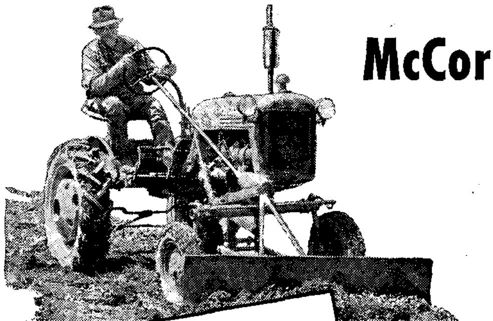

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rather than spies, saboteurs, or other shady characters.

The Germans climbed into the Reo, and Maple drove to Salida, where he parked it across the street from the garage at which he had bought it. He walked over to the garage and asked the attendant on duty for his license plates and gas-ration book. Maple paid him nine dollars and eighty-five cents for the plates. He didn't bother to substitute them for the ones on the car, however. Telling the garageman he was on furlough, he drove away. He drove southward through Saguache, Monte Vista, and Alamosa, and sometime after dark reached the New Mexico state line, two hundred miles from Camp Hale. Late that night, in a small town farther along in New Mexico, a tire went flat. The Reo had two fender wells for spares, but it had only one extra tire, and that wasn't any good. Maple pulled into a vacant lot. Presently, a cop came by and questioned him. Maple said he didn't want to bother having the flat fixed till morning, and the cop went on his way. The party slept in the car. Early the next morning, Maple took the tire to a service station and had it repaired. Then the party went on, along Route 85, a national highway, through Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Socorro, and Hot Springs. Maple did all the driving, except for an hour or so when Schwichtenberg spelled him. The three men ate as they rode, but they made several stops in towns. At one place or another that day, Maple bought fruit, milk, ice cream, and the gray hat. During one stop, he changed from his heavier clothes to a summer cavalry outfit—khaki shirt, riding breeches, and boots. If he had continued to follow Route 85, he would have reached El Paso, which is linked to Ciudad Juárez, Mexico, by a toll bridge across the Rio Grande. Maple elected not to hit the border at that large city. When he reached Hatch, New Mexico, eighty miles above El Paso, he swung off the main highway toward Deming, forty-six miles to the southwest. At Deming, that night, another tire collapsed. He was then only thirty-two miles from Columbus and thirty-five from the Mexican border. He removed the tire and pushed on, driving on the rim of the wheel.

From Deming, Maple took a gravel road that runs to Columbus and the border. Seven miles south of Deming, the car lurched off the road into a shallow ditch and the motor stalled. The old Reo's battery was on a par with its tires, and Maple couldn't get the engine started again. The three men sat there

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in the dark, one of the prisoners in back, one in front, next to Maple. It was then about one o'clock. After a while, a car came along behind. Maple got out and flagged it down. In it were John H. Breen, a United States customs official stationed at Columbus, and three friends. Maple asked them to push him out of the ditch. Breen nosed his car up behind the Reo, and then got out to make sure the bumpers would meet. He happened to glance inside Maple's car. He thought he saw a woman in the front seat holding a baby; evidently the prisoner sitting there had put Maple's scarf around his head and was cradling a bundle in his arms. If this was a deliberate deception, it wasn't necessary; Breen had had no warning to be on the alert for three men and was unsuspicious. The bumpers met all right. Breen pushed the Reo for a hundred yards; Maple signalled that his motor had started and waved to Breen to come on by. Breen, however, drove along behind the Reo for a time, because its lights apparently weren't in working order and he wanted to be on hand if the car got into trouble again. After seven or eight miles, he decided the Reo would probably make out by itself and pulled ahead. In his rear-view mirror, he saw that, after all, the Reo did have its lights on, but they were awfully dim. Maple drove on for another two or three miles, and then, still fourteen miles or so from Columbus and seventeen from the border, he ran out of gas. He decided that he and his companions should abandon the car, in which they had covered nearly six hundred and forty miles in thirty-six hours. It was probably at this point that he changed his clothes again, putting on the denim trousers and Army shoes in which he was captured. Kikillus, Schwichtenberg, and he strapped the knapsacks on their backs and began walking. After

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a couple of miles, Maple called a halt for sleep. It was then close to dawn.

All that day, they lay low off to one side of the road. After dark, they started walking again, and in a few hours they reached Columbus. The streets were empty, and no one seems to have noticed them—not even when they walked into somebody's yard and filled their canteens at an outdoor faucet. Late that night, they crossed the border. They must have bedded down again almost immediately, for they were only three miles inside Mexico when, the following afternoon, Martínez spotted them from his wagon.

AFTER the three men were caught, Kikillus and Schwichtenberg were not punished, for, of course, they had a right to escape. They were taken to a prisoner-of-war camp at Worland, Wyoming, perhaps on the theory that being interned at that northerly spot would discourage them from heading toward Latin America again. Kikillus stayed put, but Schwichtenberg, agreeable as ever, consented to join two other Germans in an escape. At ten o'clock one night in June, 1945, they cut the barbed-wire fencing of their stockade and set forth. Schwichtenberg didn't do nearly so well this time. He was captured after two and a half hours of freedom.

As for Maple, the Army couldn't try him for treason, because that crime is a civil one; it is nowhere mentioned by name in the Articles of War, the military code. The Army could, and did, try him for desertion and for two violations of the 81st Article, which has to do with relieving, corresponding with, or aiding the enemy, and is the military statute that most nearly approximates the civil treason law. A general court-martial appointed by the Seventh Service Command to hear Maple's case convened at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on April 17, 1944, and adjourned on May 8th. It listened to a good deal of testimony—including a remarkable statement of seven thousand words, some of them in Latin, composed and read by the accused—and then decided that Maple was guilty on all counts and should hang by the neck until dead.

The court had been instructed not to announce its verdict, and it didn't. Maple and his counsel were nevertheless fairly sure that he had been found guilty. He didn't learn his sentence for another seven months, which he spent, as he had spent the weeks of his trial and those immediately preceding it, in the United States Disciplinary Bar-

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racks at Fort Leavenworth. In December, the War Department, without going into detail, announced that Maple had been given a death sentence and that President Roosevelt had commuted it to life imprisonment at hard labor, dishonorable discharge, and forfeiture of all pay and allowances. The President's clement action was in keeping with an American tradition; no citizen of this country has ever been executed by the federal government for treason against it. Maple was then transferred to the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth, a federal institution six miles from Fort Leavenworth. In April, 1946, the Army, in keeping with a tradition of its own, which calls for sweeping reductions in peacetime of punishments imposed by courts-martial during wartime, cut his sentence to ten years. If Maple gets the customary time off for good behavior, he will be released not later than February 21, 1951, and since he will then be only thirty, he will, in all actuarial probability, have many years of leisure ahead in which to reflect, if he cares to, on the fact that he holds the distinction of being the first American soldier ever to have been convicted of a crime that, but for the wording of the Articles of War, would be the crime of treason. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the first of a series of articles.*)

•

A. R. writes: I have inflammation of the lower intestine and I would like to know if the blowing of a trumpet is harmful.

REPLY

No harm.
—*Health column in the Chicago Tribune.*

Next question.

•

Children taught that way sometimes don't know where a word starts. It is most important that they learn the correct direction of reading. One way for a mother to help in this is to point to the first letters of a word and move her finger along below the word, so the child learns from the start that he reads from right to left.—*Arlington Northern Virginia Shoppers' Journal.*

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•

RESPONSES WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE WHILE CHOKING WITH LAUGHTER

[*From the Detroit Free Press*]

Responding to that pointed reference to his avoirdupois, Cronin, choking with laughter, responded, "Ted has signed for the 1950 season and, naturally, you'll be surprised if I again tell you that we regard financial matters with our players as strictly our own business."

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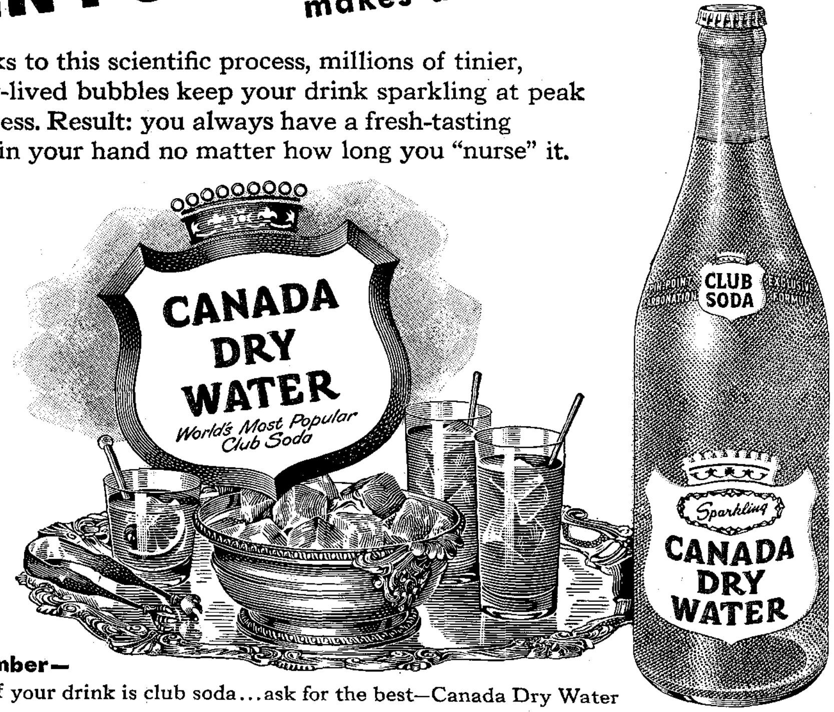

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THE THEATRE

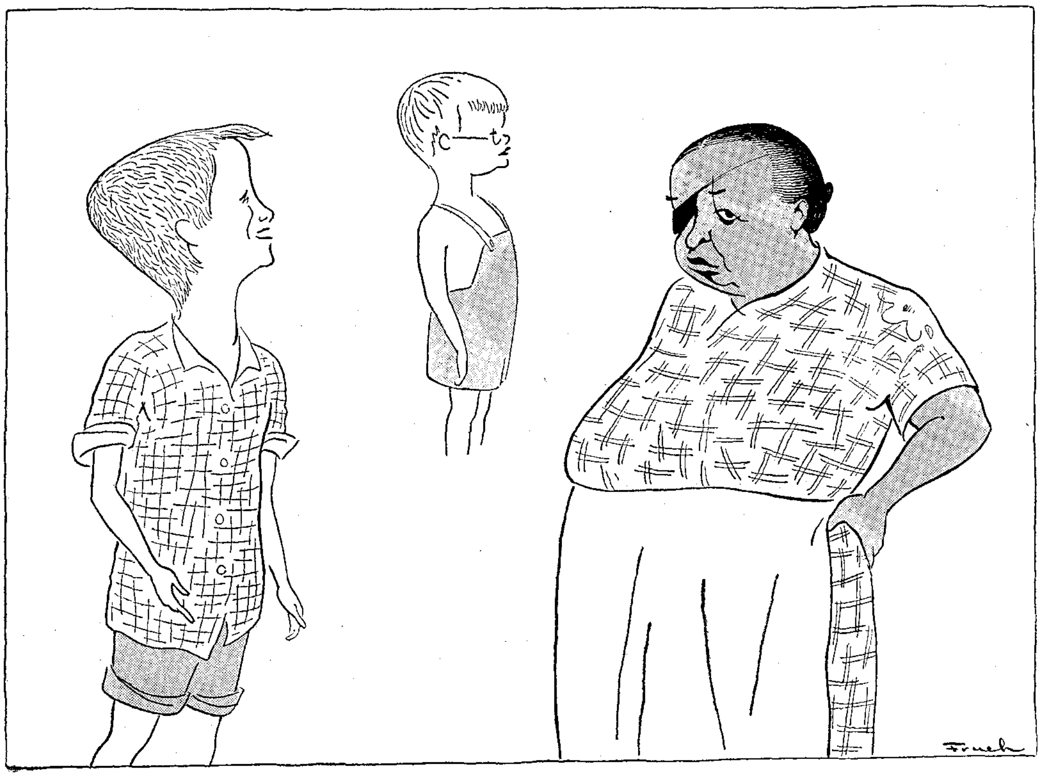
THE GENERAL AND THE GOVERNESS

IN the stage version of Ludwig Bemelmans' "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," some characters who appeared in the book are missing, among them the epileptic General's cousin, who, as you may recall, suffered from nothing worse than somnambulism. Others have been considerably simplified, as in the case of the English governess who, for all her preoccupation with suicide and caskets, and her somewhat ambiguous social position, now has a curiously wholesome disposition, not unlike that of a mistress of games. Times and happenings have been rearranged with a carefree hand, especially at the end, where, it seems to me, some of the point of the novel has been sacrificed to the expediency of the theatre. And a few locales, notably the city of New York, have vanished into air. For all these changes, presumably the work of the playwright, Elaine Ryan, I think that Mr. Bemelmans' witty, disorderly, and often oddly touching book arrived at the Broadhurst last week reasonably intact in body and spirit.

It is a tremendous production, involving the services of a cast of some thirty people, headed by Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, and the use of thirteen admirable sets, credited in the program to Wolfgang Roth but bearing strong traces of Mr. Bemelmans' peculiar talents as a draftsman. There are times when the reckless expenditure of scenery and actors and props is a little too much, recalling such great and preposterous spectacles as the chariot race in "Ben-Hur," and others when the astonishing fertility of the original author's imagination has been too taxing for the adapter, the director, and even the capacities of the stage, and pure chaos supplants the kind of seemingly cockeyed but actually disciplined comedy that everybody undoubtedly had in mind. On the whole, though, it is an extremely intelligent and almost continuously entertaining piece of work, and I only hope that the singular economics of the current theatre (a script calling for one set and perhaps five actors should apparently be the aspiring playwright's aim) will permit it to survive for the enjoyment of the great number of people who might appreciate something a little more original in the dramatic field than "I Know My Love," "The Happy Time," and "The Velvet Glove," to pick arbitrarily on three products that somehow have the air of having been turned out by General Electric.

For the benefit of those who aren't familiar with the Bemelmans story, the piece at the Broadhurst is concerned with an Ecuadorian general named Leonidas Erosa, who at the outbreak of the recent war is maintaining a rather expensive villa at Biarritz, where, between his fits, he devotes himself mainly to food, to having his portrait painted in Napoleonic attitudes, and to dalliance with complaisant young women. He is slightly handicapped in the last of these pursuits by the presence of his English companion, Miss Leonora Graves, whom he fished out of the Seine some twenty years before and whose tendency to jump off things when emotionally crossed hasn't diminished much in the meantime. Nevertheless, it is a cheerful household and a picturesque one, since the other inmates include an Indian servant, employed chiefly to deal with his master's seizures; a French chef who has tantrums of his own, though not of an epileptic nature; a cigar-smoking curate; a staff artist; a young woman whom the General considers far too ornamental to be employed downstairs in the laundry; and a housekeeper who has some obscure connection with the undertaking business and arranges for Miss Graves to purchase the coffin which thereafter becomes part of her permanent equipment.

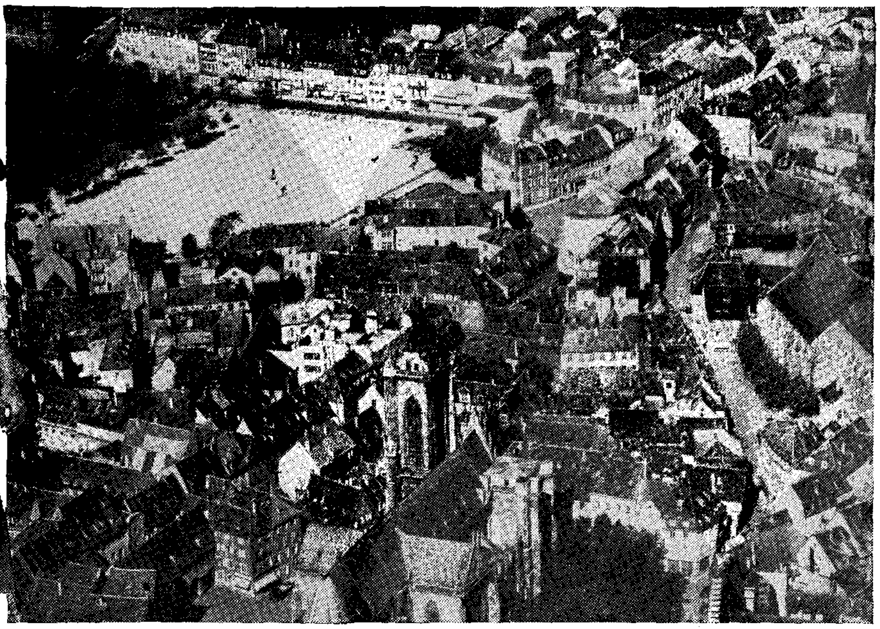
When the General decides to turn his villa over to the French as a hospital and set sail for his native Ecuador, he is obliged to leave some of these fascinating people behind, but others turn up en route—a Señora Lopez, who attracts him even more strongly than the laun-



"THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING"

Julie Harris, on the left, appears as probably the loneliest little girl in the world, in Carson McCullers' dramatization of her own novel. The others are Brandon De Wilde and Ethel Waters. At the Empire.

ALSATIAN COSTUMES



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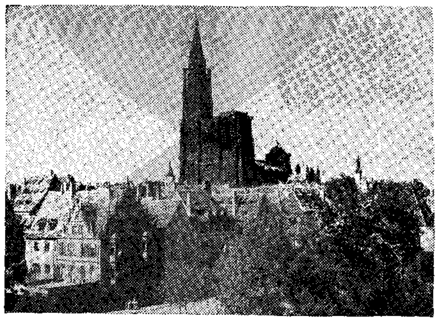

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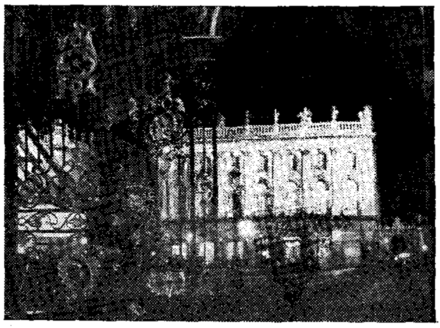

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dress; a Polish refugee who pops up out of Miss Graves' casket one night and is shortly transformed into a valet; and, of all things, an acrobat in shrimp-colored tights, who seems to live in the rigging of the ship. Once, on the trip across, Miss Graves dives overboard in a moment of irritation brought on by Señora Lopez, but it is an uneventful passage, as things go in Mr. Bemelmans' unique society. In Ecuador, however, at the General's ancestral Villa Miraflores, things get much livelier, what with his prompt seduction of an Indian girl; her pregnancy and marriage, by his courteous arrangement, to somebody else; the arrival of an earthquake of unusual severity; the General's entrapment and death in a subterranean cavern; and, finally, Miss Graves' decision to bring up his illegitimate son, as a memento of sorts.

In view of this synopsis, it is probably hard to believe that the play has anything to offer beyond simple lunacy. I can say only that in spite of their absurdity, both the General and Miss Graves are much more than caricatures, and the strange, enduring attachment between them, between rural England at its most insular and Latin America at its most flamboyant, has at least as much pathos as humor. This quality is often lost in the production, but enough of it remains to give the story some emotional force in addition to its rich profusion of jokes and scenery. Altogether, I feel that "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" is the kind of broad and stylized but really perceptive burlesque of human behavior that we far too seldom see, and I hope, as I've said before, that the fact that it must have cost approximately as much to produce as it does to array Mrs. Billy Rose suitably for an evening at the theatre won't necessarily limit its engagement here.

As for the two actors principally engaged, Miss Eldridge's portrayal of the gently addled spinster seemed to me wholly charming and Mr. March's performance as the General genial and impressive, though conceivably a little too florid in spots. Prominent among the army of supernumeraries are Rick Jason, Henry Lascoe, Jacqueline Dalya, Milton Parsons, Irene Moore, Helen Seamon, and Stefan Schnabel. Charles Chaplin, Jr., appears as a footman and an Indian, but I'm afraid I lost track of him in the crush. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

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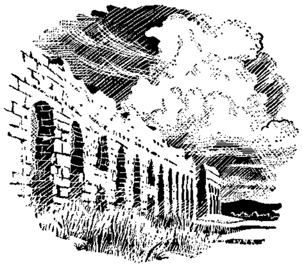
LETTER FROM ROME

MARCH 2

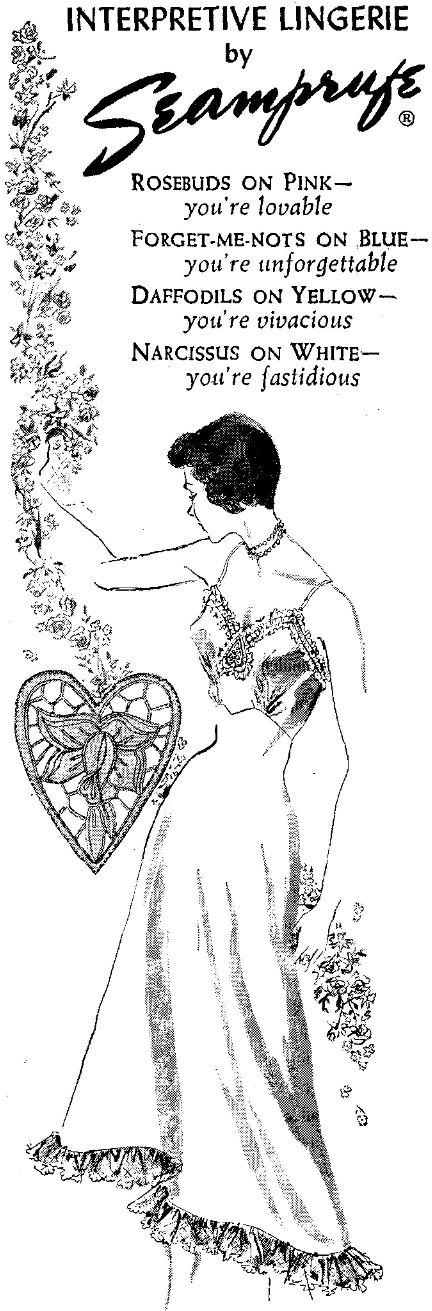
RIGHT now, the greatest difference between Rome and Paris is the fact that here it is spring. Spring has come with its first, lavish Mediterranean servings of mimosa blossoms, yellow as egg yolk, coloring the trees in the streets of Rome and magnificently daubing the hills outside the town. Otherwise, the two capitals seem to be about on a par, or as close to it as Italians and Frenchmen can make them. That is to say, the governments of both republics have almost fallen recently and are still in a precarious way. In both cities, there are bad strikes. And in both, as in the other big cities of both lands, things look prosperous and reassuring on the surface. It seems to be natural today for things to look good at first glance but then, on second glance, to look not so good.



The Italians have added a special creative touch to labor difficulties. They have invented a new kind of strike—the *sciopero alla rovescia*, or reverse strike. Whereas an ordinary strike is the refusal of men to work, in the reverse strike Italian workers work when their employers would like them not to. The most dramatic, and most complicated, example of this new tactic has been the reverse strike that was recently carried out by farmhands on the vast estate of young Prince Alessandro Torlonia, in a district of the Abruzzi called Fucino. Fucino used to be a big lake. The Prince's great-grandfather drained it at his own expense and then acquired, by government concession and various deals, its bed of rich loam and turned it into a farm so large that a hundred and thirty thousand work-hungry and land-hungry peasants were eventually able to swarm onto it. (Today, there are eleven villages on the estate.) One of the odd jobs for the *braccianti*, or seasonal hired hands, who in Italy are lucky if they work five months a year, used to be repairing the Fucino roads and ditches, for which they were paid by the estate and for which the estate charged the better-off land-renting peasant families four per cent of their crops. Since 1938, so both groups claim, the roads had not been repaired, though the levy has continued. Then, three weeks ago, four thousand exasperated unemployed *braccianti* picked up their shovels, repaired the roads and ditches, and billed the Torlonia estate for wages for 8,760 workdays. It has refused to pay.

The hullabaloo in the newspapers has been immense, with sympathy for the strikers running, astonishingly, straight across the board, from Left through Right. In Fucino, the merchants, the petty bourgeois, and the priests are also for them, which is more astonishing still. *Il Messagero*, Rome's conservative morning daily, declared that the Fucino masses want work and must have it. *La Voce Repubblicana* said that "the Prince is an offense against the laws of the Republic." Even a few brave souls in the Demo-Christian Party, whose 1948 election platform contained promises of land reforms that have mostly not been heard of since, expressed the opinion that the most illustrious Prince "had been negligent." Alarmed, the Demo-Christian government finally acted, in a way. Its Minister of Agriculture instructed the prefect of the Fucino district to invoke a 1947, pre-Demo-Christian land-reform law that, if the Torlonia estate had paid any attention to it in the first place, could have prevented all the trouble. This law establishes the ratio between farm acreage and the amount of labor that must be hired. For the Torlonias' fourteen-thousand Fucino hectares, it appears that two thousand farmhands should be given fifty days of work during March and April—or half-time work during those months for the four thousand on strike. As for the nearly nine thousand days' pay they recently claimed, the prefect glibly said that they are free to try to collect it. The Minister of Agriculture has just held a meeting with leaders of the farmhands' section of the non-Communist national labor federation, and leaders of the organizations of the sharecroppers, the land-renting peasants, and the estate owners, as well as the deputies from Fucino and agents of the House of Torlonia. Two unidentified American followers of Henry Wallace are also, it is reported, investigating the situation. At present writing, there the matter rests. One other little Torlonia item is worth mentioning. Last year, a half-crazed unemployed Torlonia farmhand tried to assassinate the young Prince, whose annual income is figured in the hundreds of millions of lire.

THERE have been two admirable Lenten performances, at the Argentina Theatre, of Bach's "The Pas-



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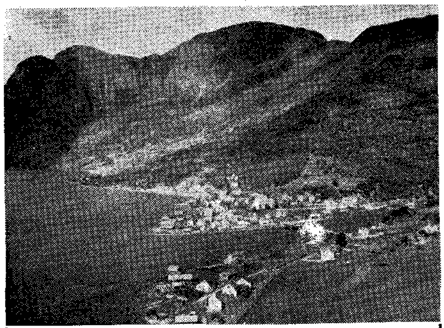

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sion According to Saint John" by the orchestra and choir of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia. This "Passion" had last been sung here two hundred and twenty-five years ago, and in earlier centuries was always presented in German. This year, an Italian version was sung, but even so the Evangelist was a German, Ernest Hafliger, who enunciated Italian in an extraordinary, tireless, clear tenor.

Wagner having been ubiquitously revived—at Milan's La Scala, where part of the Ring was presented; in Paris, with Flagstad; and in Rome, where an erroneous, lyric "Tosca"-like performance of "Tristano e Isotta" was given—the San Carlo Company in Naples recently went to town with an uncut six-hour "Parsifal," sung entirely *auf Deutsch.* It even included costumed heralds tootling the leitmotifs, in Bayreuth style, from the terraces outside the Opera House, while the Neapolitan populace, noted for its disrespectful humor and for liking only those grand operas that it can whistle, jeered tumultuously from the Galleria, across the street.

In Rome, the Druid opera "Norma" is being featured for the Holy Year spring season. Its title role is being sung by Italy's new diva, the twenty-six-year-old Caterina Mancini. She made her operatic début last year in Rome, in Rossini's "Mosè in Egitto," and has a phenomenal Rosa Ponselle type of dramatic soprano of great range; she can sing E flat above a high C that comes in "Norma," and usually does, just for fun. She was born in one of the hill towns outside Rome, and is plump, nice-looking, affable, bourgeois, and respectable. Some member of her large family always accompanies her to the theatre. Her contracts include a clause about her being chaperoned. She recently turned down an offer to appear in "Il Trovatore" in the provinces because no relative was free to go along at that moment.

POSTWAR Italian literary magazines have had hard sledding. Founded to run on talent that was unfettered, at last, for the pleasure of free speech by Fascism's fall, most of them soon bogged down for lack of money. Naples, the first big city to be liberated, had the first liberation literary gazette, the short-lived *Arethusa*, edited, in part, by Signora Elena Croce-Craveri, daughter of the famous philosopher and herself a critical writer of meticulous judgment. When Rome was freed, another woman editor, Signora Alba de Cespedes, had a go at it with *Mercurio*, whose opening number contained exciting accounts of Rome's liberation in a round robin by Rome's best-known writers. But Milan's Arnaldo Mondadori, one of Italy's biggest commercial publishers, soon had to lend a financial hand, and he finally killed the magazine because it was unprofitable. The most influential literary magazine is the *Botteghe Oscure*, a thick biannual, beautifully and privately published since 1948 by still a third woman, the American-born Princess Marguerite Caetani-di Bassiano. She is trilingual, and no novice at publishing. For almost ten years after the First World War, in Paris, where she then lived, she financed *Commerce*, that remarkably nourishing French-language magazine that decanted certain ripening works of such special-vintage writers as André Gide (who frequently mentioned her in his journals), Paul Valéry, Léon-Paul Fargue, Valéry Larbaud, and Alexis Léger, of the Foreign Office, who in that period began signing his poetry "St.-John Perse." Her present publication takes its name from Via Botteghe Oscure, or Dark Shops Street, a former medieval shopping center in which stands the massive sixteenth-century Palazzo Caetani, the Rome residence of her husband's family. Her new magazine is more international than *Commerce* was, printing the prose and poetry of both known and unknown Italians, French, English, and Americans, all in their own languages.

The fourth number of *Botteghe Oscure*, which has over four hundred pages and has just come out, contains a British short story by Angus Wilson, who seems to be quite the thing in London now, and twenty-five poems by English and American poets. Included are two lyric Mexican recollections by Tennessee Williams, a notable bedside saga by William Carlos Williams about his dying mother, and a wild beauty called "Over Sir John's Hill," about hawks and other savage birds, by Dylan Thomas. Earlier issues contained a typical Florentine fragment on the city's amorous side streets, by Vasco Pratolini, whose novel "A Tale of Poor Lovers" has been admired in America; poems by Edith Sitwell, Marianne Moore, and E. E. Cummings; a sonnet called "A Failure," by the late Lilian Bowes-Lyon, who was related to the Queen of England's family; and a grand, impudent apostrophe to Death, a rare thing among the worried poets of today, called "Praise to the End!," by the American Theodore Roethke, a professor of Old

English at the University of Washington. The most discussed of the Italian *novelle* to appear in the magazine has been "La Giacca Verde" ("The Green Coat"), by Mario Soldati, a prominent film director. It is a cruel and comic tale based on a crazy incident of the war, involving a famous orchestra conductor whose identity was stolen by his kettledrum player. The magazine has discovered some good heretofore unknown Italian writers—whose manuscripts were first turned down by publishers here, then printed in *Botteghe Oscure*, and finally published by the publishers who had turned them down. As in the days of the Renaissance, creative Italian writing seems to demand an aesthetic-minded patron. Today, the patronage comes from farther away. Princess di Bassiano was born a Chapin, the Chapins being a family that helped settle Springfield, Massachusetts.

THE Italians of all political parties—thoroughly anti-British, whatever the party—followed the English elections with interest and surprise. The Vatican paper spoke contentedly of "the total eclipse in the British Parliament of the Communists." The Communists here, who loathe the Labourites as Socialists, "the workingman's false friends," editorially shed a Machiavellian crocodile tear. The Demo-Christians, who also abhor Socialism, could not wholeheartedly rejoice at its decline, for, being a governing party with many troubles, the Demo-Christians could understand with particular clarity the predicament of the famous British Parliament, yesterday unique in Western Europe for its comfortable, stabilizing majority, now resting disquietingly upon a haggling balance between Left and Right, like the strife-ridden Chambers of Italy and France. In general, the Italians, who have, after all, lived under the restrictions, regimentations, autarchy, and statism of Fascism, including what it, too, called its welfare plans, were cynically solaced by the revolt of so many of the disciplined British voters, and at the same time disturbed. The honorable, patient austerity of the British during the years of the Labour regime made them a legend in the egoistic, black-marketeering Latin countries of Europe.

THE Right and the Left in Italy are accusing each other of preparing spring-season violence. The Communists here, like those in France, accuse the government of secretly plotting to

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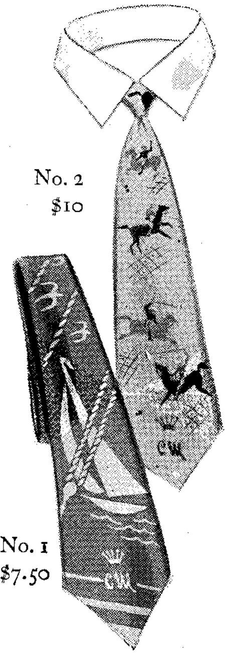

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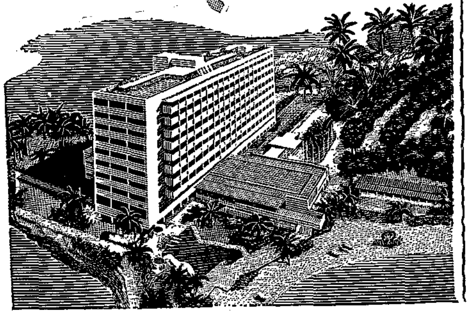

outlaw them. Both governments, French and Italian, accuse their local Communists of preparing to enlarge their plans for revolutionary action, and in both countries the Minister of the Interior, who is national police chief, is a political figure increasingly hated by the workingman. Rome's Demo-Christian governmental newspaper, *Il Popolo*, has just referred by implication to the Italian incumbent by remarking that any Communist spring fever could be handled under present laws, "which will be applied with inexorable severity. Is that clear?"

FOR the nation as a whole, the most gratifying recent event has been the United Nations' ruling that Italy be given, provisionally, the administration of Somaliland. It was the second oldest of Italy's ill-starred colonial possessions, of which Mussolini gained only one and lost all. Unfortunately, Somaliland's administration was handed back to Italy during the week when the Italian Parliament was enjoying the worst fisticuffs of its career, with one deputy biting another and the Communist leader, Palmiro Togliatti, for the first time actually leading his party into battle on the Chamber floor. As the father of *Lex Romana* and as the descendant of the Roman Empire, Rome was profoundly shocked and worried. Aside from the Italian pride inspired by Somaliland, situated inconveniently on the Indian Ocean, the colony's only importance seems to lie in its producing half the incense used in the world. —GENÊT

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SOCIAL NOTE: Hoier told the Woman Pays Club about Grinnell, Iowa, where he once was stopped by a mustached man who asked if he was one of the students at the college. "No. I'm an actor. I've worked with James O'Neill," the young actor proudly replied. "Oh, I knew another actor, John Drew," said the man. "And I knew Majeska, too."—*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

You mean when she was playing at the Modjestic Theatre?

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[*Eleanore King in the Journal-American*]

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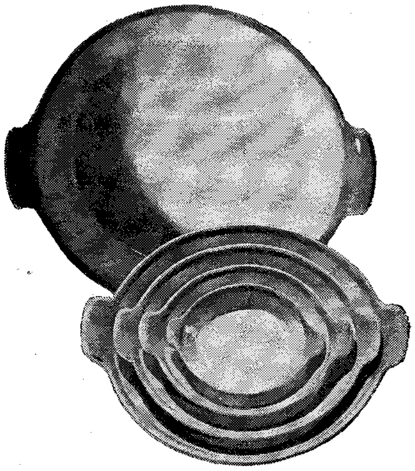

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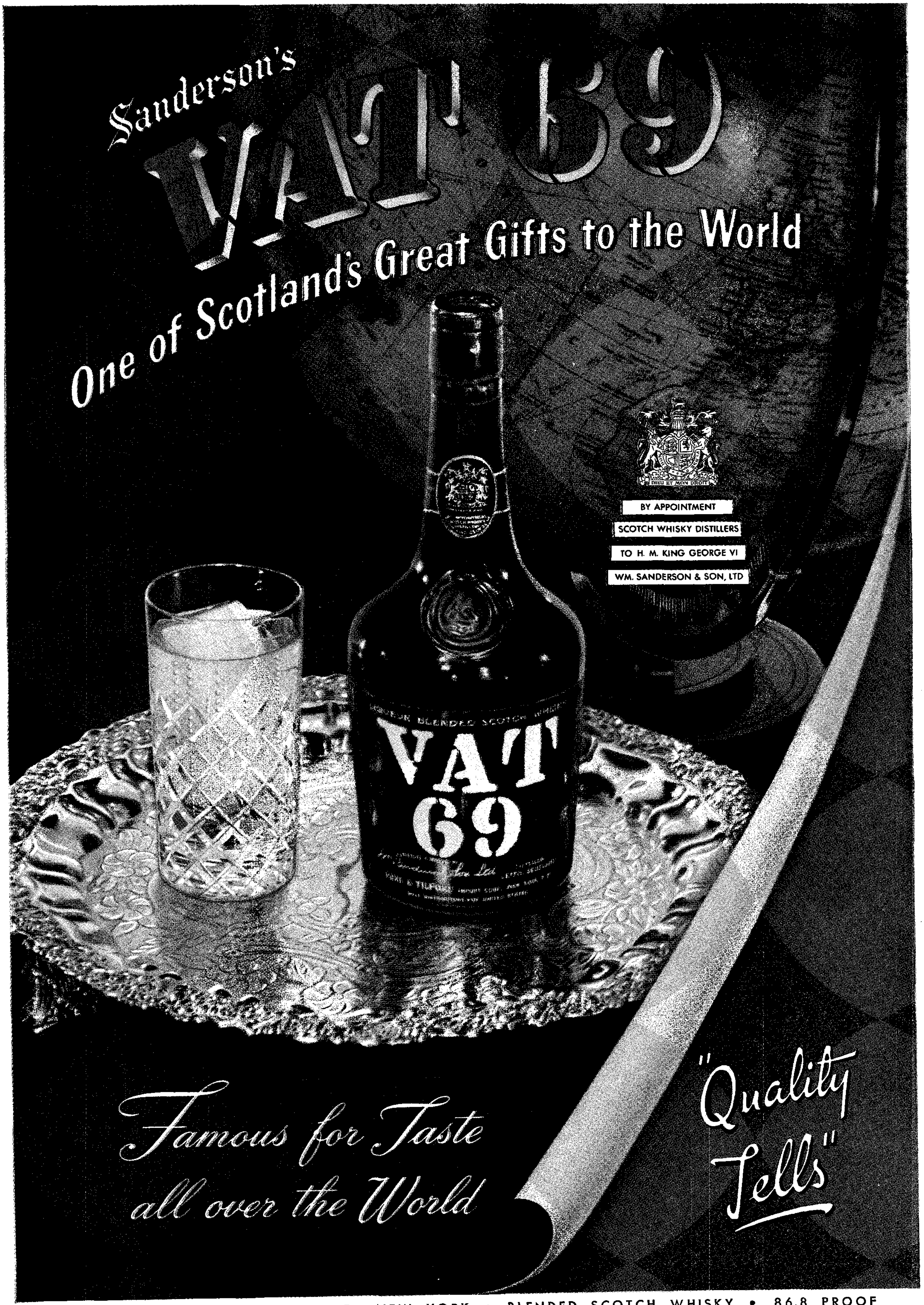
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NEW YORK CITY,
FEBRUARY 17, 1950

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

I HAVE often been struck, as Mr. Rovere was in "Farewell, John Knox" (which appeared in your issue of February 18th), with the local clergy's use of three-decker names as a sign of status. Although one finds examples of the same thing here and there in other professions, the custom seems to be—in our day, at least—in vogue principally among ecclesiastics. In politics, it is generally felt that the simpler a name is, the better. Distinction and, when it is possible, alliteration are valued (Wilson and Coolidge discarded their given names, Thomas and John, in order to achieve these), and there is a widespread feeling that the voters regard a triple name as a piece of swank. The last President to use three names was William Howard Taft, hardly a darling of the masses. Journalists had a good deal of fun with Harding's Gamaliel, but the President himself was embarrassed by it and never used it. Politicians favor short, simple names not only for their supposed effect on the public but because they fit conveniently in headlines and on ballots. The sign of real status in public life is, of course, to be identifiable merely by initials—F.D.R., for example.

Literary men, theatrical people, and sports figures are also partial to brevity and simplicity. There is a slight tendency toward triple names in the higher echelons of the bar (John Foster Dulles, Lloyd Paul Stryker, George Wharton Pepper, Arthur Garfield Hays) and of education (Nicholas Murray Butler, Harry Woodburn Chase, James Bryant Conant), but the practice doesn't characterize either lawyers or educators, as it does clergymen. Professor Henry Steele Commager recently pointed to the multiplication of names as a sign of group snobbery and "preoccupation with genealogy" among certain classes in this country, but who is Henry Steele Commager to talk? Of course, a good many women who have married after they achieved reputations under their maiden names are triple-deckers, but this makes perfectly good sense in terms of public relations.

AS one who takes great pleasure in making mountains out of molehills, I have occasionally tried to find out

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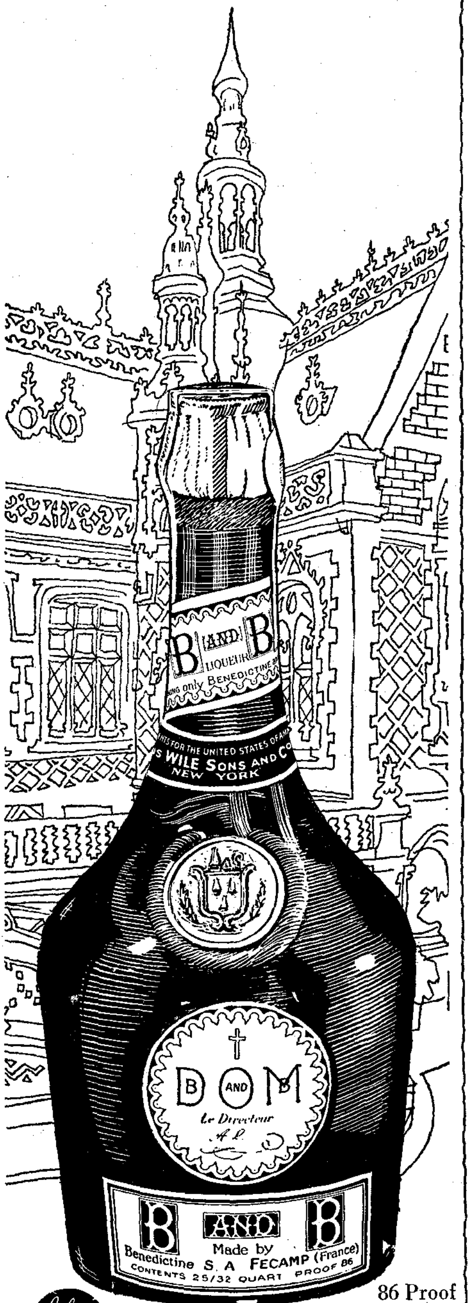
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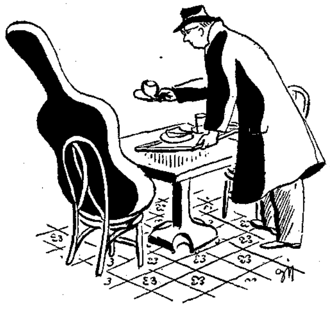
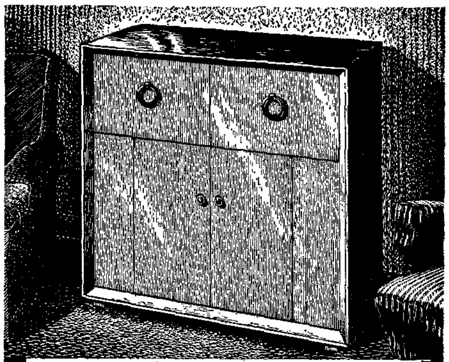
how the clergy got that way. I can't say I've succeeded, but I've learned a thing or two in trying. So far as I have been able to tell, the only other well-known group of people customarily referred to by all three names are nineteenth-century American writers. Consider the examples of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, James Fenimore Cooper, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Greenleaf Whittier, William Cullen Bryant, Edgar Allan Poe, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Dean Howells, Richard Henry Dana, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Charles Dudley Warner, Charles Eliot Norton, George William Curtis, Thomas Holley Chivers. The only two-name men are Melville, Hawthorne, Irving, Whitman, and James, none of whom *had* middle names. In this, incidentally, the minority of writers were like the majority of Americans. Middle names were rare in the nineteenth century. Of the first seventeen Presidents, only three—J. Q. Adams, W. H. Harrison, and J. K. Polk—had more than two names. One wonders what kind of foresight the parents of the literary men had!

The really odd thing about the nineteenth-century writers, however, is that in their own time they were seldom known by three names. Nowadays, if a critic alluded to the work of James Cooper, he would provoke a good deal of head-scratching. But in Cooper's day he was known either as James or as Fenimore, never as James Fenimore. No publisher today would think of bringing out an edition of Poe except under some such title as "A Treasury of Edgar Allan Poe." Poe, though, was known to himself, his friends, and his contemporary readers as plain Edgar Poe, or sometimes as Edgar A. Poe, his habitual signature. For his scurrilous essay "A Chapter on Autography," Poe collected the signatures of most of his contemporaries. Longfellow was Henry W., Holmes was O. W., Whittier was J. G., Dana was Richard H., Bryant was W. C. Emerson apparently disliked the name Ralph, and hardly ever used it. He signed himself either





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R. W. or R. Waldo and was known to his friends as Waldo. All the early editions of Howells are signed W. D. His magazine pieces were generally signed William Howells. Lowell always signed himself J. R.

How all these names came to us in their present elephantine form, I have been completely unable to discover. I suspect, however, that it was the work of some fancy-pants literary historians—inspired, perhaps, by the elegance of Percy Bysshe Shelley, William Makepeace Thackeray, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Sincerely,
MARK MEGAN

•

THE JUDICIAL MIND AT WORK

[*From Harbison v. J. A. Little & Son, 46 Ga. App. 468, 167 S. E. 926*]

Where, upon the call for hearing of a motion to reinstate a dismissed motion for a new trial, counsel representing the movant in the motion to reinstate moved for a continuance of the hearing on the motion to reinstate, upon the ground that the call of the motion to reinstate was not made at the usual time for the hearing of such motions in accordance with the practice obtaining in the circuit, and that opposing counsel had only the day before indicated to counsel for movant that opposing counsel preferred to wait for a hearing until a judge, other than the one holding court and who had called the motion, could hear it, and that therefore counsel for the movant was not prepared for trial, the court did not err in overruling the motion to continue the motion to reinstate and in immediately hearing the motion, where it afterwards appeared, without dispute from the evidence adduced upon the hearing, that counsel for the movant on the motion to reinstate conceded that the movant, who was the movant in the motion for a new trial and was the defendant in the main case, had consented to a settlement which had been negotiated by counsel for the plaintiff and other counsel who had represented the movant in the motion for a new trial, and had consented to a dismissal of the motion for a new trial, and that the only issue presented for determination was whether counsel for the movant in the motion to reinstate, whose fee was contingent upon a successful determination of the case, had agreed to permit the counsel associated with him in the motion for a new trial, and who had been associated with him in the trial of the main case, to negotiate with counsel for the plaintiff a settlement of the litigation, and therefore by implication to dismiss the motion for a new trial.

•

Louis J. Bostelman, who is the conductor, and his wife, Viola Player, are among the five husband and wife player groups in the unit.—*Newark Star-Ledger.*

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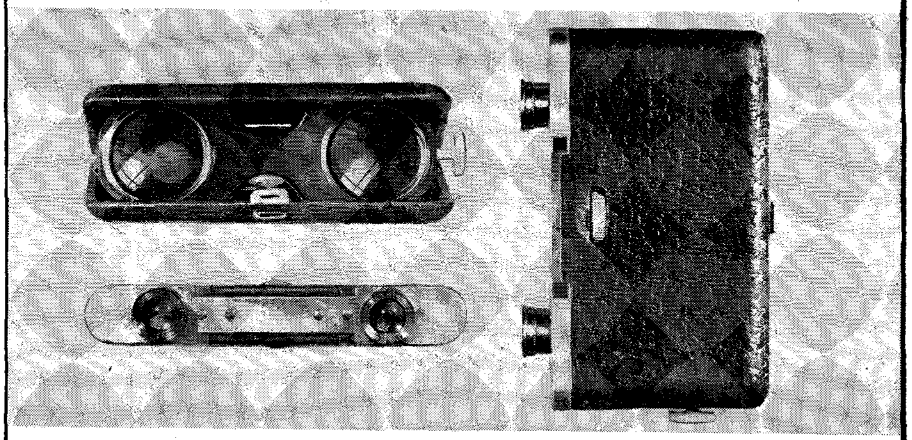

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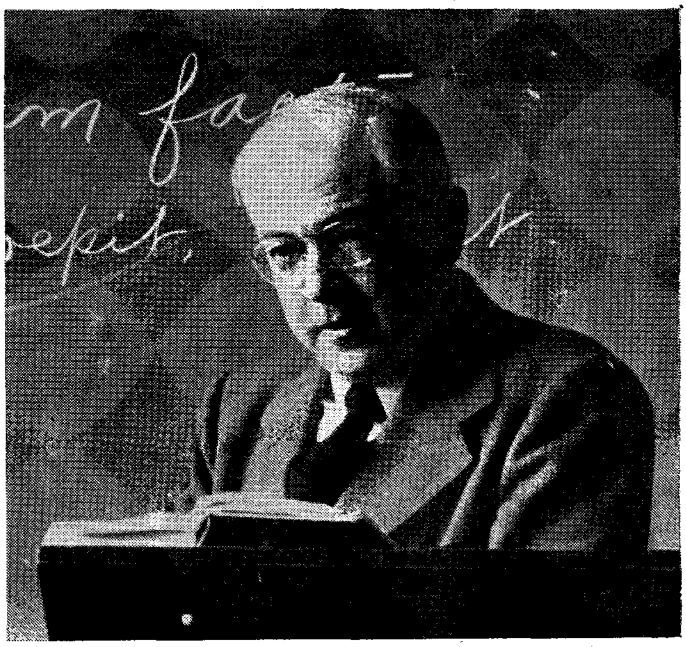
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This reader may be the successful businessman, the club car type. Or he may be the tweedy sophisticate. Or the sportsman. Or the housewife. Or the lovelorn. Or the intellectual. Or the career girl.

What type are LIFE's text-pieces aimed at?

No special type, frankly. They aren't written for any particular taste, bank account or viewpoint.

In fact, there's just one requisite for a LIFE text-piece. We insist only that it be, in our opinion, good.

> If you take a random look through issues of LIFE published in recent years, you'll find, for example, a piece on Lincoln, by Stefan Lorant; a piece on animals, by James Thurber; a piece on communism, by Arthur Koestler; a piece on Bernard Maybeck, by Winthrop Sargeant; a piece on atomic weapons, by Vannevar Bush; a piece on Princess Margaret Rose, by Robert Coughlan; a piece on the Catholic Church, by Evelyn Waugh; "Crusade in Europe," by General Eisenhower; a piece on baseball, by Joe DiMaggio; the war memoirs of Winston Churchill; and a piece on Roosevelt, by Hamilton Basso.

And so it goes. LIFE has a tremendous *variety* of text-pieces. They vary in subject matter, style, authorship, and point of view.

In this connection, we might add that we've never been impressed by the idea of "reader research"—that is, buttonholing a cross section of our readers to find out who reads what and why.

Though some magazines set great store by this sort of thing, we've always felt it would just cramp our style. We're afraid that instead of trying to turn out the best possible text-pieces, we'd be too busy checking over the returns and hammering everything into the mold most likely to attract a lot of readers.

If that were our goal, you can safely bet we wouldn't run text-pieces on such subjects as Maurice Utrillo, Artur Rubinstein, and the Renaissance man.

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THE ART GALLERIES

Masters, Mixed

THIS week's fare, a rich one, consists mostly of Masters, some Modern, some Old, and some in between, with the Metropolitan Museum's "Art Treasures from the Vienna Collections" (Old Masters here) heading the list. Despite the size and the sumptuousness of the Museum's presentation (there are just over three hundred items, of which one hundred and thirty-two are paintings, and the hanging and other arrangements are extremely well considered), I confess to some disappointment. Neither in scope nor in quality does it compare with the Army's exhibition of paintings from the Berlin museums—shown, also at the Metropolitan, about two years ago—and I can't help feeling that the selection must be partly at fault. Vienna has, or had, some excellent primitives and some excellent early Dutch and Flemish paintings. But these and others are either scamped or omitted entirely, and the show is so heavily weighted on the side of the Late Renaissance and Baroque periods as to appear strangely—and, I'm afraid, a bit tiresomely—one-sided. This is not to say, of course, that the show doesn't offer a great many striking and beautiful paintings. The first room that one enters is a jewel, containing, among other things, the lovely, sensuous "The Bath of Diana," by Palma Vecchio and the even more voluptuous "Jupiter and Io," by Correggio, as well as a fine, ruddy "Saint Jerome," by Dosso Dossi, and the intricate and colorful "The Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand Christians under King Sapor of Persia," by Albrecht Dürer. Scattered through the rest of the collection are other exceptional items—the Vermeer "The Artist in His Studio" (now as famous for the fact that Hitler paid two million eight hundred thousand marks to acquire it to put in the museum he planned to erect in honor of his mother, in Linz, as it is for its serene accuracy and brilliance of painting); the Rembrandt "Portrait of the Artist," done in his later years, and his portrait of his son Titus, called "A Youth Reading;" an oddly rustic "Adam and Eve After the Expulsion from Paradise," by Veronese; Jan Steen's exuberant drinking scene called "The World Upside Down;" and a strikingly handled Tintoretto "Susanna and the Elders."

Tintoretto, of course, is Late Renaissance, as is Veronese. Each is represented by seven paintings—not all of them, unfortunately, of equal excellence—while the Baroque division is headed by the fluently composed, though slightly grandiloquent, "The Madonna of the Rosaries," by Caravaggio, and a vigorous "Hannibal with the Head of Hasdrubal," by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. But the impact of both groups is weakened by the inclusion of some definitely minor artists, and one turns in the end with relief from the swirl of draperies and the excited movement of their canvases to some of the smaller sections. Happily, there is plenty there that is rewarding. Like the Berlin show, this one pays more attention to Rubens than we do in this country, and there is a big allegorical "The Four Continents" as well as a brisk "Portrait of the Artist" to help explain why. In addition to the Rembrandts and the Jan Steen, the Dutch section contains a splendid Hals "Portrait of a Member of the Roosterman Family," a sharply outlined "A Family Group," by Pieter de Hooch, and a Ruisdael landscape, "The Great Wood," which, with its airy commingling of sunlight and shadow among massive tree forms, is one of the high spots of the exhibition. I found the much-talked-of tapestries another disappointment (they're mostly sixteenth century and rather flamboyant), but there are a number of items among the small sculptures and objets d'art that are extremely handsome.

AS I've said before, there is a parade of Masters in the galleries. Knoedler has a showing of "Old and Modern Masterpieces," which, though small, is wide in range and exceptionally selective. Starting with a pair of tiny, exquisite paintings by the fifteenth-century Giovanni di Paolo—"Saint John the Baptist" and "Saint Ursula"—it comes on up, through such recent moderns as Rousseau, Gauguin, and van Gogh, to end with a glowingly colorful "Christ and the Poor" by the still-living Rouault. The Rousseau, a rarely exhibited blue-and-rose study of a tropical landscape, called "Flamingos," is a particularly engaging specimen, and before that one has a delightful Daumier "Don Quichotte et Sancho Pança," two nice portraits by Hals (the "Elizabeth van der Meeren," with her shrewd, weather-beaten face, stiff white ruff, and white cap, is especially attractive), and, even farther back, a meticulously painted "Portrait of a Duke of Saxony," by Lucas Cranach the Elder. The real prize of the show, though, is the Titian "Endymion and His Flock." Painted early in his career and done mainly in soft browns and yellows, it has a dreamlike quality that is truly poetic.

AT the Sidney Janis, the subject is "Twentieth Century Old Masters," which suggests that artists nowadays, like so many other things, age more quickly than they used to. The list includes such leaders of the modern school as Braque (a fine, delicately handled abstract blond still life called "Bach"), Juan Gris (see his brightly colored, compact "La Dame au Café"), a gay little Paul Klee ("Plan for the Strawberry Inn"), and others. I was also especially interested by the Marcel Duchamp "Chess Players" and the Matisse "Le Chasseur de Papillons." Both are early paintings—1910 and 1907, respectively—and they're important, I think, for the sidelights they cast on the men's later development.

THERE'S another group exhibition, not of Masters this time (or not labelled as such), at the Kootz. In a slightly haphazard way, it's a theme show, called "Black or White"—the idea being, apparently, that each painting should be predominantly in either the one or the other tonality. There are exceptions, however, the major one being the smolderingly red and very powerful "Woman Lying Down," by Picasso. Of the others, I liked particularly the Hans Hofmann "Germania No. 2" (a stiff-backed, goose-stepping figure), Bradley Tomlin's grayish, lilting "Cadence in Stillness," and the large and majestically conceived "Granada," by Robert Motherwell.

—Robert M. Coates

•

THAW

In time the snowman always dies,
As even children realize
And do not mourn his sad demise.
In April, when he's long been gone
And I begin to mow the lawn,
The blades will crack his big black eyes.

—Walker Gibson

•

Still, he himself abdicated for love. But a lot of water has run over the dame since fateful 1936.—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

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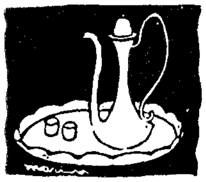
RAWLINGS

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

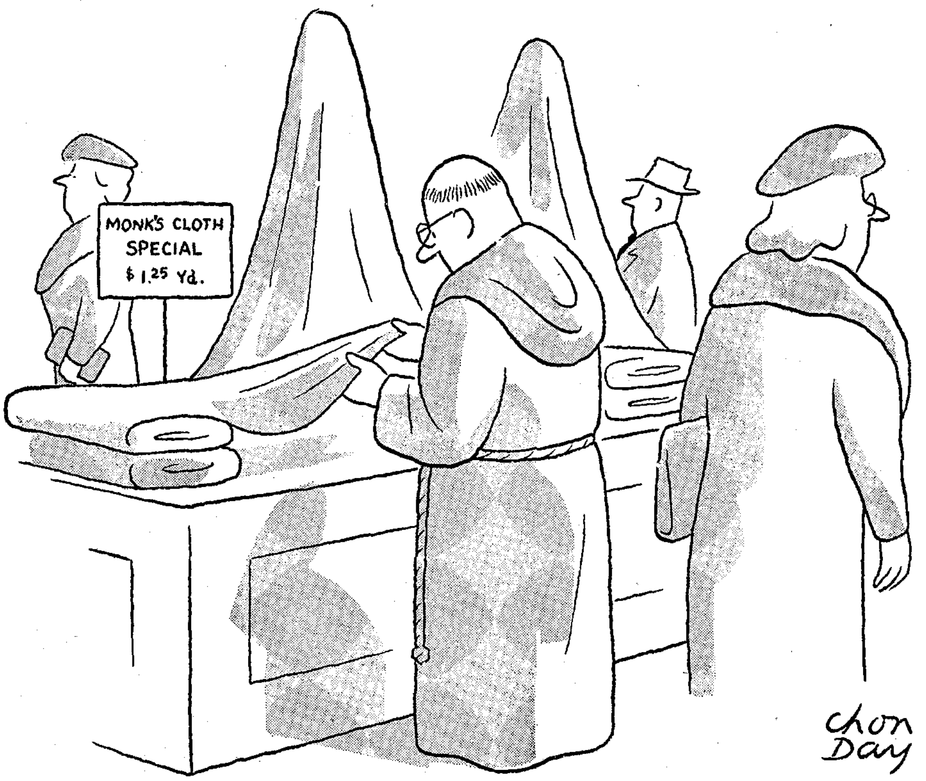


SINCE both manufacturers and decorators seem determined to treat household furniture as if it were millinery, offering us spring styles in tables and chairs and midwinter fashions in writing desks, I should like to point out, before the new household modes are upon us and the old pieces are whisked away to some limbo of dowdiness, a few modest objects that, because of their very unpretentiousness, have an appeal that may outlast that of the emphatically modish.

"*Facile à porter*" is a phrase that French milliners love to apply to the little hat that goes with anything, doesn't have to be lived up to, and retains indefinitely a style of its own; the same phrase might be used to describe some unostentatious, extremely livable pieces that have arrived at the Piazza, which is the retail end of the House of Italian Handicrafts, at 217 East 49th Street. The factory at Chiavari, near Genoa, that sent us, a year or so ago, the delightful rush-bottom side chair that has become so popular obliges now with a number of tables and chairs; for good sense, good looks, and agreeable price tags, they leave nothing to be desired. Most of the chairs incorporate the likable qualities of their predecessor; that is to say, they are extraordinarily light in weight as well as in appearance, they are admirably constructed, and they fit with ease into almost any scheme of decoration. A new and altogether charming feature is the use in many of the seats of something called Indian cane, which looks not like cane at all but like the straw used for women's fine summer hats. The stuff is, I am told, endlessly durable, in spite of its apparent fragility, and it certainly lends a formal elegance to the furniture. A particularly pleasing chair, with a seat of rush instead of the cane, is made of natural beech, a pale wood notable for its handsome grain, and has a narrow, graceful back; it costs $20. One in Italian cherry has the Indian-cane seat and a back that resembles that of a Louis XVI chair; it is $45, and the same chair is also available in a darker color, known as cordovan. A rush-bottom, armless model with such a deep seat that it is practically an easy chair comes in natural beech, has a slatted back, and is priced at $16.50; it is very good-looking, but it lacks the startling lightness that is a virtue of the other straight chairs. The only variation on the cane or rush embellishment in this group is in a small, delightfully prim number that has a thickly upholstered seat; in muslin, it costs $40. Among the more important, or at least larger, pieces, there is a deep easy chair of pale birch with a seat of plaited raffia and a broad back that, because of the way raffia has been woven over slats, has the appearance of being tufted. It's an exceptionally comfortable chair, and one that would lend cheerfulness and grace to either a bedroom or a living room; it costs $60, and can also be had painted black.

Whether or not it's because our generation is a restless one, not much given to just sitting, the fact is that tables seem more continually in demand than chairs, so the standing public should be pleased to learn that there are at the Piazza a variety of lovely and serviceable tables at reasonable prices. One of them, which could easily be used as a breakfast table, or, indeed, for informal dining for two people, is of Italian cherry in a rich golden finish, with four delicate legs that unite in a central shaft near the base and splay out to support the top; the price is $65. Another, which could serve the same purposes but was probably designed to take care of ordinary living-room flotsam and jetsam—books, magazines, and so on—is of natural beech, very blond and satiny, with a round top thirty-one and a half inches in diameter and four spidery legs caught together in the middle and radiating gracefully toward the top and bottom. A lower version of this, for cocktails or coffee, of the same pale wood and with a top of the same dimensions, costs $58; the higher table is $75, and a round, matching end table, twenty-one and a half inches in diameter, is $30.

ONE of the neatest, most fetching bits of furniture that have turned up lately for the comfort and adornment of the informally decorated home is a combination desk-and-dining-table of light birch, designed by Louis Gardner and sold at New Design, 33 East 75th Street. The top surface of this pretty and highly practical arrangement is forty-eight by twenty-seven inches—roomy enough for either four diners or the average disorganized desk worker. Fitting beneath one side of the table is a three-drawer filing cabinet of matching wood, which looks as if it were part of the construction of the desk but can be rolled out with very little effort—a slight kick will do it—leaving a dining table with unencumbered leg space. The top of the table is



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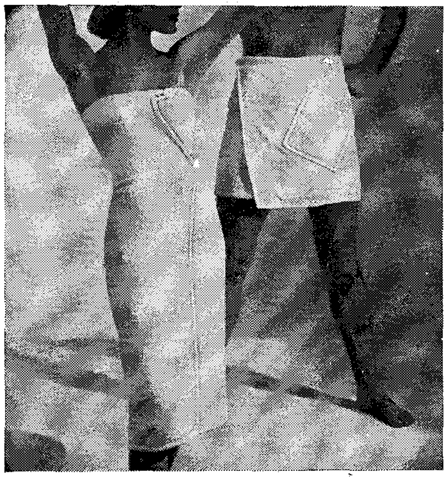

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linoleum, in unusually effective shades—powder blue, dark gray, or olive—set in a two-inch band of the pale birch. The price is $125 for the complete arrangement; the two pieces are also sold separately, the cabinet at $86 and the table at $40. A less versatile table, only fourteen inches high, with a butcher's-block top of solid birch and sawbuck legs of black-enamelled metal, costs $98.

A REALLY superior line of knocked-downs, which includes a desk, three tables, a cabinet, a wardrobe, and a bookcase, is being put out by Walter Blum, at 230 Fifth Avenue (27th). It should be of much interest to householders looking for well-made inexpensive furniture, and it should be just as interesting to frustrated home carpenters, of whom there seem to be an awful lot. Not that there is much carpentry involved in the assembling of these things, but it does give one a sense of achievement to produce an object as enduring as a table from anything as unpromising as a package of assorted lumber. A new trick in the construction of the furniture is the creation of a double dovetail joint wherever two sections are put together. A grooved length of solid maple fits into the joint, and when glue is applied, a hard-and-fast binding is assured. The designs of the seven pieces are carefully restrained; even legs and tabletops, those points most vulnerable to eccentricity, are obviously the work of a conscientious man of considerable taste. All the pieces are made of white poplar, with a maple or birch veneer; they are sold in the natural state and no finisher is provided, but a couple of samples in Mr. Blum's office that have been properly finished demonstrate that the final appearance of the wood is excellent. The lowest-priced item is a small and rather ordinary bookcase, at $16; the most expensive, and the handsomest, is a low wardrobe, at $87, in which, behind sliding doors, there are six drawers and a bar for hanging suits or children's clothes. Between these price limits there is a honey of a little desk ($64), with a sliding typewriter shelf, two shallow drawers, and a filing drawer that will hold legal-size papers. In addition to the component lumber, each packaged unit contains a can of Weldwood glue, a brush, some sandpaper, and easy-to-follow directions for assembling and for applying different types of finish.

ANOTHER purveyor of kit-packed furniture is Klaus Grabe, who has set up shop at 730 Lexington Avenue (59th), where he shows a collection of what the trade loves to call "modular" pieces, meaning units that supplement or fit each other. The Grabe line includes twenty pieces, some of which are quite pleasing. Since I am unable to admire the flat, angular legs bestowed on the tables, the stools, the chairs, and the chaise longue, I prefer the legless pieces—a birch cabinet, six feet long and twenty-nine inches high, with walnut sliding doors ($65), and a twenty-four-inch-long chest ($29.85)—and a webbed couch ($27.75), the legs of which are so low that they don't much matter. Two of the chests combine with a—well, modular top ($12) to make a first-rate knee-hole desk or dressing table. You can walk out of the shop with a kit containing all the parts of any unit, step-by-step directions for putting them together, glue, nails, screws, sandpaper, Plastic Wood, and, wherever called for, a good quality of webbing in red, gray, green, gold, or black. A living-room chair, for instance, fits into a tidy, manageable carton that weighs no more than a morning's marketing at the A. & P. Now it only remains for somebody to put up furniture in tins—or has it already been done?

I DARESAY I am being absurd in holding out against the trend toward bringing wrought iron into the house, especially when, as in the case of some formal iron furniture designed by Tommi Parzinger and shown at Bloomingdale, the designer has obviously struggled intelligently with an unrewarding medium. One of the Parzinger pieces—a six-foot mottled black-marble shelf on a delicately fashioned iron frame ($250)—might be used very effectively as a sideboard in a formal dining room, and a deep, extraordinarily comfortable armless easy chair ($150), with foam-rubber cushions almost entirely hiding the iron frame, would go well in any dressed-up living room. As for the more ornate designs, where the grillwork oversteps the bounds of mere support, I am afraid they reflect only a rather florid inelegance.

WHAT are certainly among the most beautiful floor coverings ever to be exhibited here are some Swedish hand-loomed wool rugs designed by Sigvard Bernadotte and sold at Lord & Taylor. Mr. Bernadotte is unquestionably committed to the more classical Swedish design, which he handles with felicitous imagination, and the patterns have none of the gay coziness that one usually associates with Scandinavian decoration. Most of the rugs have geometric or abstract patterns sculptured in a high and incredibly soft pile, set against a closely woven flat surface. The colors of the high-relief pile run to entrancing shades of violet, gray-blue, and rose, and the backgrounds are of oatmeal, white, or beige. I can't think of any room, modern or old-fashioned, that wouldn't be the handsomer for these rugs; to give you an idea of the price, one that measures five by nine feet is $155. Mr. Bernadotte has designed some inexpensive cotton rugs, too ($26.50 for a three-by-five-foot specimen), but alongside the wool beauties they don't look like much. Lord & Taylor have a number of both kinds in stock, and others can be ordered for delivery in two months.

IF you have a between-seasons drapery problem on your mind, or a modern chair to be upholstered, you should by all means have a look at some captivating, admirably unassuming hand-printed fabrics designed by Benjamin Baldwin and William Machado, and sold at New Design and, through decorators, by John C. Milne, at 18 East 53rd Street. Most of these materials are of Belgian or Irish linen, and all are forty-eight inches wide without their broad selvage. One of the Irish linens, at $7.50 a yard, has a small all-over pattern, called Barrel Heads, of various-sized circles, some of which are casually filled in with a dot, a line, or a squiggle. The pattern comes in either rust, navy, or brown, on a natural background—nothing startlingly original, but you have no idea how exactly and cheerfully *right* this fabric looks on contemporary chairs and sofas. An engaging Belgian linen, at $6.50 a yard, has a freehand design, vaguely suggestive of small balloons (the name of the pattern is Carnival), on squares; you can get it in yellow, gray, and brown, in three shades of green, or in turquoise and chartreuse. An Irish linen called Flight (annoying as these names are, they are much more descriptive than the fancy labels designers usually think up) is a striking composition of airy, floating forms in gray, mustard, or navy, on an unbleached ground; used for draperies, this one would do much to give a room lightness and movement. It is $7.50 a yard. The only non-linen fabric in the group is a raw silk, on which there is an arrangement of stray pine needles that appear to have fallen by accident into a pattern of widely spaced stars; it has a lot of style. This

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is available in black and mustard, chartreuse and green, or mustard and yellow, and costs $8 a yard.

A TREATISE that has to do with housefurnishings that are easy to live with and, by implication, easy to pay for is perhaps no place to bring up the upholstery and drapery materials hand-woven by Abbie Blum, of 142 East 32nd Street, and sold through decorators, but there's no doubt that the studio is worth knowing about. Unlike most handmade decorator fabrics, these are entirely of rayon and cotton—no wools or linens—and where metallic thread is used, it is introduced with great restraint and taste. The weaving itself is incredibly fine, and done in intricate patterns, some of which look like damask and others like needlepoint. The fabrics are all made to order and can be bought in any length desired ($21.75 and up a yard). Mrs. Blum takes especial delight in weaving curtains with deep bands of loop fringe at the top or the bottom, elaborate swags to match, and things of that kind; these usually cost around $150 a pair. If you have windows you think are worthy of such grandeur, you should certainly examine specimens of this unusual weaving. At the same workroom are to be seen beautiful, and very original, window blinds of rattan reed and strips of peeled bamboo, woven together with cotton and rayon yarn to match any color scheme you have in mind. These shades are also made to order, and cost $3.75 and up a square foot, but in case you are worrying over having to lay out an extra two bits for the cord and the screws, let me mention that these items are handsomely included in the price. —S. H.

•

TAXE TALE

(FROM THE OLD ENGLISH)

Lucre is icumen in,
  Lhude sing W-2!
Longe forme, and shorte forme,
  And cometh the monie nu—
  Sing W-2!

T-men striveth to finde fault,
  Seeketh after income newe,
Checke and double-checke make,
  To catchen warie thu.

W-2, W-2, T-men praiseth thu, W-2.
  Ne faile thu, naver nu.
  Sing W-2, nu, sing income tru,
  Sing W-2, ne refunde, nu!

—KENNETH WOOD

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Loose on the Sicilian Prairie

"MAFIA," an Italian film, explores the workings of the secret society that has made the island of Sicily as lively a place as our own Cicero used to be before the law and paresis caught up with Al Capone. According to a foreword describing the origins of the outfit, it was noble in motive when it got under way, in the sixteenth century. Being a bit remote from the centers of textbook law, the local bloods of Sicily apparently decided to set up their own system of justice. Obviously, the kind of law dished out under this scheme was fairly erratic compared with the Blackstone variety, and presently the Mafia developed into a band of outlaws. Their leader in the picture is represented as a present-day Mediterranean Robin Hood, clad in Palermo sportswear rather than Lincoln green. To bring this chap and his merry grape-treaders around to accepting a forensic code a little less unorthodox than their own, a young judge is dispatched to the island from the mainland, and pretty soon good guys and bad guys are charging all over the place, just as they do in our Westerns. There's more realism here, though, and also more violence and confusion. The leading menace of the piece, a sort of Latin Sheriff of Nottingham, is a baron who is a lot worse than the boys in the Mafia, since he is not only a crook but a thoroughgoing cad in his relations with his wife, whom he married strictly for cash. Instead of encouraging this lady in what she likes to do most—playing the piano—he makes it plain that he can't stand her music, preferring the wild squeal of the native ocarina. This makes her moody, until she gets a look at the handsome young visiting jurist. Such romantic stuff, however, is never permitted to interrupt the over-all uproar, which includes such familiar touches as the hero's dramatic entry into a barroom, where the customers are slugging down *grappa* the way our cowhands slug down whiskey.

Directed by Pietro Germi, the film was photographed in Sicily, and with great skill, too. As the judge who brings enlightenment to the island, Massimo Girotti is excellent, and Jone Salinas, as the baron's wife, is both capable and good to look upon.

IN "A Royal Affair," a French picture, Maurice Chevalier demonstrates conclusively that age and custom will never wither or stale him, any more than they have his onetime partner Mistinguett. Jaunty in manner and voice, he makes the most of his opportunities, but there are long and tedious stretches during which the picture ignores him completely to develop an intricate plot of the sort that so often accompanies operettas. The plot in question has to do with some upper-echelon political monkeyshines in the French Republic of the eighties, which somehow wind up with a leading senator's being indefatigably cuckolded. The film is firm in its conviction that all French men are devils at heart and all French women overly accessible. As a visiting king from a place called Cerdania, M. Chevalier is even more devilish than the local lads. After the second or third seduction, however, I began to feel that enough was enough.

"MOTHER DIDN'T TELL ME" presents Dorothy McGuire as a doctor's wife who can't grasp the fact that the old man's errands of mercy are bound to keep him away from home a good bit of the time. Miss McGuire switches about as nervously as a squirrel, but nothing comes of it. Nothing comes of anything in "Mother Didn't Tell Me."

—JOHN McCARTEN

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THE SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY

which is the abridgement of the parent work, officially authorized by the Delegates of the Oxford University Press, is available as the best possible substitute for those who need a good dictionary. Its method reflects exactly that of the principle work.—*Adv. of the Oxford University Press in the Toronto Saturday Night.*

And guess who needs a good dictionary!

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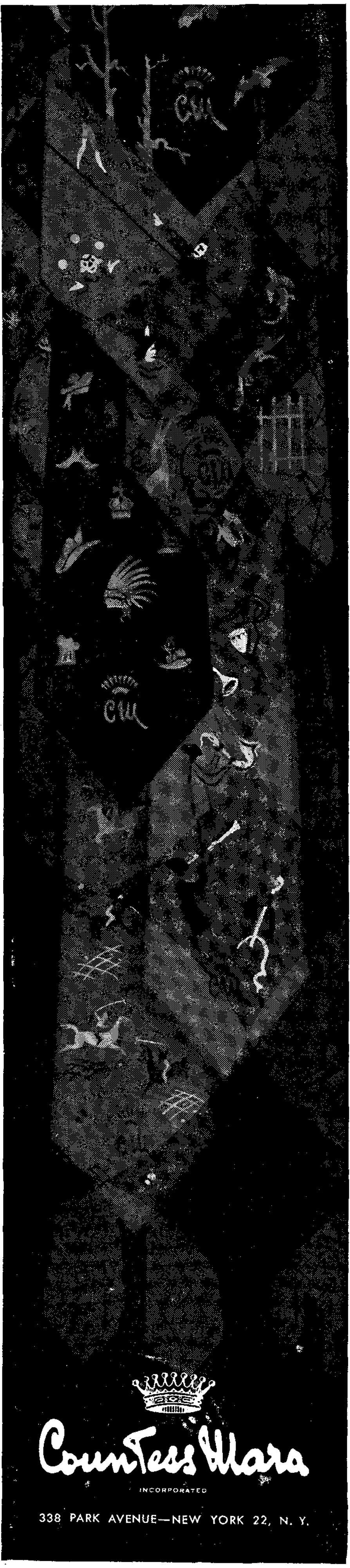
DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[From the Authors' League News]

The President stated that the Treasurer had reported that the sums contributed by League members to the Investment Pool had been invested in three plays: "South Pacific," "Detective Story," and "Miss Liberty," and that there was a good chance of profit from the operation, both for the League and for the contributing members.



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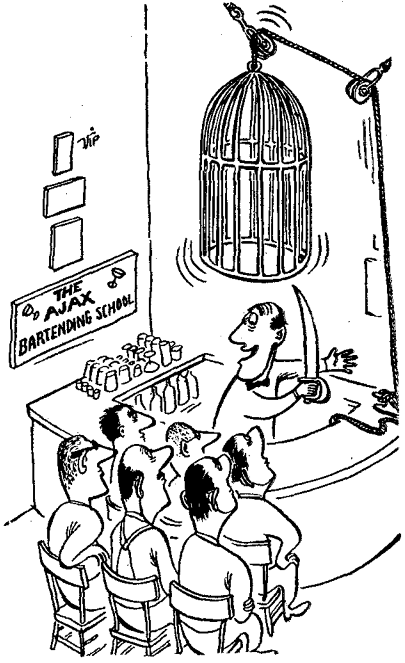

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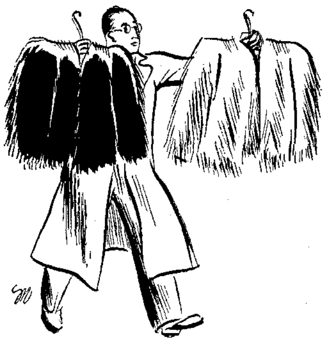
SMALL SPOOK

THERE is a little ghost in my apartment, a ghost eight inches high, not awe-inspiring. It does not materialize and vanish suddenly or glide about in a way that would make me nervous. This apparition haunts a particular corner and—to me, at least—is always visible. It is the spectre of a dear departed and long-lamented porcelain figurine.

A number of years ago, when I was spending my birthday with my mother, she handed me a sandalwood box, ingeniously carved with a complicated tangle of vines, fruit, flowers, dragons, birds, and people. After examining and admiring the fine workmanship and sniffing happily the sweet, spicy odor of the wood, I lifted the lid and saw that the box contained a second gift, nested in tissue paper and cotton wadding. It proved to be a tiny Aphrodite, in frosty white Parian ware. My pleasure in the sandalwood box was surpassed by my delight in the figurine.

This diminutive goddess of classic lineage appeared to have been lightly tapped by the wand of the Renaissance. What she had lost in strength, she had gained in charm. Greece had endowed her with elegant proportions, but the delicate modelling seemed Botticellian, while her dimpled posterior and tender pose and a certain luxuriance of coiffure suggested that she had also been touched by the graceful spirit of eighteenth-century France. Her living counterpart might have posed for Boucher. Thanking my wonderful mother, gloating, I replaced the Aphrodite in the sandalwood box and carried my presents home.

There I selected a suitable spot for the figurine on a low bookcase between the mantelpiece and a window, so that when the sun shone, its rays would fall on her during most of the day. In the evening, a nearby lamp gave her a floodlight. On dark days and at twilight, she radiated beams of her own, like those of a white flower in a dusky garden. In a ray of moonlight, she glowed like the moon itself.



Along her bookcase I grouped selected items that seemed to bear her some affinity: a slender Parian vase, a triton shell, a mother-of-pearl box, a bronze head, a milk-glass bowl, an eighteenth-century miniature in an old French paste frame. It suited my fancy to make her place a shrine. I debated whether or not to take down the painting that hung on the wall above her and hang instead one by Arthur B. Davies, depicting a scene from Greek mythology—the death of Hyacinth. However, the picture already in place there pleaded to remain for the sake of sentiment. Its subject was not in harmony with Aphrodite, being a view of the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, with a group of men and women boarding a bus, but it was the work of a deceased clergyman, a most devout man and a talented artist, who had been a close friend of my family. I recalled with regret his constant concern at my agnosticism. He had made me a present of the picture, and it deserved a place of honor. Moreover, its colors had darkened. It was now hanging where it got the best light, and there, I felt, it must remain.

THE Aphrodite became my most cherished possession. Other ornaments occasionally were allowed to gather dust, but every few days I would fill a pan with hot suds, toss in a dash of household ammonia, and bathe the goddess, scrubbing the crevices with a toothbrush, drying her carefully on a soft towel, replacing her on the shelf in a condition as gleaming and pure as that of her original on the day she rose from the waves. I treasured my Aphrodite more and more as time passed, affection augmenting my admiration of her beauty. I might be said to have come almost to worship this graven image of the pagan goddess in the ensuing years.

One winter night, I was aroused from sleep by a crash. Scuttling out of bed, I ran to the living room and switched on the light. The clergyman's painting had fallen to the floor, carrying the figure of Aphrodite with it. The canvas was sixteen inches by twenty, and the frame was heavy, but, to my relief, I saw that the figurine had miraculously escaped damage and that the picture was also uninjured. The picture nail, the picture hook, and a piece of plaster had come loose from the wall. Next morning, I hammered in another nail, tested the wire, gave an extra twist to the screw eyes in the frame, and rehung

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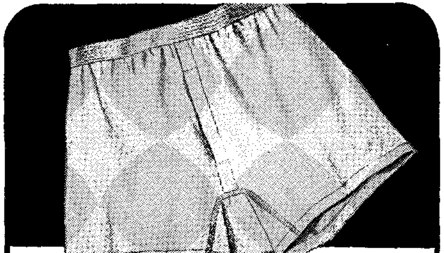

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the picture. I was sure it was safe, but I took the precaution of moving the Aphrodite to a position on the bookcase where nothing hung over her head.

A few weeks later, I was busy in the kitchen when I heard another crash in the living room. The clergyman's picture had fallen down again. A piece of the frame where one of the screw eyes was fastened had splintered away. The picture and frame were otherwise unscathed, but in falling the picture had swung far out to the left, taking a sideswipe at the Aphrodite, knocking her off the shelf, and succeeding this time in breaking the beautiful little thing to bits.

Horrified, I gathered up the pieces. There were about a dozen fragments, and I discovered, by fitting them together tentatively, that there were no crumbs and that nothing was missing. I made a bundle of them, put on a hat and coat, and went uptown to an establishment where they specialize in mending objets d'art.

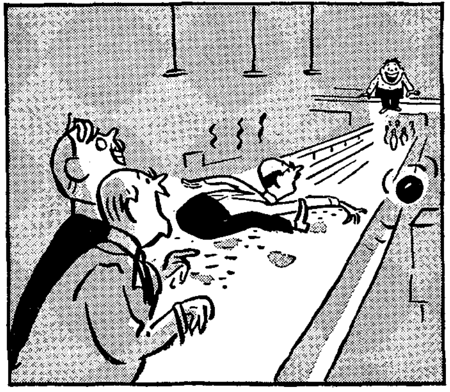
When I entered the shop, two nuns were standing at the counter, bargaining with the woman behind it over the charge for mending the broken hand of a marble Virgin they had brought with them. It was a crude carving, the stone was blotched and yellowish, with a gritty finish that struck me as particularly unpleasant, and the rigid drapery looked as if it had been cut on an assembly line. The figure was about a yard high—a bad size, for it made the sculptor's paucity of imagination glaringly apparent. It was silly, I thought impiously, to spend any money at all on patching up such a rudimentary work.

Notwithstanding, it turned out that the nuns were prepared to spend a good deal in order to have their Virgin repaired, for when the proprietress, becoming impatient and weary, suddenly knocked a dollar off the amount she had named, the sisters agreed at once and bobbed themselves out, nodding and smiling at each other happily.

The woman then gave me her attention, and after poring over the morsels of porcelain and matching them one by one, she finally said that the figurine could be satisfactorily put together. I was so glad to hear this that I never thought to ask her how much it would cost. She said she could not promise to have the work done soon. The war was on. Several of her expert craftsmen had been drafted. I would have to wait my turn. When the job was finished, she would drop me a postcard.

The weeks mounted to months and the months accumulated. From time to

SEVEN YEARS



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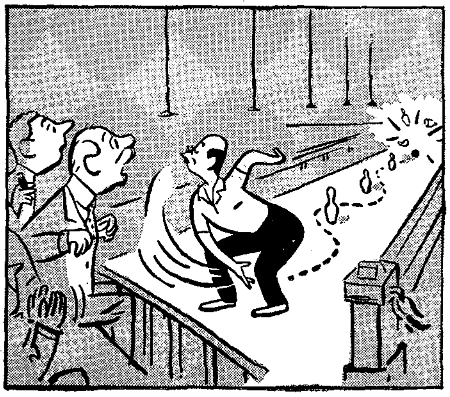

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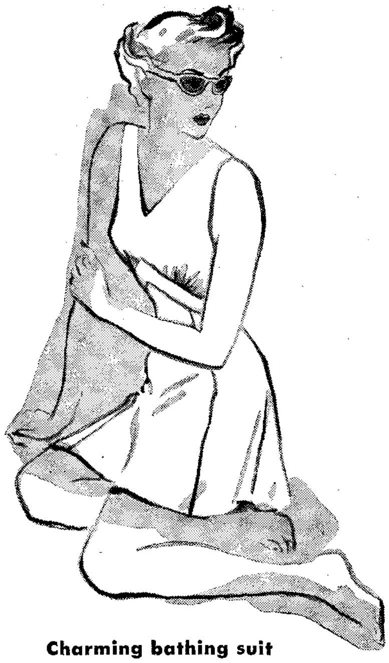

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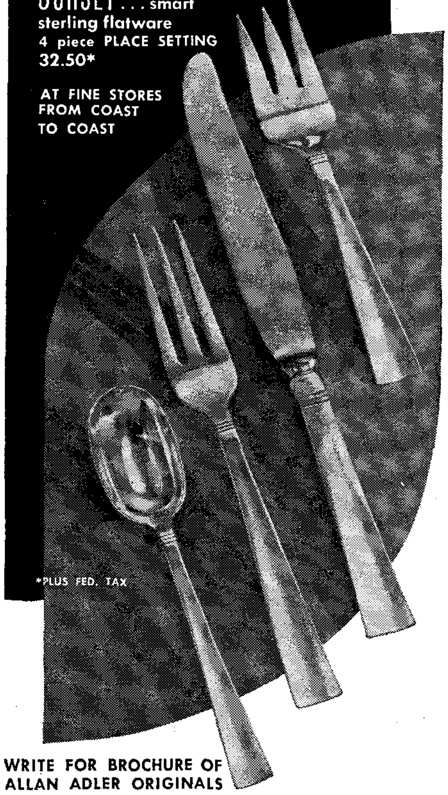
time, I would telephone the shop to ask if any progress had been made, only to be told that as yet no one had been able to attend to my order. During that period, the pleasure I derived from contemplating my living room was marred by the absence of the white figurine. It irked me that the focal point—the motif—of that corner was gone. I mended and rehung the clergyman's picture and rearranged the objects on the bookcase to favor and support the bronze head, but a light had been extinguished.

IT was over fourteen months after I had taken the figurine to be mended when the card at last arrived, notifying me that I might call for it. Card in hand, I gazed at the corner where my Aphrodite would soon be reënsconced, determining to guard her well against any future mishap. Soft morning sunlight flowed through the open window, falling on the clergyman's picture, in its customary position above the bookcase. I am not superstitious, but I cannot claim that sheer reason prompted my next actions. I lifted the picture off the wall and substituted the scene from classical mythology by Arthur B. Davies. Of course, I made certain that the nail, the wire, the screw eyes, and the frame were all in a reliable condition. I was taking no chances with them, although I felt sure that the Davies could be trusted not to have lethal intentions toward the goddess. Then I hastened uptown, taking my checkbook along, as I had no notion of what I would have to pay.

To tell the truth, the job was very expensive, but it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the workman had performed a feat of wizardry. The closest inspection revealed no cracks, seams, or telltale discoloration of the porcelain. Overjoyed, I wrote out a check and watched the woman swathe the Aphrodite in wadding, lay her carefully in a shoe box on a bed of shredded tissue paper, cover her, seal the lid with Scotch Tape, wrap the box in brown paper, and tie it with cord. When she passed me the bundle, I felt as grateful to her as I had felt to my mother years before. I think the woman was rather startled by the fervor of my thanks.

I boarded a bus and got off a block from home. It was nearly spring, and the air was balmy. A man with a little red cart stuffed with bright flowers was standing on the corner. I bought arbutus and a bunch of laurel, and a handful of roses to put in the Parian vase.

Two youths were on the sidewalk,



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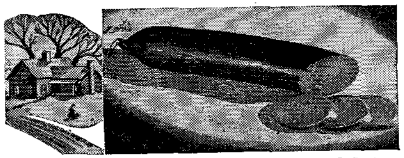

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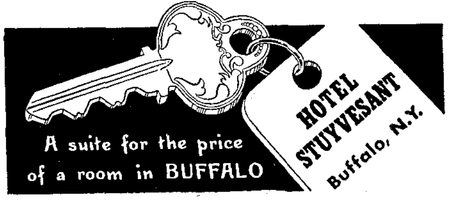

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tossing a baseball back and forth. Approaching, I felt some apprehension, as I always do when boys are being athletic. The ball came fast and hit the parcel I was carrying squarely on the end—a hard, smacking blow.

"Sorry, lady!" one of the boys called to me.

"Lucky it didn't hit *you!*" the other said, retrieving the ball.

"You don't know what you've done!" I shouted despairingly, and ran home, certain already of what had happened.

Sure enough, when I undid the box, all that remained of my precious Aphrodite was a tinkling pile of porcelain fragments. There must have been literally hundreds of tiny chips. I guess it's really true that the God of my fathers is a jealous God.

—Peggy Bacon

•

CHICAGO, LAND OF PLENTY

[*Excerpt from a letter received by the General Works Corporation, Chicago, from a man in Turkey*]

You will recall our conversation while I was in Chicago regarding chastity belts. As I have told you, there has been a demand for these belts here in Turkey especially with the general unrest caused since the war. The ones here are of a rather crude construction and I am writing to the Chicago Chamber of Commerce to make further inquiries about the manufacturer of these belts, who I understand is in Chicago. I forget the name of the gentleman I spoke to at the Chicago office when I was there but I think his name was Dolpe. He told me that they make everything in Chicago and he was certain that a manufacturer could be found.

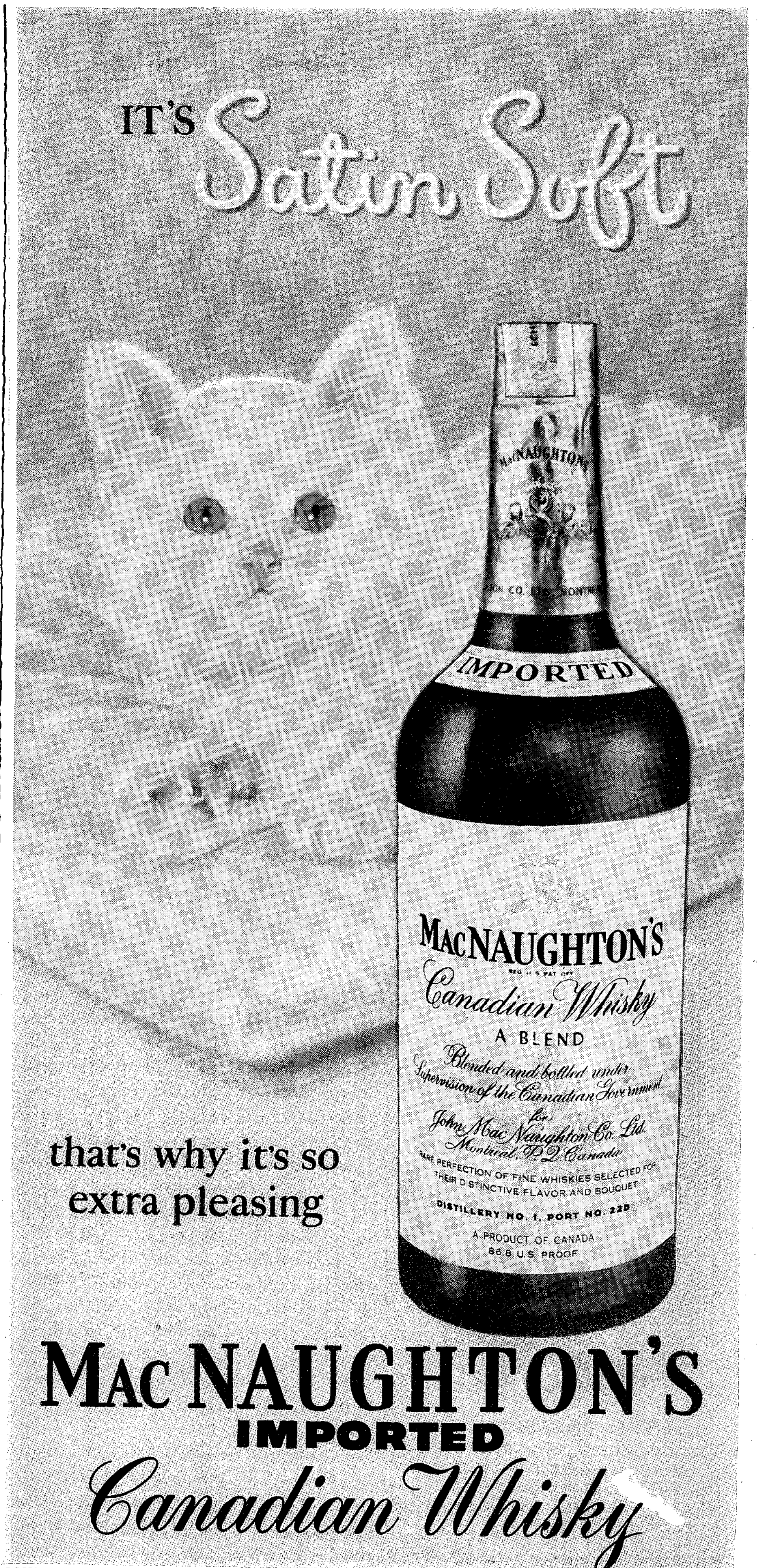
Would you be good enough to look further into the matter and make us an offer on ten gross of these belts c.i.f. Istanbul and send me samples. I am afraid that you did not take my inquiry very seriously. This can be a very interesting business here in Turkey especially if they are of good construction and are made of a light metal with good locks. If this proves as successful here in Turkey as I know they will be, I would urge you to have them made out of silver.

Waiting to hear from you.

•

Debutante—Miss Faith Hanna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul C. Hanna of Framingham, will be able to choose almost any field for her future by the time she graduates from college. An expert marksman, she was riflery counselor at a camp last summer and is spending her work period as a freshman at Bennington College in a real estate office in Wellesley. She was graduated last June from the Beaver Country Day School.—*Boston Herald.*

Well, she could either shoot somebody or sell him a house.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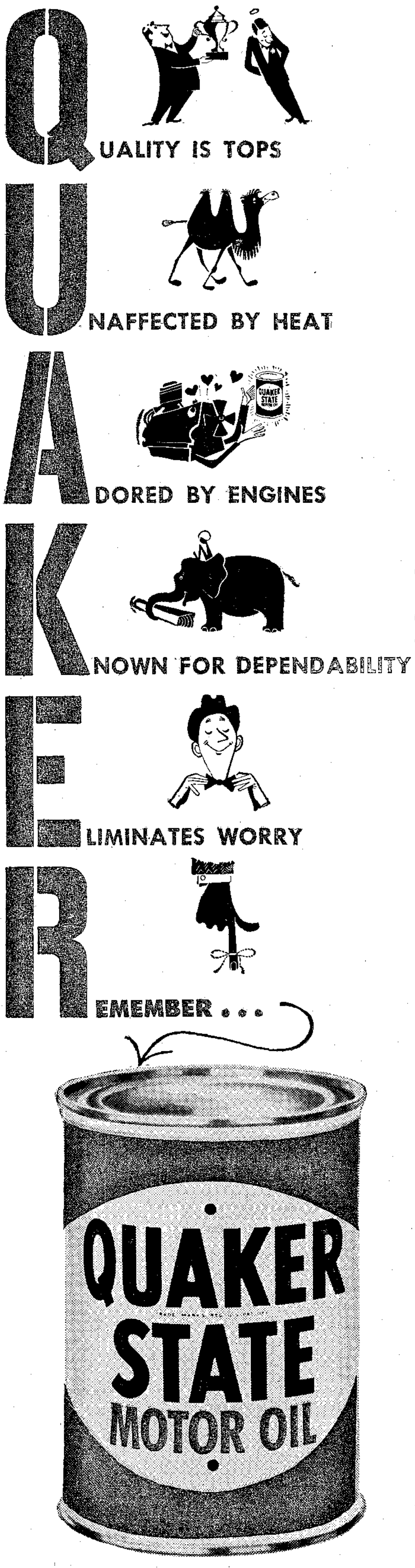

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Larger Than Life

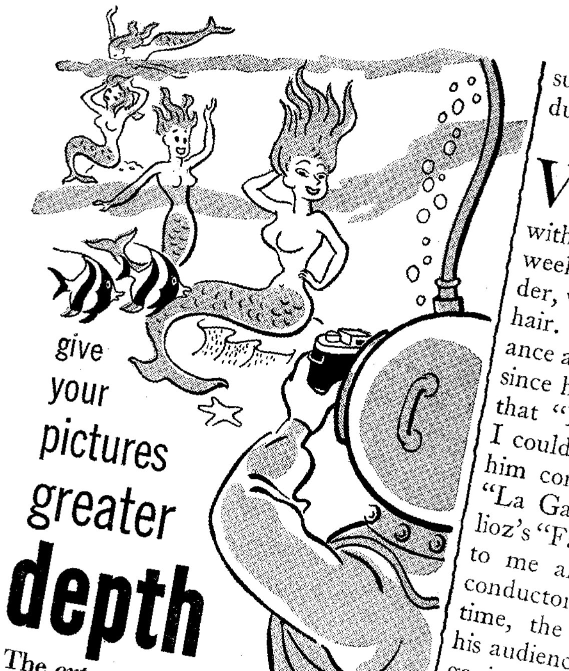
A LIVELY sense of theatre distinguished three of last week's major musical events: Ljuba Welitch's highly charged Tosca, at the Met; Victor de Sabata's fiery début with the Philharmonic-Symphony; and the world première of Frederick Ashton's intensely romantic yet beautifully self-contained ballet "Illuminations." Each of these, in its own medium, was extraordinarily theatrical.

At the City Center, the New York City Ballet Company attained sudden maturity and grace through having submitted itself to the perceptive direction of the English choreographer. "Illuminations" is a new link in a kind of chain reaction begun in the nineteenth century, when that curious French poet, Arthur Rimbaud, wrote some tortured and fragmentary verses he called "Les Illuminations." In 1939, Benjamin Britten saw a potential song cycle in them and set them to impressionistic music for tenor and strings. Finally, along came Ashton, who has expressed the whole thing visually. The vocal part, which is, of course, the important one in Britten's composition, is retained in the ballet, the singer standing, in this production, among the musicians in the orchestra pit. The central figure in the ballet is a stage projection of the singer—the youthful poet, living dangerously in the midst of his fantastic mental images. The ballet is a vivid representation of the wild, primary concerns of a sensitive adolescent; it devotes most of its length to the delightful anguish of his experiences with love, sacred and profane. Sometimes he is alone on the stage, wonderfully drunk with his aspirations, and at other times strange demons, "Suburban Bacchantes," chase him mercilessly, but his two girl friends, Sacred Love and Profane Love, take up most of his time. He walks off at the end the dazed and happy victim of a singularly exhilarating experience.

Ashton has worked out the dance patterns superbly, one episode dissolving into the next with exquisite ease. He has been handsomely abetted by Cecil Beaton's striking costumes and scenery and the splendid lighting effects achieved by Jean Rosenthal. The dancing was excellent, I thought, with Nicholas Magallanes, Tanaquil LeClercq, and Melissa Hayden giving exceptional performances in the three main parts. Miss Hayden, in particular, was enchanting as Profane Love.

GIVEN the chance to wear some honest-to-goodness clothes in a leading role, after slinking around in Salome's and Aïda's costumes, Ljuba Welitch took full advantage of it in her first performance here in "Tosca." Puccini's virulent little masterpiece was staged as the principal portion of a celebration, at the Metropolitan Opera House, in honor of Edward Johnson, the retiring director. Miss Welitch put on her own celebration, tearing into the proceedings with impressive fury. Since, to begin with, she was playing an opera singer, there was practically nothing but the shape of the music to hold her back. Her blazing hair was piled high on her head and poured down the nape of her neck, and each of her gowns trailed far out behind her, executing a tremendous sweep every time she turned, and stretching diagonally across the stage like a carpet whenever she seated herself, after approaching a chair in a well-calculated, circuitous maneuver. Ferruccio Tagliavini, who played the painter, was no match for her physically. She ran her busy hands through his carefully combed hair at will. She had more trouble with Lawrence Tibbett, the Scarpia. A big man, he put muscle to work in the second act, with the result that when, after a considerable struggle, they landed on a couch, it sagged sharply and perilously. Later, having killed Scarpia, she uttered a vicious, animal-like sound. She also kicked the body.

It was difficult for me to judge the dramatic effectiveness of all this, because I was so overwhelmed by Miss Welitch's terrible energy, but I think this extra passionateness gave the familiar, gaudy story a fresh jolt of credibility. Much of the time, Miss Welitch's voice was thrilling. Vocally, Tagliavini was a match for her. He let his fine lyric tenor out manfully, and with no apparent strain. Tibbett has always given an admirable acting performance in the role of Scarpia, and he sang it quite well on this occasion, though he no longer has full vocal command and the splendor of his baritone is frequently dimmed by worn sounds. Giuseppe Antonicelli, who has a smart,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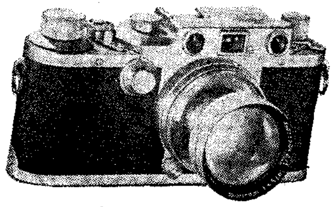
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VICTOR DE SABATA, the Italian conductor, who gave his first concerts with the Philharmonic-Symphony last week, in Carnegie Hall, is a tall, slender, vigorous man with a fringe of white hair. He is extremely stylish in appearance and in his gestures. Unfortunately, since he made his début on the evening that "Illuminations" had its première, I could stay only long enough to hear him conduct the overture to Rossini's "La Gazza Ladra" and half of Berlioz's "Fantastic Symphony." He seemed to me an arresting but disappointing conductor. He wasted absolutely no time, the other night, in electrifying his audience. Starting off with the engagingly showy Rossini piece, he immediately demonstrated that he was a physical interpreter of the music as well as a conductor. Now and then, in expressing, by unique bodily movements or waves of the hand, the dramatic content and line of the music, he was clearly indicating sound effects the orchestra was unable to execute at the moment. Thus, in a sense, he placed himself in front of the music and the musicians as a kind of one-man show. His gestures were elegant, but most of them were probably also unnecessary. Anyway, the result of this hopped-up beginning was inevitable. Following the overture with the outlandishly dramatic and romantic Berlioz composition, he was patently unable to increase the intensity and variety of his personal performance; hence, interest began to lag. He lost me, at least, early in the "Fantastic Symphony." Perhaps he calmed down at the next afternoon's repeat performance. I hope so, for he is surely not a negligible conductor. There is nothing mediocre about his work; it is just overemphatic.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

The Russians may have given him gray hair, but he gave them ulcers. His story is no dry-as-dust document for posterity—it's paced to the tempo of a tommy-gun and will drill you to your chair.—*G. P. Putnam's Sons adv. in the Times.*

Thanks, we've been sitting down all day.

•

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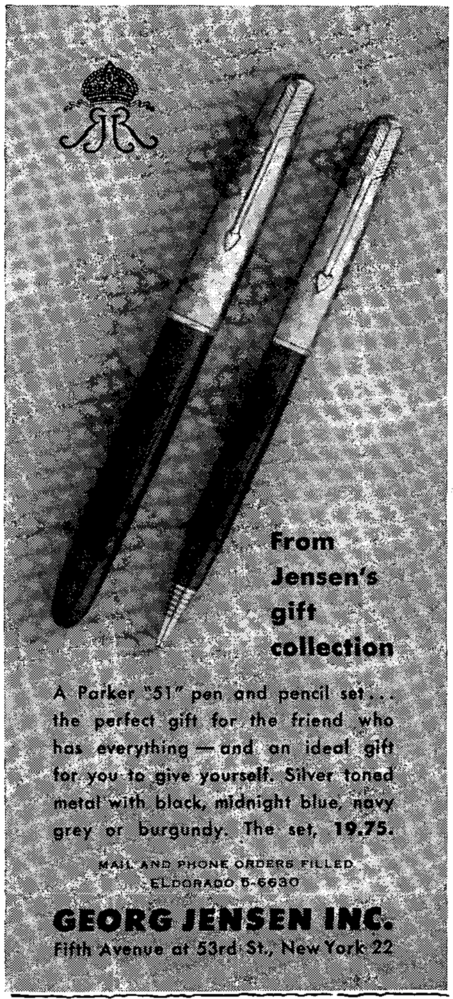
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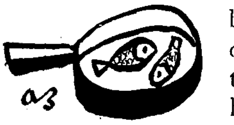
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 3

THE world crisis occupies most minds here, to the exclusion of nearly all domestic issues. Electoral College reform, the potato surplus, rent control, tax-free oleomargarine—these matters seem small and uncompelling alongside the triton bomb and the tremendous events in Asia and the Balkans. Even those national issues that bear directly on international ones command only reluctant attention. It seems likely that one reason the annual standoff between the federal government and John L. Lewis dragged on for so much longer this year than it normally does is that Washington never got really worked up over it. Long after it became known that coal stocks had reached their lowest point in recent history, the demand for executive action, which in previous years has mounted to a clamor, was not very great, and the President was able to put off the politically distasteful job of invoking the Taft-Hartley Act until the last minute. Nor has the acquittal of the union in the federal courts provoked much noisy indignation. Somehow, the prospect of being temporarily frozen has seemed hardly worth getting excited about when the prospect of being pressure-cooked or radioactivated by a bomb utilizing solar temperatures is so vivid.

Not only is everyone talking about the state of the world but everyone is talking pretty much like everyone else. A couple of months ago, our bipartisan foreign policy seemed in danger of being wrecked. Now the danger appears to have been avoided, at least for the moment. There is some sideline skirmishing—Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's row with the State Department is a good example—but there is little dispute over the main lines of our policy. Some people here want the President to go faster and some want him to slow down, but the isolationists of Senator Kenneth S. Wherry's stripe, who a year ago fought brisk delaying actions against the North Atlantic Pact and against appropriations for the Economic Coöperation Administration, seem to be a far less formidable minority this year. At the hearings that opened last week on E.C.A. appropriations for the coming fiscal year, the voice of the opposition was restrained, when it was audible at all. Evidently anticipating a good deal of hostility, Secretary Acheson, Ambassador Harriman, and Paul G. Hoffman, the E.C.A. administrator, turned up in the Congressional hearing rooms with swarms of aides and experts to help them over the rough spots. Not many rough spots developed. The questioning was brief and perfunctory. There were a few questions about our policy in China, a few disturbed comments on Western Europe's slow progress toward the economic unification we are imploring her to achieve, but there was little else. The administration officials took advantage of the generally sympathetic mood of the House and Senate committees to do some spadework for the economic-aid programs they think will be needed—if war does not come meanwhile—after 1952, when the Marshall Plan reaches its end. Their arguments were accepted without enthusiasm but with resignation and apparent concurrence. Although there will unquestionably be fights later on, in committees and on the floors of both Houses, over the E.C.A. appropriation bills, it is expected that this year's foreign-policy legislation will encounter considerably less opposition than last year's did.



MUCH of the talk in Washington is war talk, and the general feeling is undoubtedly that we are much nearer a shooting, bombing war than we have been at any other time since 1945 and than we were only a few weeks ago. The first two months of 1950 have seen not only the début of the hydrogen isotopes but increased activity all around the rim of the Communist world and correspondingly increased anti-Communist activity at several points on that rim. To most people, the conclusion seems inescapable that the likelihood of war has become much greater because of all this pressure and counter-pressure. This, however, happens to be a view that is not shared by those members of the State Department's planning staff who have maintained a close check on the progress of the cold war and on whose evaluation of facts and events American strategy and tactics are based. No one in the State Department would give tempting odds on the long-term outlook for peace, and no one would risk a year's pay on the proposition that peace will last even into the middle of next week. On the other hand, most high-ranking members of the Department feel that the chances of war are no greater now than they were six months ago, and there are many who would argue that the outlook is, if anything, slightly brighter. By and large, one finds more composure and optimism in the State Department than anywhere else in Washington today. This could be merely a reflection of the Department's vested interest in its policy or the traditional sang-froid of diplomats, but the fact is that the diplomats defend their position with vigor and cogency.

The State Department's view of the crisis is an exceedingly complex one. Because it is complex, it does not lend itself to the simple exposition that is required in political speeches and manifestoes. In consequence, many official statements of policy, including even those made by the President, which are prepared with the aid of State Department memoranda, are apt to contain, unavoidably, distortions of the point of view on which the policy is based. In his address at Alexandria last week, for example, the President spoke of the Soviet Union as "an armed imperialism which seeks to extend its influence by force." This is perhaps as close as a speech delivered at a Masonic festival and broadcast over a national hookup might be expected to come to defining this government's view of Stalin's Russia, but in the qualifications with which the State Department people would amplify it can be seen some of the most important considerations guiding American policy at the moment. For one thing, the Department people would call the Soviet Union "imperialistic" only in a highly figurative sense. They do not believe that Russia has the sort of necessity for expansion that drives an imperialist economy, everlastingly in need of raw materials and export markets, to seek conquest as hunger drives a man to seek food. Russia's need for raw materials—aside from oil, and now, perhaps, uranium—is anything but pressing. Russia needs not markets for her manufactured goods but manufactured goods for her markets, she needs not raw materials for her industries but industries for her raw materials. The Department is convinced that Russian expansion satisfies not economic needs but ideological and military ones. It assumes that the primary drive is to fulfill the Soviet leaders' conception of the security requirements of the Soviet state.

Nor does the Department believe that force—meaning the force of Soviet arms—is the Politburo's preferred means of conquest, as the President, in his speech, implied that it is. It feels that this is the least favored means, and it points out that if this is true, it illus-

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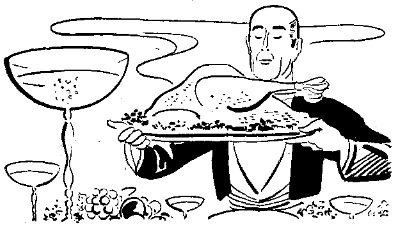
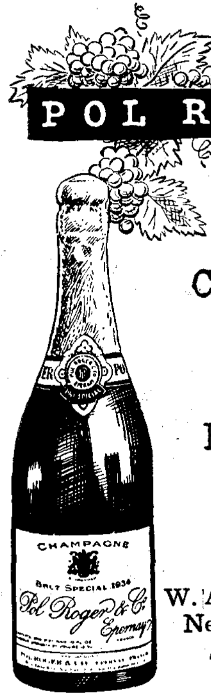
CHAMPAGNE
BUBBLES
BY
LUCIUS
BEBE

Among gourmets and serious amateurs of wines and their usage, the place of champagne in a well chosen meal has varied considerably with the years. Along the turn of the century, hosts favored its service with the main entree, after the fish and before the game, and a menu of the famed Zodiac Club, rendezvous of the "400," shows it accompanying the rack of spring lamb just before the terrapin and canvas-back. Some modern hosts like to serve a very dry champagne in place of cocktails, while a more conventional usage finds it appearing in a not too dry cuvee with dessert. The truth is that there is a type of champagne which lends itself to almost every course at a formal dinner and to all informal entertainment. No other wine is so adaptable to every gustatory requirement.



In selecting champagne, connoisseurs look for both the name of the house and the vintage. Particularly favored these days is Pol Roger Brut Special 1934. Nature was especially kind to the grapes that year and the famous French house of Pol Roger exercised their long experience marvelously well. Pol Roger Brut Special 1934 is a vintage that ranks among the finest. —Lucius Beebe.

POL ROGER



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trates the essential difference between the problems posed by Hitler's Germany and those posed by Stalin's Russia. War was an essential part of the Nazi system; prolonged peace was unthinkable to its leaders, who believed that war was the health of the state and that national armies were the major instrument of change in the world. To maintain their rule, the Soviet leaders probably need to maintain before their people the fiction of the outer world's hostility, as the Nazi leaders did, but they don't need to actually bring war about. The Soviet leaders—as George F. Kennan, the retiring head of the Department's planning staff, says in a statement of the Department's position that appears in the current *Reader's Digest*—believe that time is on their side and that history's dialectical processes assure the ultimate destruction of their enemies. They are delighted to help history along by urging the various non-Russian Communists to use force, and they are willing to use their own arms when there is no danger that superior arms will be employed against them. Furthermore, they would want to get in the first licks if they were persuaded that superior arms *were* about to be employed against them. But as a rule, in the Department's estimate, the Politburo sees no sense in imperilling the existence of the Soviet Union by making a premature effort to accomplish what history will sooner or later accomplish for it anyway.

It is on the basis of approximately this analysis that our "containment" policy is both applied and defended by the State Department. The containment formula has been characterized in certain quarters here as a new species of Maginot-mindedness. The State Department people contend that the Maginot principle has been proved false only in a hot war and there is no reason to suppose that what failed in a hot war will fail in a cold one. According to our cold-war strategists, the containment principle is the only one that is likely to forestall the Soviet use of force under either of the two conditions that, as they see it, might impel the Russians to resort to arms. A less militant policy would encourage the Russians to attempt easy conquests; an overtly provocative policy, one that poked too menacingly at the Iron Curtain, might persuade them that we intended to strike soon. The Department sometimes offers the analogy of the wounded beast who must be surrounded with nets and fencing but who must not be taunted, lest he strike out in blind rage and fear. To be sure, the Russians may, with their huge capacity for misreading plain language, plunge the world into war at any time by some wild miscalculation of our intentions, but it is felt in the Department that, barring the possibility of such a tragic occurrence, against which no known policy could insure us, a policy that eschews both appeasement and provocation has a pretty good chance of preventing both war and further Communist conquests.

In the State Department's view, the Soviet belief that time is on the Soviet side is one of the major assets of the anti-Communist world. The State Department sees it as an asset because it believes the truth of the matter to be that time is on the anti-Soviet side. It believes that while the West can, if it has the will and the leadership, use time to build up its economic and political strength, the Soviet Union's position is unlikely to improve and more than likely to deteriorate with the passage of weeks, months, and years. The Russians are now putting an enormous amount of effort into war production, but the Department is convinced that they have reached the peak of their productive powers and that they can do nothing within the next several years to improve the quality or increase the quantity of their output. What is likely to increase in quantity and improve in quality is discontent among the Russian masses. The State Department pins no hope whatever on the possibility of a spontaneous revolt inside the Soviet Union, but it pins a lot of hope—which it derives, one assumes, from people who are observing Russian developments at first hand—on a decline in the efficiency of Russian production, brought about by the declining energy and morale of the producers.

The State Department people make it clear that in saying that time is on our side they are thinking in terms not of eternity but of some fairly limited period. It is quite conceivable, they realize, that the advantage will shift to the Russians in, say, a decade. Ten years is about what the Department calculates it will take the Russians to repair their war damages, to consolidate their control of the satellites, to organize their economy so that it can at least promise better living standards to the people, and to overcome their transport difficulties. The State Department believes that transport is now by far the weakest feature of the Soviet economy, and that the policy of dispersing war industries and moving them in a generally easterly direction is making the situation worse. Whether the Russians are strengthening or weakening themselves militarily by this dispersal is a question on which the Defense Department's views would be more valuable, but the State Department holds that the effect on the economy is deleterious, whatever insurance it provides against air attacks. In ten years, the Russians may overcome or compensate for this weakness and many others. If the cold war is still on in 1960, it will probably mean that the Russians have solved their most pressing internal problems. It will also mean, presumably, that the present regime has survived Stalin's death. Unlike those who feel that individuals are of negligible importance in history and that every dictatorial state breeds plenty of capable candidates for dictatorship, the State Department experts on Russian affairs believe that when Stalin dies or is forced by senility or physical incapacity to abdicate, the structure of the Soviet government will be rocked to its foundations. Whether or not there are schisms in the Politburo now, there will surely be schisms then, they think, and the ensuing scramble for power, which may very well be accompanied by bloodletting by the Red Army, will be wholly to the West's advantage. In the Department's opinion, every day that war can be honorably averted brings us closer to the day when the Russians will have to grapple with the problem of getting along without Stalin. If a strong leader should establish himself in power and persist with Stalin's foreign policy, an advantage on which our own policy banks heavily would be lost. What course we might take ten years from now, nobody would be foolish enough to predict, but a policy that gives us that much time in which to reach a peaceful settlement in the world is, it is felt, about as much as anyone could hope for.

If the State Department feels that time—on a short-term basis, anyway, and probably on a long-term basis—is in our favor as far as developments inside the Soviet Union are concerned, it is even more firmly convinced that it is working for us in the satellite countries and the world Communist movement. It thinks that any weakening of the Communist Parties, and particularly of those in Western Europe, is at least as important to us as the weakening of Soviet military and industrial power. As the State Department sees it, the Russians, in weighing the risks of aggression, are as much concerned with the strength and loyalty of the Communists in the area marked for invasion as they are with the firepower of the invading troops. They have learned in Eastern

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THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN

by **CEDRIC ADAMS**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

STOP WORRYING ABOUT TB as an inherited disease. No one inherits tuberculosis. The disease is a communicable one, spread from person to person, but never inherited. Two or more members of a family can catch it, which is probably where the idea that it is inherited originated . . . She found that every morning she was suffering from severe headaches. Her family physician couldn't locate the source. Finally she stumbled on the cause herself. She found the headaches were caused by banging her head with her hand every time she made a bum play in canasta . . . You can now buy pickled orchids that will last as long as four years in a jar . . . Barbers in England are now knocking seven cents off the bill if a patron's head is bare on top.

★

WHEN YOU THINK of guys like Bob Hope or Bing Crosby or Bergen or Godfrey, you know they have organized great corporations behind them for the handling of their various enterprises. But we don't always realize how far-flung the operations of these biggies can go. I heard the other day about a little circumstance in connection with Crosby which in a measure proves the point. Crosby had taped one of his shows in San Francisco. Time had run out at the end of the broadcast and Bing failed to get in the tag-end commercial. That meant nothing to the Crosby clan. Members of his staff simply went to the library of the Crosby tape recordings and pulled out—one word at a time—the words that were in that closing commercial, put them in their proper sequence and made a complete closing announcement. Why doesn't he record every word in the dictionary and he could be through for life?

★

SOME THINGS YOU may not have known about Carmen Miranda. She was born in 1914, her real name is Maria Do Carmo da Cunha. She's a native of Portugal but was reared in Brazil. She began her professional career as a store model in Rio. She was signed for her first American appearance by Lee Shubert. In 1946 she was the highest paid woman in the United States. She carries a woman secretary with her on tour and it's the nightly job of the secretary to wash Carmen's hair and remove the heavy makeup after her last show. The nightly hair-washing job sometimes takes as much as an hour. Carmen always waits till after her last show to have her big meal of the day and invariably it's a three-inch steak. Her accent isn't quite so pronounced in table conversation as it is during her performance. She has a candor, a forthrightness about her that is completely charming. She'll tell you anything about herself you want to know.

★

BUSES WILL SOON be out with headrests permanently attached to the back of bus seats. It's a plastic job which may be kept clean with a cloth dampened with water and alcohol . . . Every minute in the United States two houses are built, seven babies are born and ten automobiles are produced. The house lasts the longest. Life expectancy of the modern house is now up to about a hundred years; man is good for 66.8 years; the average car, 8.4 years.

★

WHAT DO YOU THINK will be the biggest issues in the 1950 congressional elections? Out here in Minnesota, voters give top billing to the Taft-Hartley law and American foreign policy. These selections were revealed through the Minneapolis Tribune's Minnesota Poll—a public service opinion poll in which all of us at the Star and Tribune take particular pride. Sixty-two interviewers regularly determine, by scientific sampling, what Minnesotans think on leading issues of the day. To me the Poll is just one more reason why, in this prosperous Upper Midwest area, the best-liked, most respected newspapers are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 470,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 590,000).

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Europe that they can easily come to grief where they have to rely on their own soldiers as occupation forces or where the local Communists have developed delusions of independent grandeur. It is presumed that the Politburo regards loyal native Communists as the ideal—in fact, the indispensable—forces of occupation. Unlike the Red Army men, the non-Russian Communist Party members are unfamiliar with the realities of Soviet life, and, further, they have shown that they can resist the glittering decadence of Western life. They are not disaffected by cosmetics, alarm clocks, or electric iceboxes. So important, indeed, has it grown for the Russians to preserve the innocence and idealism of Communists in the satellite countries that they have hung an iron curtain between Russia and the satellites that is far heavier than the one between the satellites and the West; it is now, according to the State Department, easier for a foreign non-Communist to get into Poland from the West than it is for a Polish Communist to get into Russia from Poland.

The weakening of the Communist Parties in the free countries has, of course, been one of the principal aims of American policy for two or three years. It is almost the whole aim of the Marshall Plan. A good case can be made out for the proposition that the Marshall Plan has been successful up to now, and Ambassador Harriman, in his testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, gave an impressive statistical summary of the dwindling of Communist strength in Western Europe, from Norway to Italy. He was eager to give the E.C.A. the credit for the decline. The State Department holds that the E.C.A. can be given credit for a very large measure of it, but it thinks that other forces are also at work in our behalf. It thinks that for at least the next ten years Titoism will be a serious problem inside the outer iron curtain. The Russians may screen the realities of Russian life from the rank and file of the puppet parties, but they cannot prevent those realities from being reproduced in the satellite countries. The Department thinks that if the Russians should manage to hang on to the satellites for ten years, however, the dissidents might be wiped out and the memory of pre-satellite life might dim, working to the Russian advantage. But the short-term prospects, it thinks, are excellent. The State Department expects that for some time the Soviet Union will be confronted with dilemmas like the one it has had to face in respect to the French Communist

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Party. In ordering the French Communists to disrupt, by means of strikes and sabotage, the French government's aid to its own troops and to the Bao Dai forces in Indo-China, the Politburo, in the State Department's view, revealed that it had decided the French Communist Party is expendable. That is, it had decided that aid to the Communist Ho Chi Minh was worth the cost of sapping the strength of the French puppets. It is possible that this decision will result, in the end, in a net gain for Communism; the strategic importance of Indo-China is immense, and there are few places in the world where a Communist victory would be more gratifying to the Russians. But the point the Department is making is that the Russians were forced to choose and that similar choices will be forced upon them in increasing numbers. It is their misfortune that a victory in one quarter involves a draining of their strength in another, whereas, according to the Department, an anti-Communist victory anywhere strengthens the anti-Communist forces everywhere.

THIS, in rough, outline form, is the way most members of the State Department are reasoning. There are thoughtful, well-informed people here who feel that it is an extravagantly sanguine point of view and that the Department, in failing to admit that Russia's development of atomic energy has basically altered the world situation, shows a shocking occupational myopia. But the Department, while it admits that armaments affect power relationships, is persuaded that, all things considered, the power relationships have changed very little, except for the possibility that a brandishing of Russia's atomic bomb might result in defections from the Atlantic Pact—and supposedly we are taking whatever measures we can to minimize this danger. The State Department realizes, moreover, that its own reasoning is based in part on a series of premises about Communist motivation that may turn out to be utterly unsound. Although it believes that our policy is more likely to avert war than any other we might adopt, it recognizes that a simple misjudgment of the situation by the Russian leaders could bring about war at any time. Also, a depression in the United States could undo in a few months all that the Marshall Plan has done since 1947. But these matters, the State Department analysts and planners point out, are largely beyond the scope of analysis and planning.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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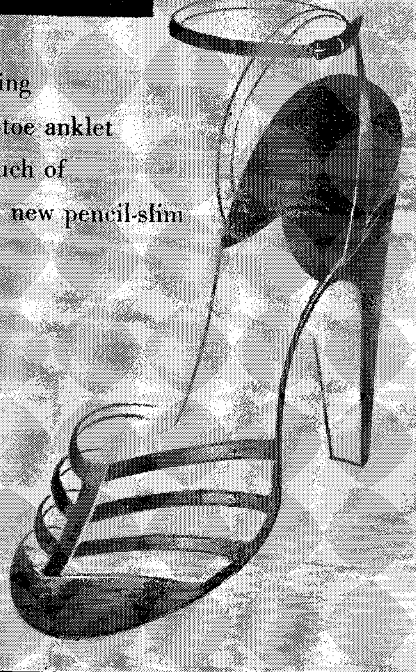

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THE RACE TRACK

Tchk! Tchk!

YOU should be told at once, if the news hasn't already come to you, that Citation was beaten again by Noor, in the San Juan Capistrano Handicap at Santa Anita last Saturday. There is not much sense in this department's trying to make excuses for what happened. This time, from all accounts, none of the jockeys indulged in even the mildest shenanigans, and Citation carried two pounds less than he did in the Santa Anita Handicap, while Noor picked up seven. Yet after Citation took the lead half a mile from home and looked every bit the winner, Noor wore him down in the last few strides. Of course, Noor may be better than most of us had any idea he was. Anyway, he ran the mile and six furlongs in 2:52⅘, a new American record for the distance. In my opinion, Citation is still a great horse. What he needs is a rest, or a little luck. He has had a lot of hard racing recently and he hasn't made that million. In fact, he hasn't even passed Stymie on the winning list; with $909,200 to his credit, he is still $9,285 short of that. As for Stymie, the first of his foals arrived the other day—a filly. Her dam is Mahmoudess, whom horseplayers will remember, and she ought to be a runner.

TO my way of thinking, the liveliest performance of the Hialeah meeting was Oil Capitol's in the Flamingo Stakes last week. According to the chart, he won by half a dozen lengths from Lotowhite, Theory, and four other three-year-olds, running the mile and a furlong in 1:48⅕. That, by the way, was three-fifths of a second faster than Citation's time in the Flamingo two years ago. Now, as you might expect, a number of people are whooping Oil Capitol up as the horse Your Host has to worry about. Perhaps they're right. Still, I'm tempted to say the same things about Oil Capitol that I said about Your Host recently—one of them was wait and see—because they seem to be the same type of runner. At any rate, their first meeting should be a good show. Oil Capitol's next start will be in the Blue Grass Stakes, at Keeneland, about ten days before the Kentucky Derby.

As I suppose you know, Oil Capitol is a gray (this seems to be a tactless place to mention it, but the Kentucky Derby has never been won by a gray), he cost $15,000 as a yearling, and he has won eight of his sixteen starts and $161,306 in prize money, $44,800 of it in the Flamingo Stakes. He is one of Mahmoud's sons and, like most of the others, has a streak of temperament. For instance, he won't do his best unless he is wearing blinkers. His form last season was pretty poor until one day Harry Trotsek, who trains him, put blinkers on him. He won his next four starts. Another whim of his is a fondness for dandelion greens. He prefers them boiled.

ALMOST everybody had kind words for Bewitch after she won the Black Helen Handicap at Hialeah last week. She hadn't been very lucky in Florida this winter; the only other time she finished first, her number was taken down because she had bumped somebody. She came through beautifully in the Black Helen, winning by seven lengths. It was Calumet Farm's only triumph all week.

JUST for the record, the nominations for the Kentucky Derby closed with a hundred and thirty-four horses listed. If the Derby entries are out, can spring be far behind? You can strike one name off the list right now—The Diver, who has knee trouble and may not run till late in the season. Too bad. I thought that he was one of the better prospects. But that's the way it goes.

SPEAKING of spring, Charles Town, the West Virginia track that closed the Eastern season shortly before Christmas, opened the new one last Saturday. There were eight races, and around sixty-five hundred eager and shivering horseplayers bet more than a quarter of a million in the tote. My courier reports that he had a tip on Snow Passes in the sixth. The horse was out of the money. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Gentlemen:

Can your organization use the man who won White House approval of his idea to present President Truman's portrait in macaroni, and followed through to get more than a million lines of publicity in newspapers throughout the United States, newsreels shown coast to coast, and network radio and television coverage? —*From a letter from a public-relations man.*

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SOME physicists tell us that the explosion of a hydrogen bomb might destroy all forms of life on the earth, but the government seems to disagree. It suggests that you bet your life that those fellows are wrong.

•

The President says he won't go to Moscow to see Stalin, but maybe the two men could get together somewhere else. At Last Resort, for example.

•

Prime Minister Clement Attlee has reappointed most of the members of the last Labour Cabinet, so the new Parliament will see the old, familiar faces. They may look longer, though.

•

The present Parliament is so evenly divided that the members will have to stay close to their jobs throughout the session. It is conceivable that M.P.s will not even be allowed to go off to the moors for shooting.

•

Americans were shocked to learn how bitterly the French feel about Coca-Cola. Our own citizens have always been able to take the stuff or leave it alone.

•

Chiang Kai-shek has announced that he has resumed the Presidency of Nationalist China, and Acting President General Li, who is now living here, also claims the job. Mr. Truman hardly knows whether to recognize the gentleman from Formosa or the gentleman from the Bronx.

•

The coal strike has been settled on terms that might just as easily have been agreed upon eight months ago, when the old contract expired. The miners will now dig up the coal and the consumers will dig up the additional cost.

•

The Senate is again struggling with the D.P. problem. A valiant attempt is being made to liberalize the immigration law and abolish the veto power of Pat McCarran.

•

Republicans are still doing some wishful thinking on the subject of General Eisenhower. They believe everything Ike says except the word "no."

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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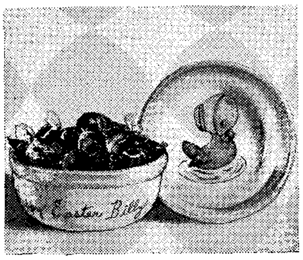

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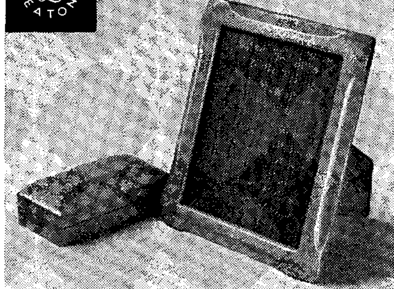

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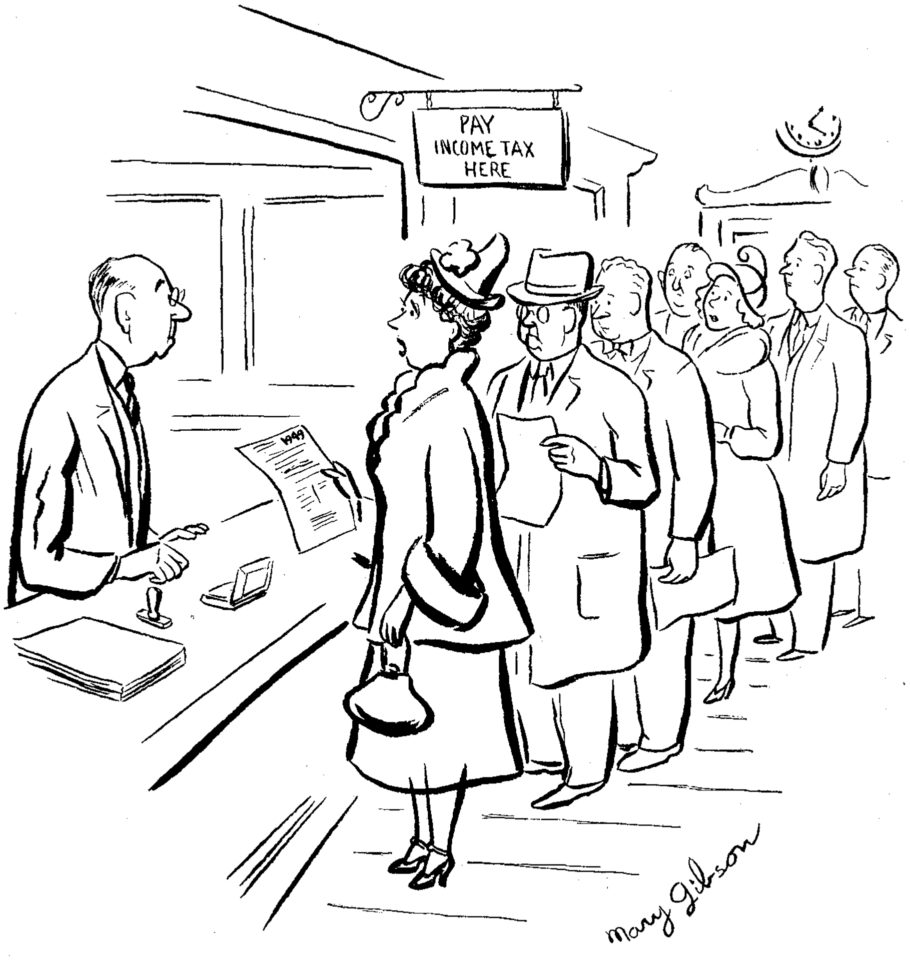
BOOKS

The Story of Language and the Story of the Classics

Here are two books by brilliant scholars, which cover immense subjects but are intended for the layman and make excellent reading.

"The Story of Language" (Lippincott), by Mario Pei, who teaches Romance languages at Columbia, is something like "The Loom of Language," by Frederick Bodmer, which was widely read a few years ago. But "The Loom of Language" aimed to provide a certain amount of apparatus for learning allied languages in groups, whereas Mr. Pei's book is a long essay on language in general, which pretends to do little more than explain some of the problems of the subject and entertain the reader with curious facts. The book's entertainment value will be high for such readers as—unexpectedly numerous—enjoyed the supplemental volumes of Mencken's "The American Language." Mr. Pei follows Mencken's procedure in giving interesting selected examples of various linguistic phenomena, classified under appropriate heads, rather than dealing with any topic exhaustively, and the result is that we learn a good deal that might not otherwise have been brought to our notice and get an idea of principles at work and linguistic interconnections that it would probably take years to acquire from more specialized and scholarly studies. We find out something, for example, about the sign languages used by croupiers at Monte Carlo, dancers in the Dutch West Indies, and bobby-soxers signalling to admirers whether or not they are open for dates; about the taboos of language that make it impossible for a Zulu wife to use any of the words for animals that occur in the names of her in-laws, for a Japanese at a wedding to use the verb for "to return," for fear it may invoke a divorce, or for the makers of Hollywood films to use the word "tuberculosis" or, referring to a girl, the word "dame;" about the strange divergences of meaning which produce, from the same sources, "silly" and "*selig*" and "nice" and "*niais*," and the political transformations that occur when "pacification" comes to be used for the bombing of defenseless towns and "rectification of frontiers" for mass deportations.

These chapters on interlingual phenomena are followed by a series of surveys, also popular and picturesque, of the various language groups, and it is not till we come to the last two sections that we suspect Mr. Pei of a serious purpose. The first of these deals with the methods exploited during the war for expediting the teaching of languages, which Mr. Pei criticizes from expert knowledge and with evident good sense, and the second with a subject about which he feels strongly—the need for a universal language. His attitude toward this problem is somewhat different from that of his predecessor, the author of "The Loom of Language." Mr. Bodmer ended his book by recommending the immediate adoption of a synthetic international language invented by Lancelot Hogben, which would combine Greek and Latin roots with a Chinese system of syntax. Mr. Pei points out the inconveniences of this and of the other constructed languages and, an Italian who has had to learn English, goes on to criticize the Basic variety and to demonstrate that the general availability of English of any kind is by no means so obvious to foreigners as it has lately become to the English-speaking peoples. But he, too, insists, and even more strongly, that we must have an international language and have one right away. It doesn't matter much what it is—whether a made-up language, like Esperanto, or one already in use. He suggests that this language could be chosen by an international linguistic commission, in which the number of delegates from each country would be determined not by the country's population but by its relative literacy. Known champions of any of the political systems now competing for domination should be excluded from this commission, and the commission should be instructed to reach a decision within a certain time by a series of run-off elections which would weed out the weaker candidates. If some non-synthetic language should be chosen, it should be given a phonetic spelling, and immediately be taught in schools all over the literate world alongside the national languages. If Swiss children can learn French and German, if South African children can learn English and Afrikaans, there is no reason why, in the next



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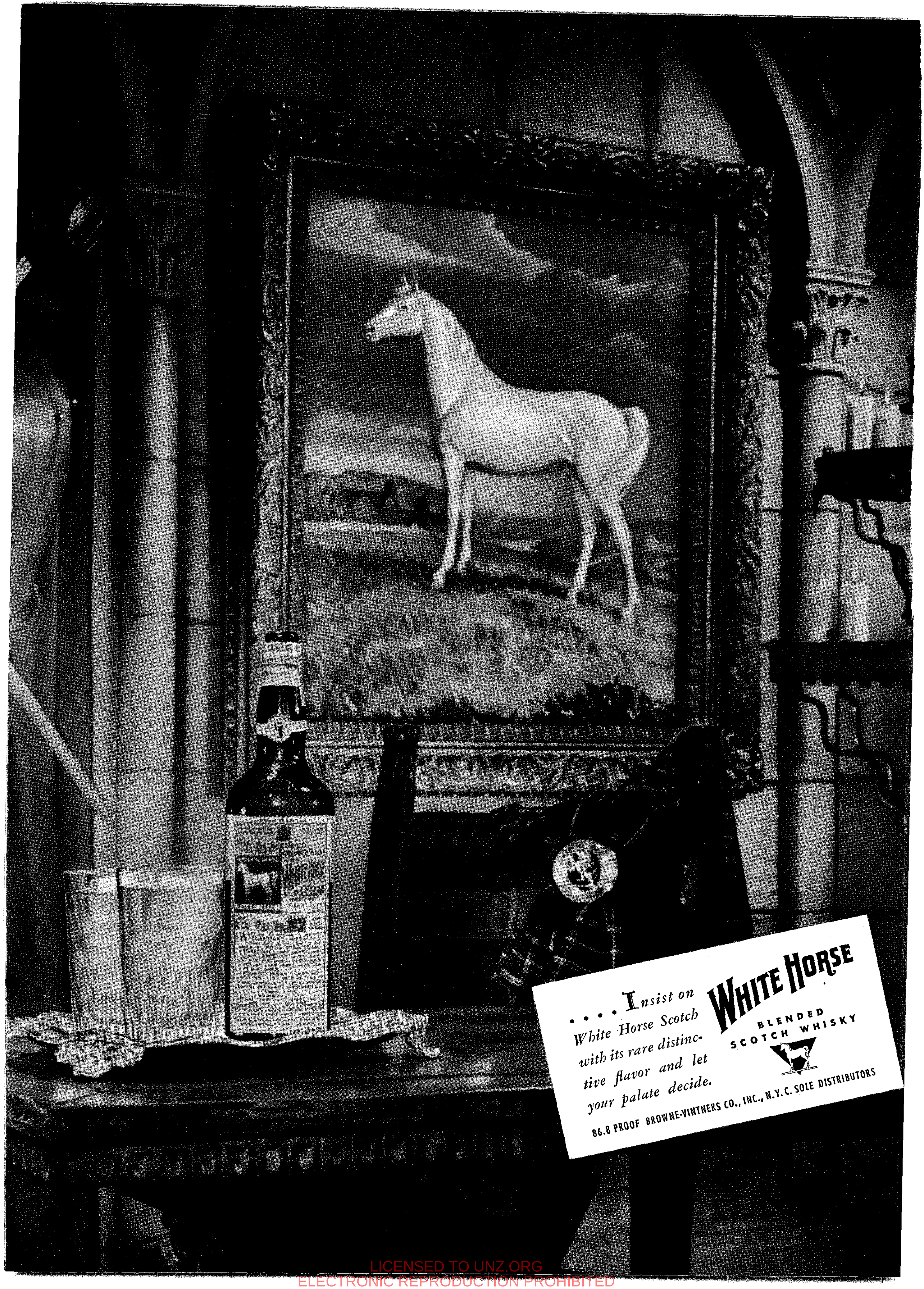

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generation, any child capable of learning anything should not be equipped with a universal language.

Are the difficulties in the way of this, Mr. Pei asks, as great as those in the way of disarmament? Perhaps, he admits, but it is worth the attempt. There is nothing else that would disarm so quickly the prejudice, the fear, and the hatred that must always have recourse to weapons.

THE other book, "The Classical Tradition" (Oxford), is also by a Columbia professor. Mr. Gilbert Highet is known outside the academic world as the translator from the German of Werner Jaeger's treatise on Greek culture, "Paideia," and as the author of some extremely funny parodies of contemporary writers. Neither of these performances has prepared us for the present work. This history of (as its subtitle indicates) "Greek and Roman Influences on Western Literature" is a book on a fairly ambitious scale, solidly grounded and solidly built, which is at the same time easily assimilable and—I hope the reader will not be chilled by this inevitable reviewer's cliché—continually stimulating. It is intended for both the student and the ordinary reader, and, except in the notes at the back and in the case of easy French, the author has put all his quotations into English. Mr. Highet is a learned Scotsman who combines intellectual practicality with aesthetic and moral idealism. With a wide and varied knowledge of comparative literature from Homer to Mallarmé, he always knows what he thinks and he always knows how to make his point. As a writer, he is vigorous and direct, often eloquent, and sometimes witty.

"The Classical Tradition" is a history of the influence of the Greek and Latin classics on Western civilization which not merely gives you a record of the authors read and imitated in the successive periods but presents, with a sustained vitality that suits the vitality of the classics, the constantly varying role they have played through the development of our culture. You have the distorted and fantastic reflections of the myths of Troy and Thebes in the romances of the Middle Ages; the discovery of Greek in the Renaissance and the enthusiastic revival of paganism as an antidote to medieval theology; the Battle of the Ancients and the Moderns that resulted in the putting in their place of the accepted classical models; the queer classicizing of the baroque period; the exploitation of the ancient republican ideals in the French and American revolutions; the intoxication with certain Greek authors of the supposedly anti-classicist Romantics; the cult of Hellenic beauty as a salvation from the bourgeois industrial world (accompanied, incongruously enough, by the increasing specialization and sterilization of classical research and teaching—Mr. Highet is outspoken about this—so that the rhapsodies of Swinburne and Wilde reached young people as something that had no connection with the horrid little gray textbooks they were given); and, finally, the recourse to Greek myths, by way of anthropology and psychoanalysis, in the writings of Joyce and Eliot, Gide and Giraudoux. But it is difficult to summarize briefly the scope of Mr. Highet's book without resorting to those generalizing phrases that are the commonplaces of literary history, and they fail to do him justice, for the great merit of his treatment is that he deals with every period, every movement, every individual, and every separate work as an interesting special case for which he tries to find the special explanation. The continuity of the story is supplied by the continuity of the classics, which live on to supply new needs, to mingle in new visions, and to feed or direct new passions.

Beyond this, there is a great deal more in Mr. Highet's book than one would necessarily expect such a work to contain, for it involves him in all sorts of discussions that often turn into complete little essays. Like anybody who attempts a large project, he is better on some things than on others. When he is relatively unsatisfactory, it is usually due to a tendency to ride roughshod over some of the subtler or more complex writers, which is the less fortunate aspect of his bluntness. There is much more to Dante's use of Virgil and to Joyce's use of Homer than Mr. Highet has recognized: in both cases, it seems to me, he rather misses the point. But in his sections on the merits and limitations of Gibbon, and, especially, on the importance for Shakespeare of ancient mythology and history, on the authorship and language of Homer and the difficulties of putting him into English, his common sense becomes incandescent. And we are grateful for such explorations of unfamiliar fields as his description of the Swiss writer Carl Spitteler, who won a Nobel Prize by transplanting the Greek gods to the Alps, though Spitteler is one of the very few objects of Mr. Highet's enthusiasm for whom, in the reviewer's case, this enthusiasm has not proved contagious.

Mr. Highet is, in fact, a fine critic,

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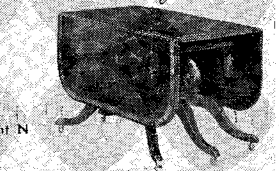

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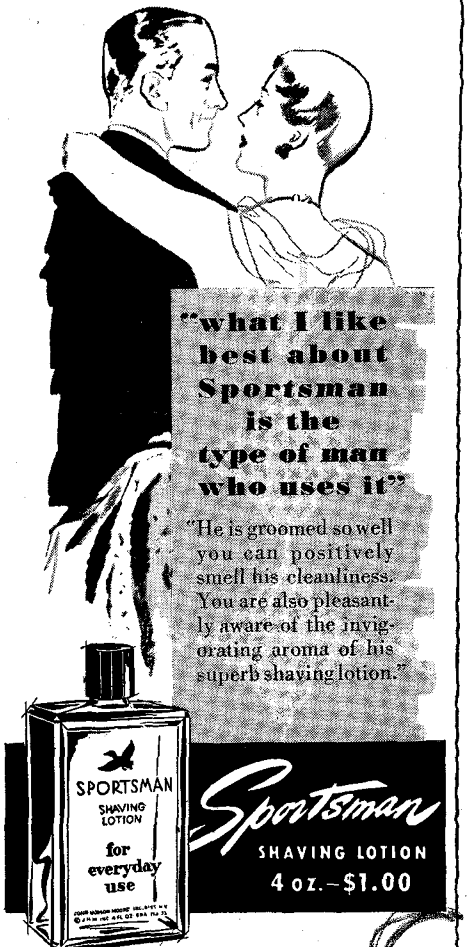

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and a critic of, at the moment, an exceptional kind, for this book, which tells the story of Humanism, is animated by the Humanistic spirit. There are several species of pedantry current—none of them, paradoxically, incompatible with meagre reading—that have been paralyzing our criticism like polio. Mr. Highet takes occasion here to point out the reductions to absurdity carried out by those searchers for sources who try to show that every element of a masterpiece can be found in some previous work. He might have added that there is also the "expounding of texts" that makes such very dull reading for anybody except another expounder and the key to which, I am afraid, is that proud realization of the man in Molière that he had been talking prose all his life. A professor, or an ambitious young writer who wants to learn to sound like a professor, becomes suddenly aware that poetry is put together out of nouns and verbs that have not been chosen at random and that these words may be cunningly equipped with deliberately chosen modifiers, that felicitous effects have been sometimes produced by repeating the same or similar sounds, that the images evoked by a poet are not always to be taken at face value but may apply to a subjective state of mind, and that these images may be arranged in some relation to one another which is not always to be explained by the statements made in the poem. In indicating some of these phenomena, carefully, line by line, the professor may become a critic in the same sense as Molière's hero became a master of prose. It is, therefore, absolutely startling to find a book by a teacher of literature who is quite free from any of these pedantries, who is at home in the great world of literature, and who can write about books as the works of men and of men as the creatures of our planet, with its variety of climates and soils, its challenging oceans and mountains. This book is the kind of thing that young people should be given to read, for it communicates both clear information and a strong love of literature. All the more because it is not one of those productions that serve as substitutes for difficult authors: it could only inspire the reader with an eagerness to know Latin and Greek. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MEG, by Theodora Keogh (Creative Age). A sortie into one of the more perilous stretches of fictional terrain,

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the rocky territory of the adolescent mind. Mrs. Keogh proves herself to be an intrepid explorer, although inclined toward recklessness. The subject of her researches is a twelve-year-old girl whose well-heeled parents, caricatured beyond the point of credibility, allow her the run of New York at the close of each school day. As a result, Meg is exposed equally to the mores of her sheltered schoolmates and to those of a gang of slum children operating from a hideout beneath the Queensboro Bridge. The latter acquaint her, not always at second hand, with rape, prostitution, lesbianism, and murder. In a series of didactic asides that clutter up an otherwise simple narrative, Mrs. Keogh intimates that Meg's essential innocence will ultimately be responsible for her salvation. This thesis, however, doesn't square with the evidence of Meg's excessive precocity, a quality, incidentally, that makes her a thoroughly repellent child, unlikely to inspire pity in even the most sympathetically inclined reader.

THE SHADOW AND THE PEAK, by Richard Mason (Macmillan). Douglas Lockwood, a young Englishman trying to recover from a broken marriage, takes a teaching post in a progressive school on the island of Jamaica. There he runs into difficulties with various neurotic females, including the headmaster's wife, a fifteen-year-old girl student, and a pretty airline stewardess who has just survived both a suicide attempt and a plane crash. Mr. Mason works very painstakingly over the many mixed-up relationships in his book, but his characters have a tendency to repeat their behavior that would be irritating in real life and is unbearable in fiction. In any case, they seem a poor and humorless group, fully enjoying the torments that have been visited upon them.

LAUREL, by Alice Fellows (Harcourt, Brace). A young girl in the Deep South, Elizabeth Cramer, rejected by her mother, tries to find consolation in dreaming of the old family place in the country, a house called Laurel. Elizabeth is so strongly obsessed by her desire for the house that she is willing to relinquish everything and everybody, even her young man, in order to possess it. Miss Fellows falls naturally into a romantic and foreboding tone that is well suited to the kind of story she wants to tell, but she deals so lovingly with each

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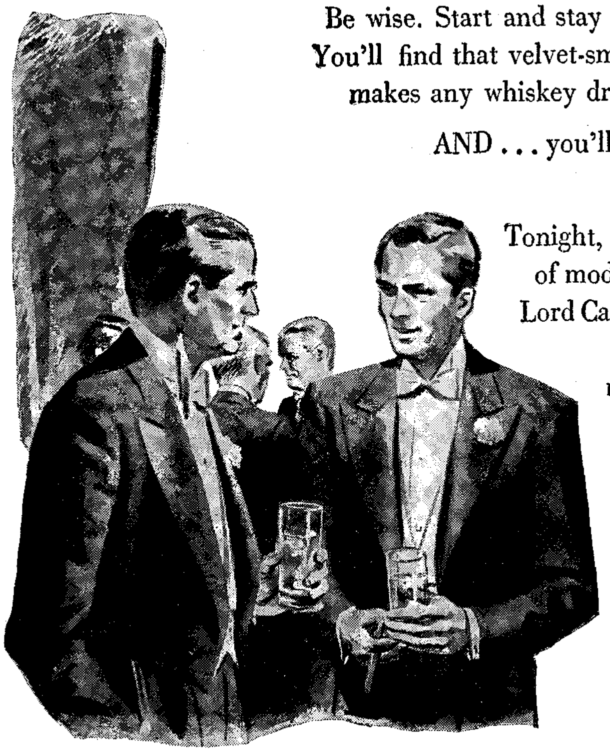

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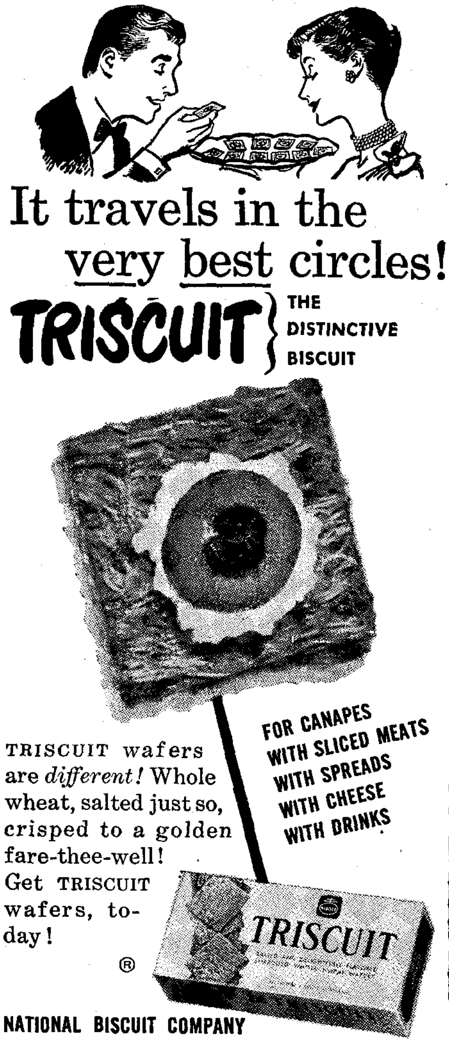

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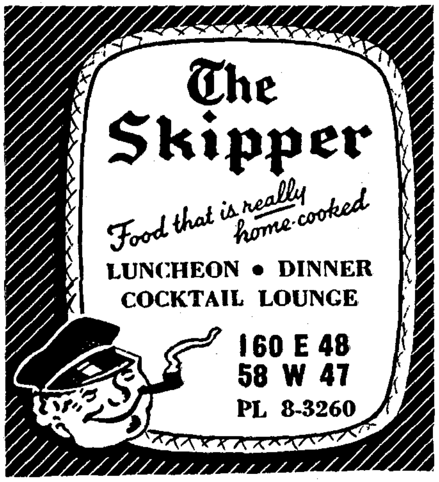

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small, everyday crisis that Elizabeth's big scene, when it comes, is an anticlimax.

WEEPING BAY, by Joy Davidman (Macmillan). The factory workers of Weeping Bay, a poverty-ridden community on the Gaspé peninsula, try to establish a Catholic trade union, and are betrayed by one of their number. Miss Davidman, who is enraged by their plight, writes with determination and assurance, and does a wonderful job of directing a large cast of characters. Her book has a fascination that does not derive at all from the Gaspé people and their misery. It must be that she is a good storyteller.

THE GOLDSMITH'S WIFE, by Jean Plaidy (Appleton-Century-Crofts). The cheerful, gossipy story of Jane Shore, who married a goldsmith, left him to become the favorite of Edward IV, and ended her days begging in the streets of London. At about the time that Jane drops from favor at court, Miss Plaidy seems to lose interest in her, and the last few pages of the book limp awkwardly along to a finish that is moralistic without being edifying, touching, or even really necessary.

SONG WITHOUT SERMON, by James Woolf (Creative Age). Mr. Woolf's novel has been subtitled, probably by the publishers, "A Modern Rake's Progress." For a while, at least, the author does seem to be attempting a comedy about wickedness in England. He has included various scenes of vice among the well-born and the riffraff in his story of Henry Malling, who wants plenty of money and plenty of girls, and doesn't care how he gets them. As an undergraduate at Oxford, however, Henry meets a woman named Ada Greene, who so far outclasses him in villainy and long-range planning that he eventually becomes her victim. So does the author. Mr. Woolf, fortunately, stops trying to be funny and allows Ada to take over the book, which, as a result, turns into a pretty effective shocker, written, occasionally, with real feeling and power.

GENERAL

THE PARADOX OF OSCAR WILDE, by George Woodcock (Macmillan). Tackling first things first, Mr. Woodcock opens this very readable study with some thoughts on the celebrated fissure in Wilde's personality: How did he come by it? What caused it to widen into a chasm brimming with ugly litigation? This out of the way (listed among the contributing agents are Wilde's father, for the dissolute example he set, and Walter Pater, for the impact his hothouse prose had on the trembling psyche of the youthful Wilde), the author pushes on to a sympathetic examination of Wilde's writings, pausing en route to amend the picture of Wilde handed down by Frank Harris and some others. Among these others are most of the people who dropped around for a look at Wilde during his last days in Paris and who later spread the word that never, never had a man of once glorious estate so gone to seed. Mr. Woodcock's investigations don't bear them out. He admits that toward the end Wilde wasn't at the top of his form, but he denies that he ever became a sight to see. The fact is, he says, that Wilde remained of good cheer and didn't even get ratty in his dress. It was just that—and this a casual visitor wouldn't have been able to see—his will to write had been plowed under and the former, winged Wilde was gone.

HALF SLAVE, HALF FREE, by Hallett Abend (Bobbs-Merrill). The author, one of the best-informed of the American newspapermen who are concerned with Far Eastern politics, is in a partly despairing, partly angry mood in this book. After describing the present division of world power between Russia and the United States and its allies, and taking note of what he believes to be Russia's creeping victory in the cold war, he poses the question of what the democracies are going to do about it. He does not give any very concrete answers, but he does furnish some hard and intelligent explanations of why the methods we are now employing to defend what is ours and to maintain freedom in the still unaffected parts of the globe are inadequate at best and dangerous at worst. His book should deflate any complacency an American might have in regard to the current struggle for the world.

SCIENCE IS A SACRED COW, by Anthony Standen (Dutton). In this book, the author, a chemist of high repute, attempts to cut away the pretensions of modern scientists and lay bare their limitations, which to him seem considerable. In a good-humored way, he pushes physics, biology, psychology, sociology, and mathematics around, and while he does not exactly make fools of the practitioners of these sciences, he does show up a great deal of solemn absurdity. The serious side of his purpose is, he says, to warn the public that blind obeisance to science can be perilous—that scientists, in their pursuit of "pure science" and science for science's sake, have forgotten that the proper study of mankind is man, and are too inclined to look upon man as something to experiment with. A deft and telling piece of work.

The Idea of a Theater, by Francis Fergusson (Princeton). Mr. Fergusson combines a scholarly grasp of dramatic literature, practical experience in the theatre, and a fine prose style to produce what gives every appearance of being the first major study of "the art of drama" in modern criticism. He analyzes ten plays, from Sophocles' "Oedipus Rex" to Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," as types of dramatic action, using Sophocles, Dante, and Shakespeare as "landmarks," against which to measure later work. Mr. Fergusson seems mainly indebted to Aristotle for his method, with assists from such modern classical scholars as Jane Harrison and Gilbert Murray, and a number of contemporary critics, chiefly Eliot himself and Kenneth Burke. The book suffers from repetitiousness, careless proofreading (some names, like Frazer and Tillyard, are misspelled throughout), and the absence of both bibliography and index, but it seems quite likely that the brilliance of its individual passages and the power of its conceptual scheme will make it one of the epochal critical works of our generation.

VERSE

The Tears of the Blind Lions, by Thomas Merton (New Directions). Seventeen new poems by the now famed Trappist monk, dedicated to Jacques Maritain. Merton again displays a rhetoric and a religious intensity more usual in French poetry (Péguy, Claudel) than in English. Religious feeling expressed, as it is here, in images that combine the extravagance of Surrealism with that of the baroque requires a strong underlying sincerity. That sincerity exists, but the verse often becomes dangerously strained and overcharged.

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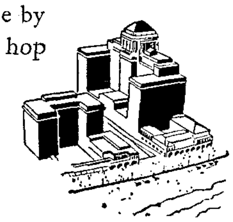

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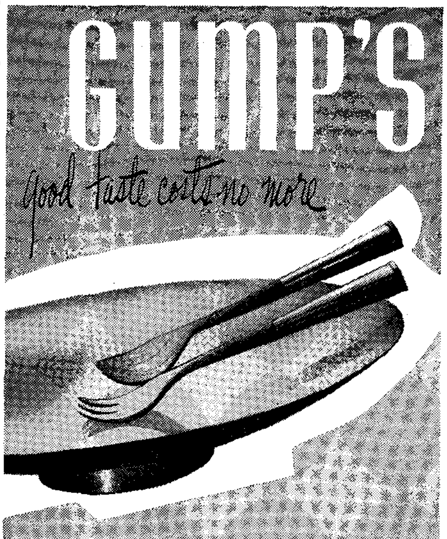
the author, Edith Sitwell (Vanguard). Miss Sitwell has so drastically edited her earlier work that it is rather overwhelmed by her later, more sibylline utterances. In her introduction, she traces her progress, in great technical and allusive detail, from her early lighthearted and oblique "experimental" manner to her later hymns and apocalyptic visions, as if she were never part of a pre-1914 movement and as if she had never heard of Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Verlaine. Her range is unusual, but older readers will regret the excision of much that would show her earlier gift for romantic nostalgia and bizarre improvisation to be quite original.

ENGLAND RECLAIMED, AND OTHER POEMS, with an introduction by the author, Sir Osbert Sitwell (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Osbert has always been the prose satirist in his remarkable family, and one remembers his poetry down the years as being rather sharp-edged, especially about the more footless members of his own and other English classes. In this volume, however, his acerbity is somewhat blunted in favor of a charm that often slips over into sentimentality, whether in memories of English types, in scenes of travel, or in "poems of the wars."

SLEEP IN A NEST OF FLAMES, by Charles Henri Ford, with a foreword by Edith Sitwell (New Directions). "The poems of this young American," Miss Sitwell remarks, "are of a strange and real originality, and of a great vitality." Mr. Ford's originality is a trifle dulled by a crowd of predecessors in the Surrealist field, some of whom, notably Paul Eluard, he closely resembles. He nevertheless has a distinct sense of humor, which is rare in this group, and at his best he can react with more than Surrealist directness to a concrete event, such as a lynching bee.

ANABASIS, by St.-John Perse, translated by T. S. Eliot (Harcourt, Brace). A handsome big edition of Eliot's translation of Perse's long poem, which first appeared in 1930. The author has emended his French text, which is included in the volume, and the translator states, "I have corrected not only my own licences, but several positive errors and mistakes." A bibliography of Perse's works in French and other editions is appended, together with the prefaces by Valéry Larbaud, Hugo von Hof-



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mannsthal, and Giuseppe Ungaretti that introduced, respectively, the French, German, and Italian editions of the "Anabasis."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CASE OF THE SEVEN BELLS, by Christopher Bush (Macmillan). Ludovic Travers, that scholarly amateur, proves to be a great help to his friend Superintendent Wharton in the investigation of the murder of a talented young actress named Audrey Grange, who has been hiding out—no one knows why—in a country cottage. It seems that Maudie Brown, a barmaid, heard two men planning the crime. Then it develops that the actress has been impersonating a barmaid called Maudie Brown, as a kind of rehearsal for a part she hopes to get. That's two Maudie Browns. Mr. Travers finds that Audrey's mother had a housemaid who afterward took a job in a pub and then vanished. Her name was Maudie Brown. Mr. Travers and the Superintendent eventually figure out that one of these Maudie Browns had two good reasons for the murder. Adroit, and perfectly fair.

THE YELLOW CAT, by Clifford Knight (Dutton). When Amy and Jeff Whitlock happen to find a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in their beach house, Jeff, a more than commonly tiresome playboy, is determined to gamble it away in Las Vegas. In fact, he is so determined that Amy realizes the only way to stop him is to shoot him in the head, which she does. Then the rightful owner of the money pays her a visit, and she is forced to commit her second murder, an ingenious affair that involves swimming out to sea with a hypodermic full of morphine pinned to her bathing suit. Finally, when a blackmailer turns up, she has similarly foolproof plans for dealing with him, but is frustrated by the yellow cat that has always been her good-luck mascot. It seems rather a pity, because Amy is a very stimulating girl in her lethal way.

A BULLET FOR MY LOVE, by Octavus Roy Cohen (Macmillan). The dust jacket on this book describes Mr. Cohen as "perennial," and it would be hard to think of a better adjective, since his current work is no less than his fifty-first. In the beginning, the hero, a radio agent or some such, is strongly impressed by a Mrs. Palmer, who wins twelve thousand dollars in a crap game without turn-

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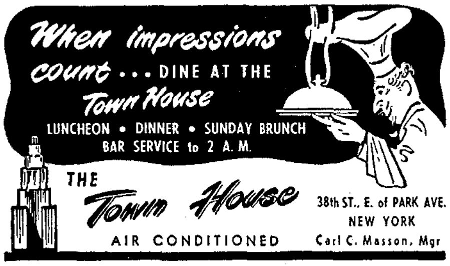

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ing a hair, though he is really in love with the star of his program, a cute trick occupying sixth place in the Hooperatings. By the end, four people are dead and several others seriously mussed up. A sample of what passes for conversational charm in the circle with which the author is preoccupied is "I'm not a man. I'm a mice," and a typical specimen of his prose style is "Suddenly a vicious little spurt of orange flame stabbed from the other car." However, there is probably enough activity, both criminal and sexual, to make up for the fairly primitive quality of the writing.

THE SECOND SICKLE, by Ursula Curtiss (Dodd, Mead). It seems that Lilac wants to spend a secret weekend away from her relatives before her wedding day. So her friend Victoria, a guest in Lilac's house, agrees to pretend that Lilac is upstairs, suffering from influenza. It is quite an experience, since a homicidal maniac, armed with a sickle, is loose in the neighborhood, and when, after three fatalities, Lilac fails to return, poor Victoria is in a spot with the police as well as with her friend's fiancé. Her position is not improved when Lilac ultimately turns up in the garage, dressed in deep mourning, with a hole in her head. The explanation of all this is much too involved to go into, and the most experienced unraveller of mysteries couldn't possibly guess who the killer is.

THREE BLIND MICE, by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead). This latest collection of Miss Christie's stories includes a novelette and eight other items, varying in length and excellence. The novelette, "Three Blind Mice," about a series of seemingly motiveless murders in a snowbound guest house, is by far the best, but Miss Marple is as astringent as ever in "Tape-Measure Murder" and "The Case of the Perfect Maid," and Hercule Poirot confounds guilty and innocent alike in "The Third Floor Flat." Some of these are rather old-fashioned, but the book as a whole is well above average.

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